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A PERSONALLY CONDUCTED ARREST IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

WITH PICTURES BY THE AUTHOR.

CASIMIR, lifting his hat from his glistering head, said, with a bow of apology, that I could not paint—in Constantinople, of course; that «one udder Engleesh wait one, two, four week, and t'en go 'way wit'out permit. One Russian have his machine take' away.

«No, Effendi,» he added; «I ver' sorry, but it eempossible to make t'e picture.»

«How about an American?» I asked.

«Ah! you not Engleesh? You Americain? Tat is anudder t'ing. I make pardon»—with another sweep of his hat. «I t'ink you Engleesh.» Then, behind his hand, in a whisper: «Engleesh all time make trouble.»

The lowered voice and furtive glance for possible Britishers in disguise revealed like a flash-light all the devious ways and manifold crookednesses of the tourist-dragoman of the East: your servant to-day, serving you servilely and vilely; serving somebody else to-morrow, still servile and vile.

The clerk of the hotel agreed with Casimir as to my painting—in the streets. So did the banker who cashed my first draft.

The banker, however, was more lucid. In the present condition of the Armenian question, he said, an order had been issued from the palace forbidding any one to reproduce

a likeness of anything living or dead, from a camel to a mosque, with special terms of imprisonment for those bold enough even to outline such persons as bore a gun; five years for drawing a fort; the bowstring or a double-shotted bag and the Bosphorus for a man-of-war or a torpedo-boat.

I had heard threats like these before, not only here, but in other parts of the world. I had been warned in Cuba, watched night and day in Bulgaria, and locked up in Spain; and yet, somehow, I had always kept successfully at work, buoyed by the hope that a quiet manner, a firm persistence, and inherent honesty would carry me through.

Therefore I opened my umbrella and paint-box the following morning in front of the Sultana Validè Mosque.

Casimir protested with hands aloft and with streaming face, a red silk handkerchief damming the flow near the chin-line. He begged me to go at once to the chief of police with him for a permit, insisting that if I were caught we should both be put under lock and key, and disporting himself generally after the manner of his guild, one moment with vehemence, the next with dove-like gentleness. However, under all his boasts and predictions I detected a genuine fear of

the guardians of the peace, and a fixed determination, so far as he was concerned, to keep out of their clutches. This, together with his desire at all hazards to earn my five francs a day, made Casimir a very nervous and for the time being a very uncomfortable personage.

I selected the open plaza fronting the Sultana Validè because it was a blossoming field of enormous umbrellas, green, brown, and white, beneath which were sold stuffs and fruits of every hue in the rainbow, and because I thought that my own modest and diminutive sunshade might be so lost in the general scheme as to be undistinguishable.

The population of that part of Stamboul thought otherwise. Before I had half blocked in one corner of the mosque and indicated my high lights and shadows, a surging throng of Turks, Greeks, Jews, and Gentiles—perhaps Hottentots, for some were as black as coal—had wedged themselves in a solid mass about my easel.

Casimir shrugged his shoulders, throwing his eyes skyward, his mouth open like that of a choking chicken. He had consented, under protest, to carry my sketching outfit across the Galata Bridge, handling it as tenderly as if it had been a bomb; and now that it was about to explode he wished it distinctly understood by the bystanders that the affair was none of his doing. I endured this for a while, catching now and then a whispered word dropped in the ear of an eager looker-on, and then called out:

"Here, Casimir! Don't stand there para-

lyzed. Clear the crowd in front, so that I can see the steps of the mosque, and then go over to the fountain opposite and fill this water-bottle."

He obeyed mechanically. There was an opening of the crowd for a moment as he passed, a tight closing up again, and the curious mob was thicker than ever.

When he returned he brought with him two full hands. One was his own, holding the bottle; the other was that of a gendarme holding Casimir.

The crowd in front melted away, and the pair stood before me.

He was a small policeman, topped with a fez, girded with a belt, armed with a sword, and incrustated with buttons. He wore also a sinister smile, like that of a terrier with his teeth in a rat. I concentrated in my face all the honesty of my race, reached out my hand for the water-bottle, and waved the officer aside. He really was in my way.

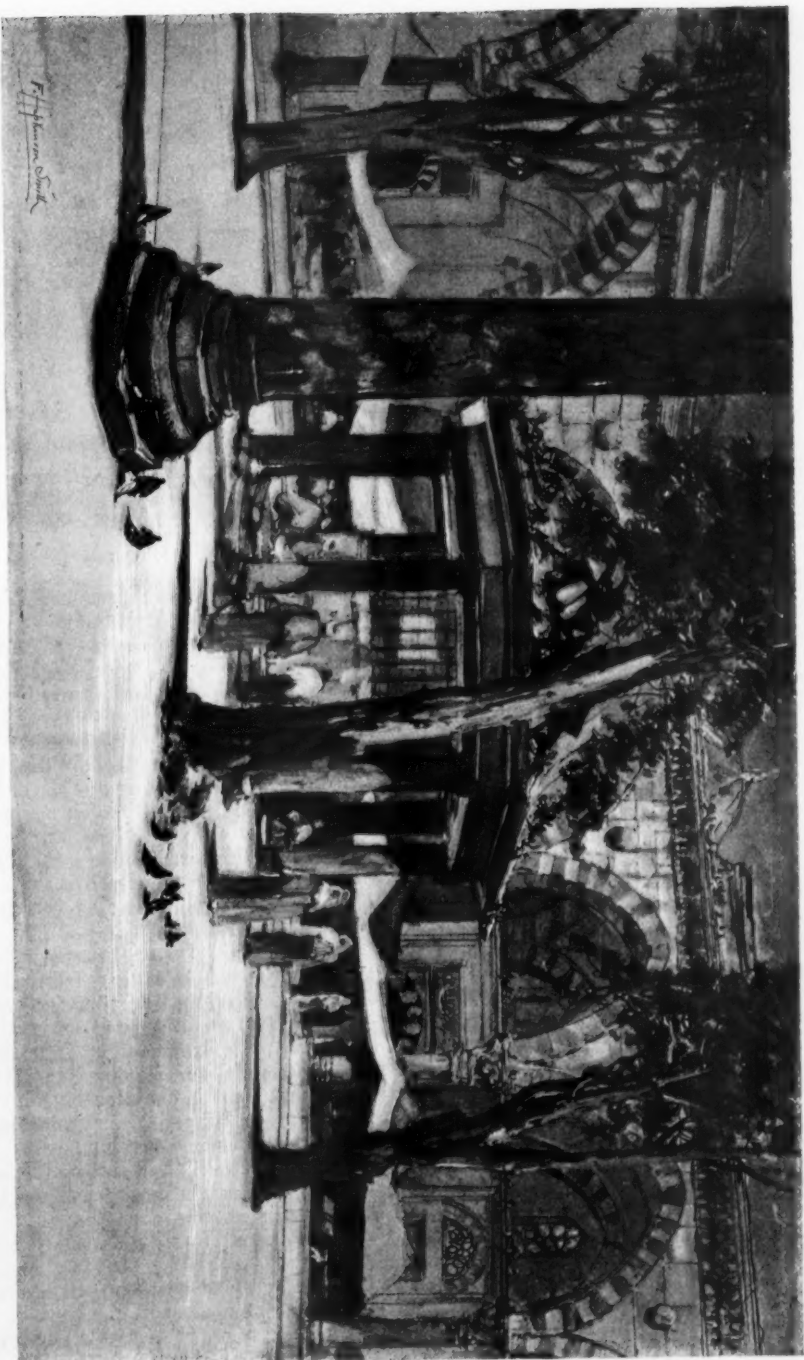
The gesture had its effect; a shade of doubt passed across his countenance. Could I be some foreign potentate in disguise? Casimir caught the look, and poured out instantly a history of my life at home and abroad, my distinguished position as court painter to the universe, my enormous wealth, my unlimited influence, etc. The master-stroke of dragoman policy of course would have been to pacify the officer and satisfy me.

There was a hurried conference, and the two disappeared. This time Casimir held the officer by the arm, in a wheedling, confiding way.



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AYUB MOSQUE.



DRAWN BY F. H. SMITH.

THE PIGEON MOSQUE.



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

OLD CLOTHES' BAZAAR.

The crowd crystallized again, closer now than ever. I began on the umbrellas, and had dotted in a few of the figures, with dabs of vermilion for the omnipresent fez, when an Arab who was craning his head over my canvas was unceremoniously brushed aside, and three preservers of the peace stood before me—the red-fezzed rat-catcher and two others. Casimir's face was permeated with an expression of supreme contentment. I saw at a glance that, whatever had happened, his own innocence had been established. I saw, too, that he had cut away from under my feet every plank in my moral platform. An honest expression of face, dense ignorance of the customs of the country, and righteous indignation would no longer do.

The speaker wore fewer buttons than the terrier and had a pleasanter smile. «Effendi,» he said, «your dragoman informs me that you have already applied to the Minister of Police for a permit, and that it will be ready to-morrow»—this in Turkish, Casimir interpreting—«I am sorry to interrupt your work to-day, but my duty requires it. Bring your permit to my station in the morning, and I will give my men orders to protect you while you paint, and to keep the people from disturbing you.»

It was beautiful to see Casimir as he translated this fairy-tale, and to watch how with one side of his face he tried to express his deep interest in my behalf, and with the other his entire approval of the course the chief had taken.

The decision of the officer finished operations for the day in Stamboul and its vicinity, and cut off further discussion. The situation compelled absolute silence. Casimir's lie about his application for a permit and the chief's courtesy left me no other course. I bowed respectfully, thanked the officer for his offer, as kind as it was unexpected, lighted a cigarette, crossed the street, and ordered a cup of coffee. Casimir struck my colors—my white umbrella—and got my baggage-train in motion. I went out with my side-arms—my brushes and my private papers and my unfinished sketch—intact. The rout was complete.

«It was t'e only way, Effendi,» said Casimir, laying my umbrella at my feet. «But for Casimir it was great trouble for you. T'e chief was furious. We go to-morrow. I ask for permit. T'e dragoman of t'e minister is my long-time friend. He do anyt'ing for me. The permit come in one minute. Not to-day; it is too late.» His recent diplomatic success had evidently emboldened him.

«But there is still half a day left, Casimir. What time does the boat leave the Galata Bridge for Scutari?»

«Every hour. Does t'e Effendi wish to see t'e howling dervish?»

«No; the Effendi wishes to see the fountain at the mosque nearest the landing.»

«To wash himse'f?»—with a puzzled look.

«No; to paint.»

«But t'e police? What will Casimir do?»

«What you ought to do is to get me a per-

mit at once. What you will do is to concoct another yarn. Pick up that easel; I am not going to waste the afternoon, police or no police."

So we went to Scutari. There certainly could be no crime in painting so beautiful a thing as the fountain of Scutari. If these fairy-like creations of the East were objects of worship I could easily turn Mohammedan.

This time Casimir laid aside the skin of the possum and wriggled into the scales of the serpent. Opposite the fountain was a low awning shading a dozen or more little square stools occupied by as many natives drinking coffee and smoking chibouks. On one of these stools Casimir, gliding noiselessly, placed my paint-box. The umbrella was not needed, as the awning hid the sun.

This master-stroke, costing the price of a cup of coffee, — half a piaster, or two cents, — deceived the crowd outside, as well as the police; and the sketch was finished in peace,

I felt that the situation was beyond any former experience. I must either present myself at the office of the Minister of Police and plead for a permit, or close my outfit and give up work.

At the end of a flight of wooden steps crowded with soldiers, a long, wide hall, and a dingy room, I found the chief dragoman of the Minister of Police—not a dragoman after the order of Casimir, but a dragoman who spoke seven languages and had the manners of a diplomat.

In Constantinople there are of course dragomans and dragomans. Each embassy has one as an interpreter. Many of them are of high rank, the German dragoman being a count. These men, as translators, are intrusted, of course, with secrets of great moment. Every consulate has a dragoman, who translates the jargon of the East—Arabic, Turkish, modern Greek, Bulgarian *patois*, and



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

OPEN-AIR CAFÉ, SCUTARI.

while Casimir drank his coffee and grew black in the face from exhausting his lungs on a chibouk. (Casimir is a Greek, not a Turk, and cigarettes, not chibouks, are his weakness.)

But my relief was not of long standing. In upper Stamboul, the next day, I was politely but firmly commanded to "move on"; and only the intervention of a grave and dignified old priest—a vision in soft, flowing silk robes, turquoise-blue, pale green, and lemon-yellow—prevented my being marched off to the nearest station for investigation.

the like—into intelligent English, French, or German; and so has every high native official with much or little to do with the various nationalities that make up the Ottoman empire and its neighbors. There are, too, the modern guides called dragomans, who interpret in many tongues, and who lie in all.

When appealed to, this high-caste dragoman of the minister said evasively that he believed he remembered Casimir—he was not sure. It was necessary, however, for

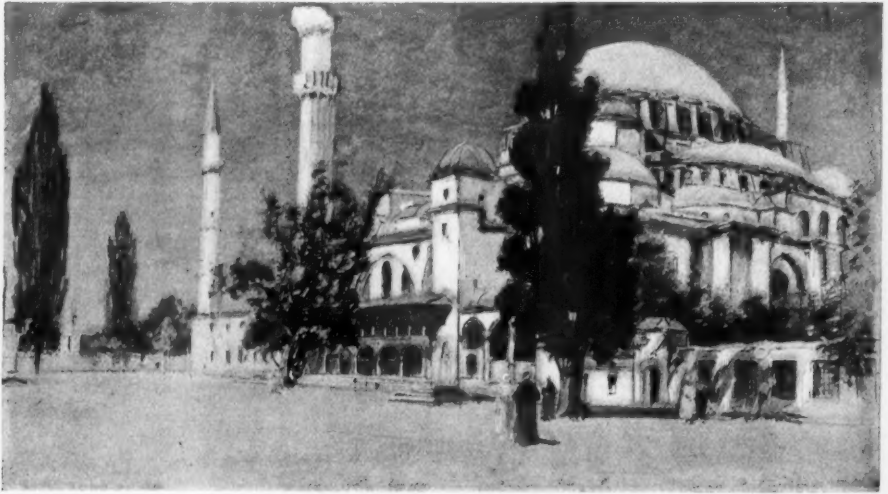
me, before approaching his Excellency, to be armed with a passport and a letter from my consul vouching for my standing and integrity. Something might then be done, although the prospect was not cheering; still, with a wave of his hand and a profound bow, he would do his utmost.

I instantly produced my passport,—I always wore it in my inside pocket, over my heart,—and at once called his attention to the cabalistic signature of the official who had viséd it on the day of my arrival—three wiggles and a dot, a sign manual bearing a strong resemblance to an angleworm writhing in great agony.

The next day—there is not the slightest hurry in the East—I handed in my second document, emblazoned on the seal with the arms of my country, and certifying to my peaceful and non-revolutionary character, my blameless life, and the harmless nature of my calling.

as a theater-drop, and guarded by an officer in full uniform. My passport open, my character endorsed, my shoes dusted and the dusting paid for, I was ready for his august presence. The curtain was drawn aside, and I stepped in.

Seated at a common folding-desk littered with papers, surrounded by secretaries and officers, sat a man perhaps fifty years of age, with calm, resolute, clear-cut face and an eye that could have drawn the secrets from a sphinx. He was neatly dressed in dark clothes, with plain black necktie. The only spots of color about him were a speck of red in his buttonhole and the vermilion fez that crowned his well-modeled head. In his hand he held the consul's letter and my passport and visiting-card. For an instant he bored me full of holes, and then with a satisfied glance motioned me to a seat. Casimir, who had preceded me, was bent double in profound obeisance, his head almost on the floor. I re-



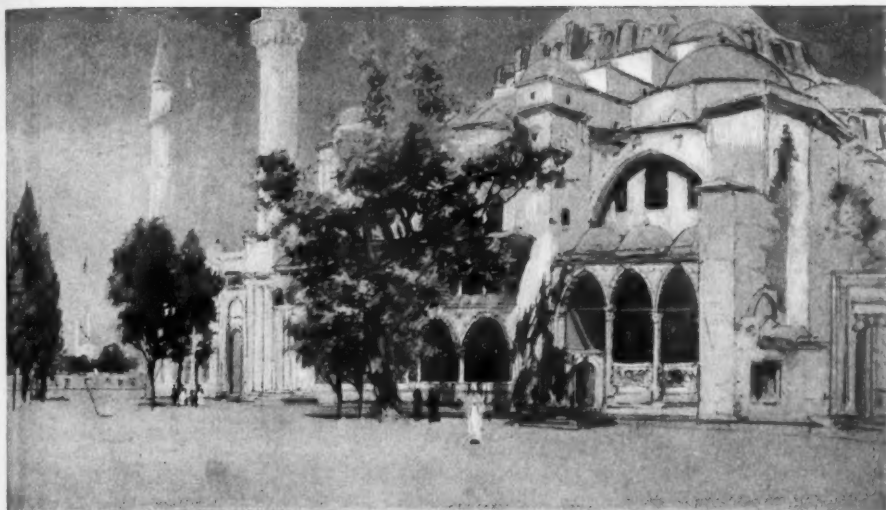
DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

AFTERNOON, MOSQUE OF SULTAN SULEIMAN.

The minister was in; I was asked to take a seat outside.

The outside was the same hall, bare of everything but officers, soldiers, and hangers-on. At one end stood two men with worn-out stubs of feather dusters, who pounced upon every pair of shoes that entered the sacred precinct, giving each two quick polishing strokes—one piaster for Casimir's and mine. At the other end hung a great red curtain, covering the door of the minister's office, patched and bound with leather, as stiff

turned his Excellency's glance as fearlessly as I could, and sat down to look him over. At this instant a clerk entered with some papers and advanced rapidly toward his desk. The interruption evidently was inopportune, for the same eye that had comprehended my entirety shot an angry look at the intruder, who stopped, wavered, and then, shriveling up like a burned leaf, glided back out of the room. Not a word was spoken by either. The power of the eye had been enough. It was only a flash glance that I



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

WEST FAÇADE, MOSQUE OF SULTAN SULEIMAN.

got, but it revealed to me one of the hidden springs of this man's dominating will. Here, then, was the throttle-valve of the Ottoman empire. When the Sultan moved the lever this man set the wheels in motion.

He listened patiently, scanned the papers keenly as I talked on, the sinuous, genuflecting Casimir putting it into proper shape, and then handed me a cigarette. I lighted it, and rambled on, explaining how, four years before, when my sketching outfit and baggage had been overhauled by two officers at the station, doubtless by his orders (he bowed slightly, but gave no other sign as to the truth of my surmise), I had personally called the attention of these officers to a sketch made above the navy-yard, with all the men-of-war and torpedo-boats left out, as I considered that I had no right to transfer them to my canvas; and how both had then been satisfied, and left me with apologies for the examination. He raised his head at this, and covered me with one sweep of his eye, from my dusted shoes to my bared head. Then he played with his cigarette for a moment and said slowly and thoughtfully:

«Come to-morrow at one o'clock.»

I spent the remainder of that day sketching about the old walls of Seraglio Point, making snap-shots with my sketch-book, dodging the police along the water-front of Stamboul, idling about the cafés and in and out of the narrow streets packed so full of people that I could with difficulty push myself through. I could easily believe the statement

that there are more people to the square foot in Stamboul than anywhere else on the globe.

At noon the following day I again had my shoes dusted, and again cooled their heels for an hour outside the swinging mat. One o'clock was *my* hour, not that of his Excellency.

When I was at last admitted the minister came forward and extended his hand. Casimir braced up and got his head high enough to see over the desk.

«I cannot grant your consul's request to give you a permit,» he said in a calm voice. «In the present disturbed condition of affairs it would establish a precedent which would afterward cause us trouble.»

Casimir's face, when he translated this, looked as if it had been squeezed in a door. The threatened collapse of all his rosy plans seemed to take the stiffness out of his neck.

«I have decided, therefore, to detail an officer who will personally conduct you wherever you wish to go. I shall rely upon your good judgment to paint only such things as your experience teaches you are proper.»

Casimir's back now humped up like a camel's, and his face beamed as he interpreted. He did not, of course, put the minister's speech in these words—he mangled it with a dialect of his own; but I knew what the soft, musical cadence of the minister's voice meant. Then his Excellency went on:

«The officer selected is one of my personal staff. He will be at your hotel in the morning to receive your orders. *Au revoir.*»



DRAWN BY T. HOPKINSON SMITH.

EARLY MORNING, MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

When I crossed the Galata Bridge the following morning I was attended by two men: one the ever-suppliant Casimir, carrying my outfit as triumphantly as if it contained the freedom of the city, and the other a thick-set, broad-shouldered man with a firm, determined face and quick, restless eyes, whom the gendarmes saluted with marked respect as we passed. This was Mahmoud, attached to the minister's personal staff, and now detailed for special duty in my service. He was responsible for my conduct, the character of my work, and my life, with full power to strike down any one who molested me, and with equal power to hurry me to the nearest lock-up if I departed a hair-line from the subjects which, by the graciousness of his chief, I was permitted to paint. The sketches on these pages would never have been possible except for his ceaseless care and constant watchfulness of me. A Mohammedan crowd is not always considerate of an infidel dog, especially when he is painting sacred mosques and tombs. Moreover, stones are convenient missiles when such ghouls are about.

BUT there were days when Mahmoud was not with me—days at Therapia, a little nestling village strung around a curve in the shore line of the Bosphorus, with abrupt green hills rising about it; with beautiful gardens, delightful groves, and flower-bordered walks; its banks lapped by water of marvelous clear-

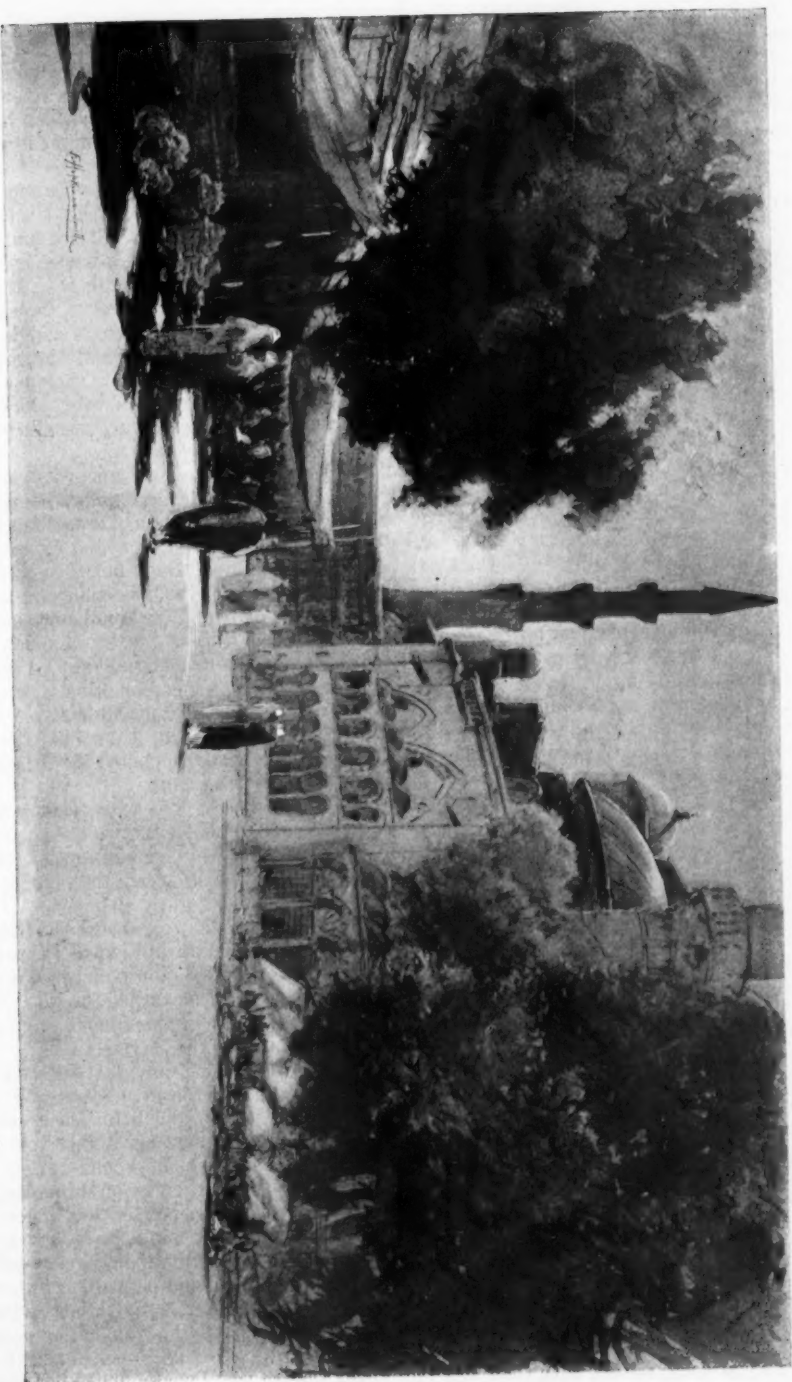
ness and purity, fresh with every tide from the Black Sea.

This Newport of the East was founded some centuries ago by the Greeks because of its invigorating climate,—Therapia signifying health,—and to-day is still the refuge in the summer heats not only of many of the pashas and other high Turkish dignitaries whose palaces line the water-front or crown the hills near by, but of scores of European wayfarers and strangers who want more air and less dog than can be found in Pera.

Here, too, are the houses of the several foreign embassies, English, German, French, and the others, their yachts and despatch-boats lying at anchor almost in front of their gardens, the brasses glistening in the sun.

And the charm of it all! The boats' crews of Jack Tars in their white suits rowing back and forth, answering calls from the shore; the blue water—as blue as indigo—dotted with caiques skimming about; the dog-carts and landaus crowding the shore road, with footmen in gorgeous Albanian costumes of white and gold, and with sash and simitar—all make a scene of surprising brilliancy and beauty, unequaled by any other similar spot in Europe. Diplomacy is never so picturesque as at Therapia.

There is, too, a superb hotel,—the Summer Palace, aptly called,—with shaded rooms, big overarching pines, tennis-courts, ball-rooms, and bath-houses, besides all the delights of yacht and caïque life.



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

EXTERIOR COURT, MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

This Summer Palace, with its spacious drawing-rooms and broad terraces, is thronged nightly not only with members of the Diplomatic Corps, with their secretaries and attachés,—daily in touch with questions of vital importance, yet nearly unmindful of the seductions of gliding slippers and waving fans,—but also with officers of the imperial army and navy, members of the Sultan's cabinet, and other high officials immediately connected with his Majesty's government. The perfect repose of manner and the easy, unassumed dignity of these Turks, especially of the younger men, are to be expected, for Orientals are never hurried or nervous; but their graciousness and gentleness, and, more than all, their unconscious simplicity,—a simplicity that comes only to men trained to good manners from their infancy, just as they are trained to swim, to ride, and to shoot,—were, I confess, revelations to me.

At these gatherings in the Summer Palace there were, of course, no Turkish women; but there were plenty of others—Greeks, Armenians, and Europeans—crowding the rooms all day and filling the cotillions at night. If his Majesty passed sleepless nights at the palace ten miles away, worrying over the latest demands of the Powers, there was no sign of it at Therapia. The merry hours went on. The caiques were nightly filled with bevvies of young and old, singing in the moonlight. There were tennis matches, afternoon teas, excursions by land and water, and all that goes to the making of the life of pretty women and gallant men having no stronger ties than those born of mutual enjoyment, and apparently weighted with no duties more arduous than the killing of time.

And there were other days without Mahmoud at Stenia, a few miles from Therapia, to which place I once took ship—the daintiest little ship, all cushions and rugs, manned by two boatmen in white balloon trousers, with yards and yards of stuff to each leg, and Greek jackets embroidered with gold. And from Stenia to the "Sweet Waters of Asia," an Arabian Nights sort of place, with an exquisite Moorish fountain of marble, and great trees shading flocks and bunches of houris in white yashmaks and embroidered feredjès of mauve, yellow, and pink, out for an airing from their harems; all on mats and rugs spread on the grass, attended by black eunuchs—as black as terrapins' paws, and as wrinkled and leathery. They chattered and laughed and munched bonbons and partook of rose-leaf jelly, sitting with their tiny feet tucked under them, Turkish fashion, their

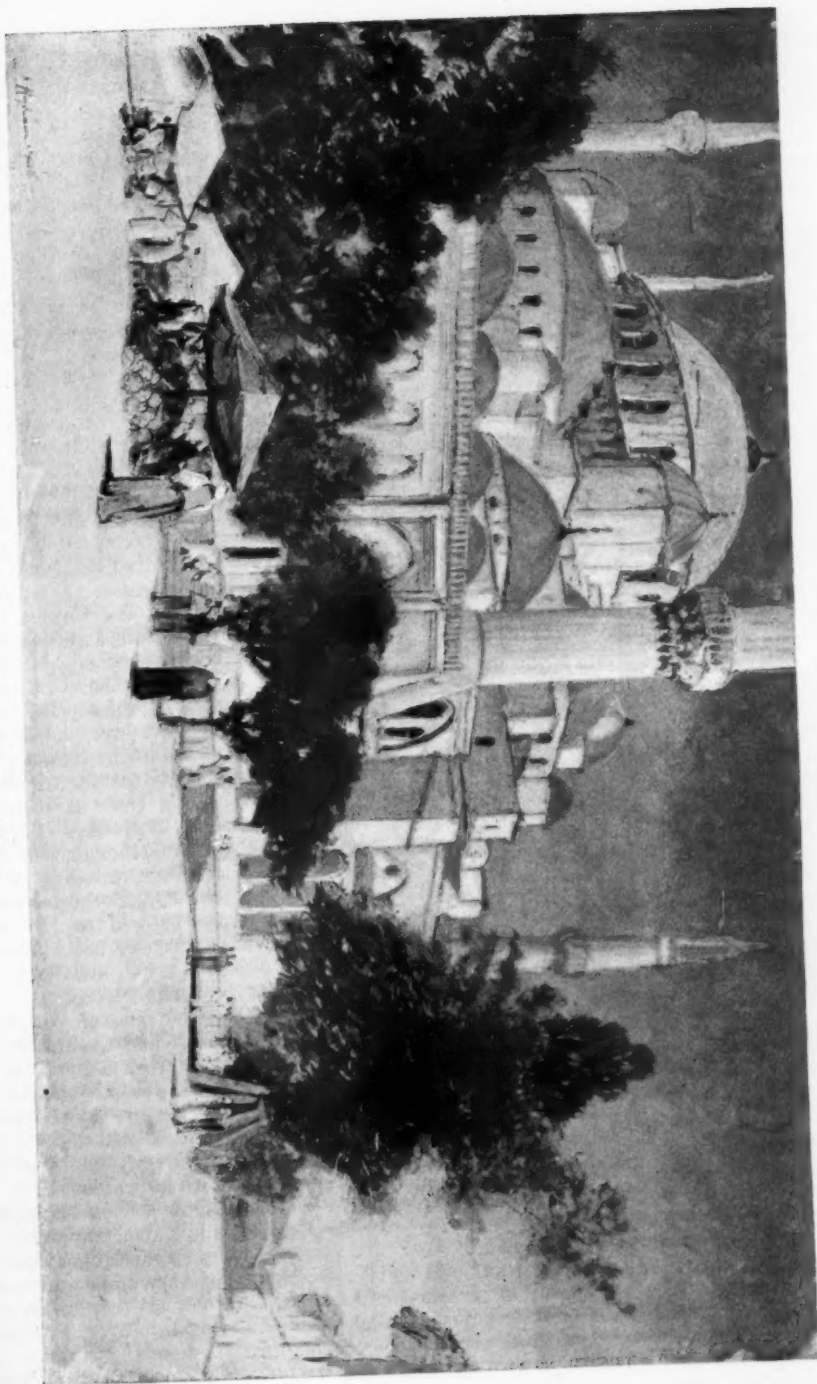
cigarettes perfuming the still air, until their caiques gathered them in again, and they all floated away like so many colored swans. You must not wander too near. Even a faithful Turk turns his head away when he passes a woman: a Christian dog might lose his for forgetting the courtesy.

Neither was Mahmoud with me when I went to the Greek Fair, within a mile of the Sweet Waters, the beautiful fountain, and the more beautiful houris whose eyes shone large and luminous through their thin veils. This day the air was delicious, the sky like a delf plate, with puffs of white clouds in high relief. For hours I watched the merry-go-rounds, and the jugglers on their mats, until I grew hungry enough for even a Greek café—and it is a brave and reckless appetite that dares an Oriental kitchen.

This café was under a tree, with a few pine boards for a table, the galley being within handing distance, with a charcoal fire blazing. The abominations of stew and fry and toastings were intolerable; but I succeeded in getting a box of sardines and half a pint of native wine, a loaf of bread and some raw tomatos and salt, with a bit of onion, which I gathered up and spread out on the pine boards. When the combination of chef, head waiter, and proprietor, all covered by one fez, presented his bill, it amounted to a sum that would have supported an Oriental and his family for a month.

There are occasions when your individual pantomime is more effective than the closest translation of your spoken words. Mine to mine host ended in an abrupt turning on my heel, with hands tightly clenched. When the crowd began to take sides with the Greek and matters assumed an ugly look, I threw upon the ground a silver coin equal to one fourth of the charge. This turned the tide. The bystanders considered the sum too appallingly large even for a Greek fair!

Here, too, I had my fortune told by a Tzigané from the desert—a gypsy in baggy trousers of calico and little bare feet, with silver bangles around her ankles, and with a blue silk handkerchief wound loosely about her head. She had rings of turquoise in her ears and rings of silver on her fingers, and, for aught I know, might have had tinkling bells on her stubby little dust-encrusted toes. She held my hand and passed her own over it softly, and looked at me with her large, deep eyes, and told of the fair-haired man and the letter that would come, and the dark-eyed woman who loved me, picking out from a bag, as she talked, now a nut, now a peb-



DRAWN BY F. JORDANSON SMITH.

MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

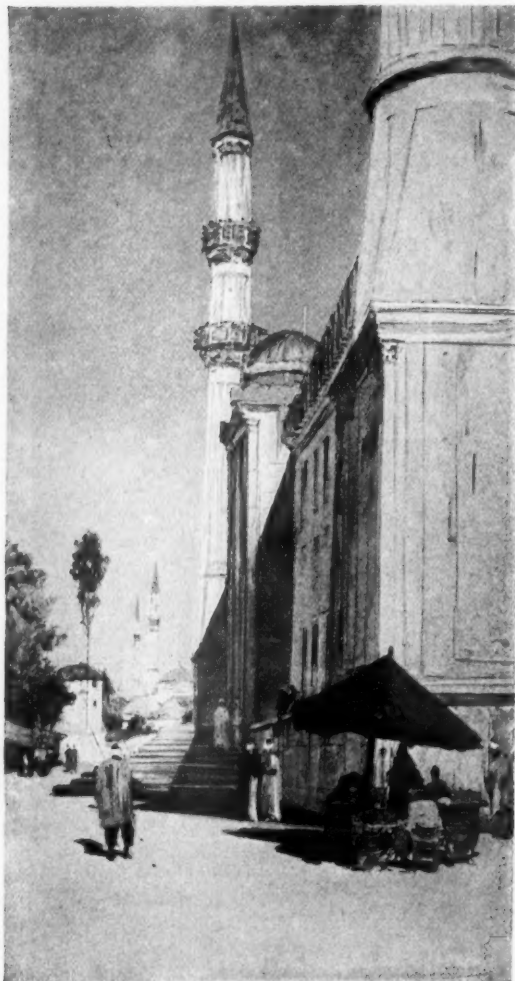
ble or a bit of broken glass, and spreading them on her lap. Her incantation began with only one piaster as a talisman,—mine, of course,—but it required two francs in addition before the fair man of whom she had warned me was outwitted and the dark eyes were made happy. Casimir interpreted all this with an expression of contempt and

Therapia, where I spent the nights, he was waiting every morning for me in Stamboul at the Galata Bridge, the gang-plank that unloads Europe into Asia, and *vice versa*, every hour of the day and night. When I landed in this district I was his prisoner. One day he led me to the Plaza of the Hippodrome,—the Atmeidan,—with its twin needles of stone; another day to the west façade of the Mosque of Sultan Ahmed; again to the Court of the Pigeon Mosque, and to the Mosque Bajazet, the Mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent, and the others.

Casimir was of course within hand touch of Mahmoud when the morning boat from Therapia was made fast. It was his craning head which appeared first over the red sea of 'fezzes' climbing the wide landing-plank, one hand on my luggage, the other shading his eyes. Then I perceived Mahmoud, grave, dignified, attentive. We made our way through the throng, took a tram in Stamboul, and slowly mounted the hill to St. Sophia. By this time the police had come to know the posse of three. The priests, too, who at first were dubious about the honesty of my intentions, and who demurred at the sacrilege of my painting their mosques, now saluted me in passing. The people of the streets, though, were still as curious as ever, crowding about my easel with eyes staring in wonder. But if they pressed too close, a word in an undertone from Mahmoud melted the crowd away or awed it into respectful silence.

When the muezzin called from the minaret, and the faithful laid down their work and moved into the mosque to pray, Mahmoud went too. After the first day he discarded his uniform, all but his fez, for a suit of light gray, exchanging his short sword for a stout stick. This stick Casimir held as his badge of office while Mahmoud prayed.

I followed him once into the Mosque of Ahmed, and watched him as he knelt, barefoot, his face to the stone wall, his lips moving in prayer, his eyes on Mecca, his forehead touching the mats. This bloodthirsty savage! This barbaric Turk whom we would teach morals and manners! I can imagine how hoarse a muezzin's throat would

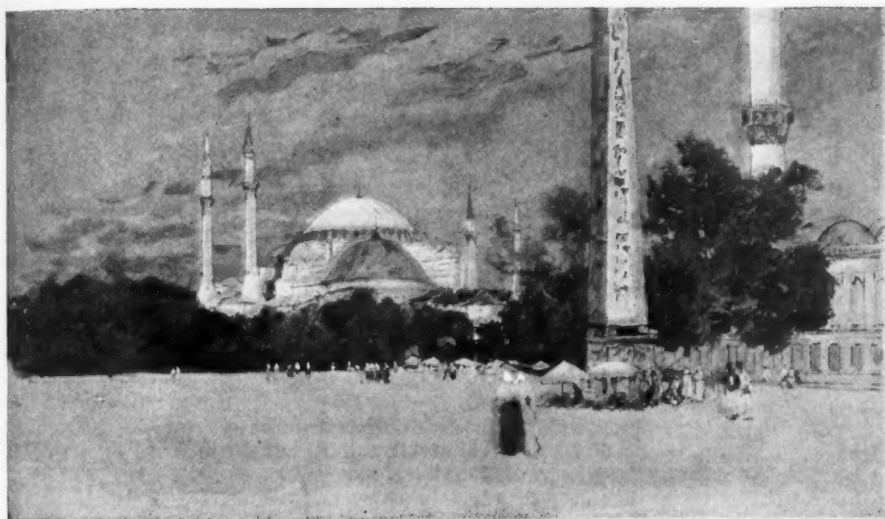


DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

WEST FRONT, MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

disgust on his face wholly out of proportion to the occasion, and entirely unjust, I thought, to the dust-soiled priestess who thus read my future. But then the francs did not go Casimir's way.

Although Mahmoud did not follow me to



DRAWN BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH.

PLAZA OF THE HIPPODROME.

become calling the Broadway squad to pray-ers, if his duty compelled him to continue calling until our police should fall upon their knees in the nearest church.

Now and then Mahmoud would buy a loaf of bread and feed the dogs—not his dogs, not anybody's dogs, only the dogs of the streets. It is a mistake to call these dogs scavengers; but for the kindness of the people they would starve. If some highly civilized Caucasian should lose his temper when one of these hungry, homeless curs looked up into his face, and use his boot or his cane in reply, it would have been Mahmoud's duty promptly to convey the highly civilized person to the nearest station, from which the chief would have instantly sent him to jail for a year. When a child stumbles and falls in the street the nearest man springs forward to save it. When a father enters a son's presence, though he be as ragged as Lazarus and as dirty as a scavenger, the son remains standing until he has permission to be seated. And yet in my own land we build ten-story buildings side by side—one to prevent cruelty to animals, another to children, and a third to provide against the neglect of the aged.

Mahmoud's watchfulness of me was not over until I packed my luggage for Venice and he was called upon to give an account of his stewardship to his chief, the Minister of Police.

I can see him now, standing that last day in the doorway of the station, waving his hand. His final courtesy was to return me my passport unopened by the guard at the station. The air with which he placed this much-be-inked document in my hands conveyed to me even more clearly than his translated words how fully he had appreciated my docility while a prisoner in his hands, how sorry he was to have me leave, and how entirely unnecessary and useless such vouchers were between men who knew each other so well. Strange to say, the chief inspector at the frontier thought so too, returning it with a bow and a look instantly intelligible to me, knowing Mahmoud as I did.

And besides that of Mahmoud there was one other face, or rather part of a face,—his back was toward me,—of which I caught sight as I whirled out of the station. It was Casimir's. He was biting one of the coins I had just given him to see if it was good.

F. Hopkinson Smith.



KENNST DU?

DO you know the blue of the Carib Sea
Far out where there's nothing but sky to bound
The gaze to windward, the glance to lee,—
More deep than the bluest spaces be
Betwixt white clouds in heaven's round?
Have you seen the liquid lazuli spread
From edge to edge, so wondrous blue
That your footfall's trust it might also woo,
Were it smooth and low for one to tread?
So clear and warm, so bright, so dark,
That he who looks on it can but mark
'T is a different tide from the far-away
Perpetual waters, old and gray,
And can but wonder if Mother Earth
Has given a younger ocean birth.

Do you know how surely the trade-wind blows
To west-sou'west, through the whole round year?
How, after the hurricane comes and goes,
For nine fair moons there is naught to fear?
How the brave wind carries the tide before
Its breath, and on to the southwest shore?
How the Caribbean billows roll,
One after the other, and climb forever,—
The yearning waves of a shoreless river
That never, never can reach its goal?
They follow, follow, now and for aye,
One after the other, brother and brother,
And their hollow crests half hide the play
Of light where the sun's red sword thrusts home;
But still in a tangled shining chain
They quiver and fall and rise again,
And far before them the wind-borne spray
Is shaken on from their froth and foam,—
And for leagues beyond, in gray and rose,
The sundown shimmering distance glows!
—So bright, so swift, so glad, the sea
That girts the isles of Caribbee.

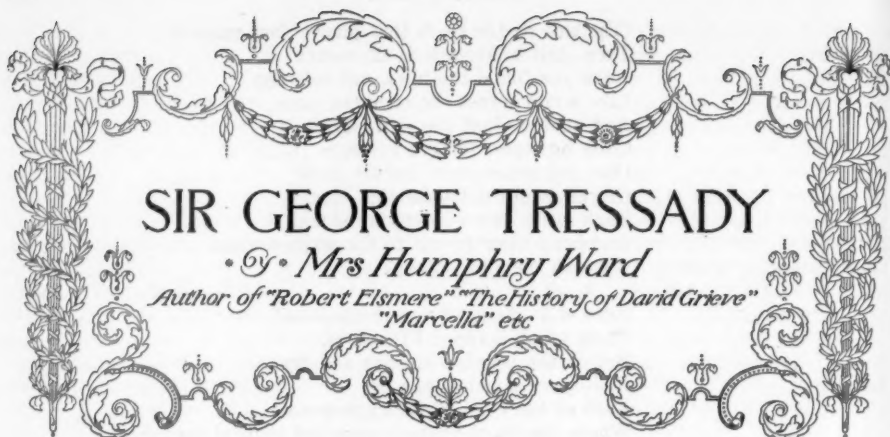
Do you know the green of those island shores
By the morning sea-breeze fanned?

(The tide on the reefs that guard them roars—
Then slips by stealth to the sand.)
Have you found the inlet, cut between
Like a rift across the crescent moon,
And anchored off the dull lagoon
Close by forest fringes green,—
Cool and green, save for the lines
Of yellow cocoa-trunks that lean,
Each in its own wind-nurtured way,
And bend their fronds to the wanton vines
Beneath them all astray?

Here is no mangrove warp-and-woof
From which a vapor lifts aloof,
But on the beaches smooth and dry
Red-lipped conch-shells lie—
Even at the edge of that green wall
Where the shore-grape's tendriled runners spread
And purple trumpet-creepers fall,
And the frangipani's clusters shed
Their starry sweets withal.
The silly cactuses writhe around,
Yet cannot choose but in grace to mingle,
This side the twittering waters sound,
On the other opens a low green dingle,
And between your ship and the shore and sky
The frigate-birds like fates appear,
The flapping pelican feeds about,
The tufted cardinals sing and fly.
So fair the shore, one has no fear;
And the sailors, gathered forward, shout
With strange glad voices each to each,—
Though well the harbor's depth they know
And the craven shark that lurks below,—
"Ho! let us over, and strike out
Until we stand upon the beach,
Until that wonderland we reach!"
—So green, so fair, the island lies,
As if 't were adrift from Paradise.

Edmund Clarence Stedman.





[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

IX.

"NOW, my dear George! I do think I may claim at least that you should remember that I am your mother." The speaker raised a fan from her knee, and used it with some vehemence. "Of course I can't help seeing that you don't treat me as you ought to do. I don't want to complain of Letty,—I dare say she was taken by surprise,—but all I can say as to her reception of me last night is that it was n't pretty—that 's all; it was n't pretty. My room felt like an ice-house,—Justine tells me nobody has slept there for months,—and no fire until just the moment I arrived; and—and no flowers on the dressing-table—no little attentions, in fact. I can only say it was not what I am accustomed to. My feelings overcame me; Justine will tell you what a state she found me in. She cried herself to see me so upset."

Lady Tressady was sitting upright on the straight-backed sofa of George's smoking-room. George, who was walking up and down the room, thought, with discomfort, as he glanced at her from time to time, that she looked curiously old and disheveled. She had thrown a piece of white lace round her head, in place of the more elaborate preparation for the world's gaze that she was wont to make. Her dress—a study in purples—had been a marvel, but was now old and even tattered; the ruffles at her wrist were tumbled; and the penciling under her still fine eyes had been neglected. George, between his wife's dumb anger and his mother's folly, had passed through disagreeable times already since Lady Tressady's arrival, and was now

once more endeavoring to get to the bottom of her affairs.

"You forget, mother," he said, in answer to Lady Tressady's complaint, "that the house is not mounted for visitors, and that you gave us very short notice."

Nevertheless he winced inwardly as he spoke at the thought of Letty's behavior the night before.

Lady Tressady bridled.

"We will not discuss it, if you please," she said, with an attempt at dignity. "I should have thought that you and Letty might have known I should not have broken in on your honeymoon without most pressing reasons. George!"—her voice trembled, she put her lace handkerchief to her eyes,—*"I am an unfortunate and miserable woman, and if you don't come to my rescue, I—I don't know what I may be driven to do!"*

George took the remark calmly, probably having heard it before. He went on walking up and down.

"It's no good, mother, dealing in generalities, I am afraid. You promised me this morning to come to business. If you will kindly tell me at once what is the matter, and what is the figure, I shall be obliged to you."

Lady Tressady hesitated, the lace on her breast fluttering. Then, in desperation, she confessed herself, first reluctantly, then in a torrent.

During the last two years, then, she said, she had been trying her luck for the first time in—well, in speculation!

"Speculation!" said George, looking at her in amazement. "In what?—on the Stock Exchange?"

Lady Tressady tried to preserve her dignity. She had been speculating, she said, on the Stock Exchange. She had done it quite as much for George's sake as for her own, that she might improve her position a little, and be less of a burden upon him. Everybody did it. Several of her best women friends were as clever at it as any man, and often doubled their allowances for the year. She, of course, had done it under the best advice. George knew that she had friends in the city who would do anything—positively anything—for her. But somehow—

Then her tone dropped. Her foot in its French shoe began to fidget on the stool before her.

Somehow, she had got into the hands of a reptile—there! No other word described the creature in the least—a sort of financial agent, who had treated her in an unspeakably disgraceful manner. She had trusted him implicitly, and the result was that she now owed the reptile, who, on the strength of her name, her son, and her aristocratic connections, had advanced her money for these adventures, a sum—

«Well, the truth is I am afraid to say what it is,» said Lady Tressady, allowing herself for once a cry of nature, and again raising a shaky hand to her eyes.

«How much?» said George, standing over her, cigarette in hand.

«Well—four thousand pounds!» said Lady Tressady, her eyes blinking involuntarily as she looked up at him.

«Four thousand pounds!» exclaimed George. «Preposterous!»

And, raising his hand, he flung his cigarette violently into the fire and resumed his walk, his hands thrust into his pockets.

Lady Tressady looked tearfully at his long, slim figure as he walked away, conscious, however, even at this agitated moment, of the quick thought that he had inherited some of her elegance.

«George!»

«Yes—wait a moment. Mother,»—he faced round upon her decidedly,—«let me tell you at once that at the present moment it is quite impossible for me to find that sum of money.»

Lady Tressady flushed passionately like a thwarted child.

«Very well, then,» she said—«very well. Then it will be bankruptcy—and I hope you and Letty will like the scandal!»

«So he threatens bankruptcy?»

«Do you think I should have come down here except for something like that?» she cried. «Look at his letters!»

And she took a tumbled roll out of the bag on her arm and gave it to him. George threw himself into a chair, and tried to get some idea of the correspondence; while Lady Tressady kept up a stream of plaintive chatter which he could only endeavor not to hear.

As far as he could judge on a first inspection, the papers concerned a long series of risky transactions—financial gambling of the most pronounced sort—whereof the few gains had been long since buried deep in scandalous losses. The outrageous folly of some of the ventures, and the magnitude of the sums involved, made him curse inwardly. It was the first escapade of the kind he could remember in his mother's history, and, given her character, he could only regard it as adding a new and real danger to his life and Letty's.

Then another consideration struck him.

«How on earth did you come to know so much about the ins and outs of Stock Exchange business?» he asked her suddenly, with surprise, in the midst of his reading. «You never confided in me. I never supposed you took an interest in such things.»

In truth, he would have supposed her mentally incapable of the kind of gambling finance these papers bore witness of. She had never been known to do a sum or present an account correctly in her life; and he had often, in his own mind, accepted her density in these directions as a certain excuse for her debts. Yet this correspondence showed here and there a degree of financial legerdemain of which any City swindler might have been proud—so far, at least, as he could judge from his hasty survey.

Lady Tressady drew herself up sharply in answer to his remark, though not without a flutter of the eyelids which caught his attention.

«Of course, my dear George, I always knew you thought your mother a fool. As a matter of fact, all my friends tell me that I have a very clear head.»

George could not restrain himself from laughing aloud.

«In face of this?» he said, holding up the final batch of letters, which contained Mr. Shapetsky's last formidable account; various imperious missives from a «sharp-practice solicitor,» whose name happened to be disreputably known to George Tressady; together with repeated and most explicit assurances on the part both of agent and lawyer that if arrangements were not made at once by Lady Tressady for meeting at least half Mr. Shapetsky's bill,—which had now been

running some eighteen months,—and securing the other half, legal steps would be taken immediately.

Lady Tressady at first met her son's sarcasm in angry silence, then broke into shrill denunciation of Shapetsky's «villainies.» How could decent people, people in society, protect themselves against such creatures!

George walked to the window, and stood looking out into the April garden. Presently he turned, and interrupted his mother.

«I notice, mother, that these transactions have been going on for nearly two years. Do you remember, when I gave you that large sum at Christmas, you said it would (all but) clear you; and when I gave you another large sum last month, you professed to be entirely cleared. Yet all the time you were receiving these letters, and you owed this fellow almost as much as you do now. Do you think it was worth while to mislead me in that way?»

He stood leaning against the window, his fingers drumming on the sill. The contrast between the youth of the figure and the absence of youth in face and voice was curious. Perhaps Lady Tressady felt vaguely that he looked like a boy and spoke like a master, for her pride rose.

«You have no right to speak to me like that, George! I did everything for the best. I always do everything for the best. It is my misfortune to be so—so confiding, so hopeful. I must always believe in some one—that's what makes my friends so extremely fond of me. You and your father were never the least like me—» And she went off into a tearful comparison between her own character and the characters of her husband and son—in which, of course, it was not she that suffered.

George did not heed her. He was once more staring out of window, thinking hard. So far as he could see, the money, or the greater part of it, would have to be found. The man, of course, was a scoundrel, but of the sort that keeps within the law; and Lady Tressady's monstrous folly had given him an easy prey.

Tressady already foresaw that he would have to swallow his rage, and pay. And to pay would mean that his life and Letty's would be hampered, perhaps, for two or three years. When he thought of the many sacrifices he had made for his mother, of her ample allowance, her incorrigible vanity and greed, and then of the natural desires of his young wife, his heart burned within him.

So that, although he knew or guessed that capitulation was inevitable, he could not

make up his mind—for the moment—to promise his mother anything.

«Well, I can only tell you,» he said at last, turning round upon her, «that I see no way out. How is that man's claim to be met? I don't know. Even if I could meet it—which I see no chance of doing—by crippling myself for some time, how should I be at liberty to do it? My wife and her needs have now the first claim upon me.»

«Very well,» said Lady Tressady, proudly, raising her handkerchief, however, to hide her trembling lips. Not that she despaired at all. She was shrewdly convinced in her own mind, for various and good reasons, that George would be forced to help her out. But the scene tried her nerves, and she had physical difficulty in restraining that dislike of her daughter-in-law which, since the incidents of the night before, threatened to become a passion.

«Let me remind you,» he continued ceremoniously, «that the whole of this place is in bad condition, except the few rooms we have just done up, and that money must be spent upon it. It is only fair to Letty that it should be spent. Let me remind you, also, that you are a good deal responsible for this state of things.»

Lady Tressady moved uneasily. George was now speaking in his usual half-nonchalant tone, and he had provided himself with another cigarette. But his eye held her.

«You will remember that you promised me while I was abroad to live here and look after the house. I arranged money affairs with you, and other affairs, upon that basis. But it appears that during the four years I was away you were here altogether, at different times, about three months. Yet you made me believe you were here; if I remember right, you dated your letters from here.»

«Who has been telling you such falsehoods?» cried Lady Tressady. «I was here a great deal more than that.»

But the scarlet color, do what she would, was dyeing her still delicate skin, and her eyes, alternately obstinate and shuffling, tried to take themselves out of the range of George's.

As for George, as he stood there coolly smoking, he was struck—or rather the critical mind in him was struck—by a sudden perception of the meanness of aspect which sordid cares of the kind his mother was now plunged in can give to the human face. He felt the rise of a familiar disgust. How many scenes of ugly battle over money matters could he not remember in his boyhood be-

tween his father and mother! And later—in India—what things he had known women to do for money or dress! He thought scornfully of a certain intriguing lady of his acquaintance at Madras who had borrowed money of him—to whom he had given ball-dresses; and of another whose selfish extravagance had ruined one of the best of men. Did all women tend to be of this make, however poetic might be their outward seeming?

Aloud, he said quietly, in answer to his mother's protest:

«I think you will find that is about accurate. We hear that a charwoman—not of particularly good character—and her niece of fourteen were here most of the time, and did what they pleased. In four years' time, of course, an old house that is totally neglected goes to the bad. I mention these things, not to reproach you, but to show you how it is that I find myself now plunged in so many expenses. And, after that, does n't it strike you as a little hard that I should be called upon to strip and cripple myself still further—not to give my wife the comforts and conveniences I long to give her, but to pay such debts as those?»

Involuntarily he struck his hand on the papers lying in the chair where he had been sitting.

Lady Tressady, too, rose from her seat.

«George, if you are going to be violent toward your mother, I had better go. Who, pray, has been telling you these tales about me?»

«You remember Ruth Matthews, who used to be at the farm? We have made her house-keeper. She seems to have seen all that went on.»

«Oh! if Letty has been gossiping with her servants about me, I know what to expect!» cried Lady Tressady, gathering up fan and handkerchief from the sofa with a hand that shook. «I always said from the beginning that she would set you against me. I don't believe I ever promised what you say I did. How could any one ever suppose that I—that a woman of my—of my personal attractions could bury herself down here the whole year through? I never promised. Anyway, my friends would not permit it; and I was weak—I yielded to them. That is my weakness—I must be cared for. I must be treated with tenderness—and you and your father never treated me so!»

«I would n't give way, mother, if I were you,» said George, quite unmoved by the arrival of the tearful stage, which, in his experience, was always sure to come sooner or later. «I think, if you will reflect upon it,

that it is Letty and I who have the most cause to give way. If you will allow me, I will go and have a talk with her. I believe she is sitting in the garden.»

His mother turned sullenly away from him, and he left the room.

As he passed through the long oak-paneled hall that led to the garden he was seized with an odd sense of pity for himself. This odious scene behind him, and now this wrestle with Letty that must be gone through—were these the joys of the honeymoon?

Letty was not in the garden. But as he passed into the wood on the farther side of the hill he saw her sitting under a tree half way down the slope, with some embroidery in her hand. The April sun was shining into the wood. A larch beyond Letty was already green, and the twigs of the oak beneath which she sat made a reddish glow in the bright air. Patches of primroses and anemones starred the ground about her, and trails of periwinkle touched her dress. She was stooping, and her little hand went rapidly, impatiently, to and fro.

The contrast between this fresh youth amid the spring and that unlovely, reluctant age he had just left behind him in the smoking-room struck him sharply. His brow cleared.

As she heard his step she looked round eagerly. «Well?» she said, pushing aside her work.

He threw himself down beside her.

«Darling, I have had my talk. It is pretty bad—worse than we had even imagined.»

Then he told her his mother's story. She could hardly contain herself, while she listened, as he mentioned the total figure of the debts. It was evidently with difficulty that she prevented herself from interrupting him at every word. And when he had barely finished she broke out:

«And what did you say?»

George hesitated.

«I told her, of course, that it was monstrous and absurd to expect that we could pay such a sum.»

Letty's breath came fast. His voice and manner did not satisfy her at all.

«Monstrous! I should think it was! Do you know how she has run up this debt?»

George looked at her in surprise. Her little face was quivering under the suppressed energy of what she was going to say.

«No; do you?»

«Yes; I know all about it. I said to my maid last night—I hope, George, you won't mind, but you know Grier has been an age

with me, and knows all my secrets—I told her she must make friends with your mother's maid and see what she could find out. I felt we must, in self-defense. And of course Grier got it all out of Justine. I knew she would. Justine is a little fool; and she does n't mean to stay much longer with Lady Tressady, so she did n't mind speaking. It is exactly as I supposed. Lady Tressady did n't begin speculating for herself at all—but for—somebody—else! Do you remember that absurd-looking singer who gave a (musical sketch) one day that your mother gave a party in Eccleston Square—in February?"

George had suddenly moved away, and was sitting now some little distance from his wife, his eyes bent on the ground. However, at her question he made a sign of assent.

"You do remember? Well," said Letty, triumphantly, "it is he who is at the bottom of it all. I knew there must be somebody. It appears that he has been getting money out of her for years—that he used to come and spend hours, when she had that little house in Bruton street, when you were away,—I don't believe you ever heard of it,—flattering her and toadying her, paying her compliments on her dress and her appearance, fetching and carrying for her—and, of course, living upon her! He used to arrange all her parties. Justine says that he used even to make her order all his favorite wines—such bills as there used to be for wine! He has a wife and children somewhere, and of course the whole family lived upon your mother. It was he made her begin speculating. Justine says he has lost all he ever had himself that way, and your mother could n't, in fact, (lend) him"—Letty laughed scornfully—"money fast enough. It was he brought her across that odious creature Shapetsky—is n't that his name? And that's the whole story. If there have been any gains he has made off with them—leaving her, of course, to get out of the rest. Justine says that for months there was nothing but business, as she calls it, talked in the house—and she knew, for she used to help wait at dinner. And such a crew of people as used to be about the place!"

She looked at him, struck at last by his silence and his attitude, or pausing for some comment, some appreciation of her cleverness in ferreting it all out.

But he did not speak, and she was puzzled. The angry triumph in her eyes faltered. She put out her hand and touched him on the arm.

"What is it, George? I thought—it would be more satisfactory to us both to know the truth."

He looked up quickly.

"And all this your maid got out of Justine? You asked her?"

She was struck, offended, by his expression. It was so cool and strange—even, she could have imagined, contemptuous.

"Yes, I did," she said passionately. "I thought I was quite justified. We must protect ourselves."

He was silent again, his soul revolting, do what he would, against her action; her tone, her managing temper, the lack of trust in himself, of womanly delicacy and reticence.

"I think," he said at last drily, she watching him—"I think we had better keep out of servants' gossip, if we can; it always seems to me the last and lowest depth."

She took her work and laid it down again, her mouth trembling.

"So you had rather be deceived?"

"I had rather be deceived than listen behind doors," he said, beginning in a light tone, which, however, passed immediately to one of bitterness. "Besides, there is nothing new. For people like my mother there is always some adventurer or adventuress in the background—there always used to be in old days. She never meant any serious harm; she was first plundered, then we. My father used to be forever turning some impostor or other out of doors. Now, I suppose, it is my turn."

This time it was Letty who kept silence. Her needle passed rapidly to and fro. George glanced at her queerly. Then he rose and came to stand near her, leaning against the tree.

"You know, Letty, we shall have to pay that money," he said suddenly, pulling at his mustache.

Letty made an exclamation under her breath, but went on working faster than before.

He slipped down to the moss beside her, and caught her hand.

"Are you angry with me?"

"If you insult me by accusing me of listening behind doors you can't wonder," said Letty, snatching her hand away, her breast heaving.

He felt a bitter inclination to laugh, but he restrained it, and did his best to make peace. In the midst of his propitiations Letty turned upon him.

"Of course I know you think I did it all for selfishness," she said, half crying, "because I want new furniture and new dresses. I don't; I want to protect you from being—being—plundered like this. How can you do what you ought as a member of Parliament?"

How can we ever keep ourselves out of debt, if—if—how *can* you pay this money?» she wound up, her eyes flaming.

«Well, you know,» he said, hesitating—«you know I suggested yesterday we should sell some land to do up the house. I am afraid we must sell the land and pay this scoundrel—a proportion, at all events. Of course, what I should like to do would be to put him—and the other—to instant death, with appropriate tortures. Short of that, I can only take the matter out of my mother's hands, get a sharp solicitor on my side to match *his* rascal, and make the best bargain I can.»

Letty rolled up her work with energy, two tears of anger on her cheeks. «She *ought* to suffer!» she cried, her voice trembling—«she *ought* to suffer!»

«You mean that we ought to let her be made a bankrupt?» he said coolly. «Well, no doubt it would be salutary. Only, I am afraid it would be rather more disagreeable to us than to her. Suppose we consider the situation. Two young married people—charming house—charming wife—husband just beginning in politics—people inclined to be friends. Then you go to dine with them in Brook Street—excellent little French dinner—bride bewitching. Next morning you see the bankruptcy of the host's mama in the «Times.» «And he's the only son, is n't he?—he must be well off. They say she's been dreadfully extravagant. But, hang it, you know, a man's mother!—and a widow—no, I can't stand that. Sha'n't dine with them again.» There! do you see, darling? Do you really want to rub all the bloom off the peach?»

He had hardly finished his little speech before the odiousness of it struck him.

«Am I come to talking to her like *this*?» he asked himself in a kind of astonishment.

But Letty, apparently, was not astonished.

«Everybody would understand if you refused to ruin yourself by going on paying these frightful debts. I am sure *something* could be done,» she said, half choked.

George shook his head.

«But everybody would n't want to understand. The dear world loves a scandal—does n't really *like* being amiable to newcomers at all. You would make a bad start, dear—and all the world would pity mama.»

«Oh, if you are only thinking what people would say!» cried Letty.

«No,» said George, reflectively, but with a mild change of tone. «D—people! I can pull myself to pieces so much better than they can. You see, darling, you're such an

optimist. Now, if you'd only just believe, as I do, that the world is a radically bad place, you would n't be so surprised when things of this sort happen. Eh, little person, has it been a radically bad place this last fortnight?»

He laid his cheek against her shoulder, rubbing it gently up and down. But something hard and scornful lay behind his caress—something he did not mean to inquire into.

«Then you told your mother,» said Letty, after a pause, still looking straight before her, «that you would clear her?»

«Not at all. I said we could do nothing. I laid it on about the house. And all the time I knew perfectly well in my protesting soul that if this man's claim is sustainable we should *have* to pay up. And I imagine that mama knew it too. You can get out of anybody's debts but your mother's—that's apparently what it comes to. Queer thing, civilization! Well, now,»—he sprang to his feet, —«let's go and get it over.»

Letty also rose.

«I can't see her again,» she said quickly. «I sha'n't come down to lunch. Will she go by the three-o'clock train?»

«I will arrange it,» said George.

They walked through the wood together silently. As they came in sight of the house Letty's face quivered again with restrained passion—or tears. George, whose *sang-froid* was never disturbed outwardly for long, had by now resigned himself, and had, moreover, recovered that tolerance of woman's various weaknesses which was in him the fruit of a wide, and at bottom hostile, induction. He set himself to cheer her up. Perhaps, after all, if he could sell a particular piece of land which he owned near a neighboring large town, and sell it well,—he had had offers for it before,—he might be able to clear his mother, and still let Letty work her will on the house. She must n't take a gloomy view of things; he would do his best. So by the time they got into the drawing-room she had let her hand slip doubtfully into his again for a moment.

But nothing would induce her to appear at lunch. Lady Tressady, having handed over all Shapetsky's papers and all her responsibilities to George, graciously told him that she could understand Letty's annoyance, and did n't wish for a moment to intrude upon her. She then called on Justine to curl her hair, put on a blue shot silk with marvelous pink fronts just arrived from Paris, and came down to lunch with her son in her most smiling mood. She took no notice of his monosyllables, and in the hall, while the butler discreetly retired,

she kissed him with tears, saying that she had always known his generosity would come to the rescue of his poor mama.

"You will oblige me, mother, by not trying it again too soon," was George's ironical reply as he put her into the carriage.

IN the afternoon Letty was languid and depressed. She would not talk on general topics, and George shrank in nervous disgust from reopening the subjects of the morning. Finally, she chose to be tucked up on the sofa with a novel, and gave George free leave to go out.

It surprised him to find, as he walked quickly down the hill, delighting in the April sun, that he was glad to be alone. But he did not in the least try to fling the thought away from him, as many a lover would have done. The events, the feelings, of the day had been alike jarring and hateful; he meant to escape from them.

But he could not escape from them all at once. A fresh and unexpected debt of somewhere about four thousand pounds does not sit lightly on a comparatively poor man. In spite of his philosophy for Letty's benefit, he must needs harass himself anew about his money affairs, planning and reckoning. How many more such surprises would his mother spring upon him, and how was he to control her? He realized now something of the life-long burden his dull old father had borne—a burden which the absences of school, college, and travel had hitherto spared himself. What was he to appeal to in her? There seemed to be nothing—neither will nor conscience. She was like the women without backs in the fairy-tale.

Then with one breath he said to himself that he must kick out that singer-fellow, and with the next that he would not touch any of his mother's crew with a barge-pole. Though he never pleaded ideals in public, he had been all his life something of a moral epicure, taking "moral" as relating rather to manners than to deeper things. He had done his best not to soil himself by contact with certain types—among men especially. Of women he was less critical and less observant.

As to this ugly feud opening between his mother and his wife, it had quite ceased to amuse him. Now that his marriage was a reality, the daily corrosion of such a thing was becoming plain. And who was there in the world to bear the brunt of it but he? He saw himself between the two—eternally trying to make peace—and his face lengthened.

And if Letty would only leave the thing to

him—would only keep her little white self out of it! He wished he could get her to send away that woman Grier, a forward second-rate creature, much too ready to meddle in what did not concern her.

Then, with a shake of his thin shoulders, he passionately drove it all out of his thoughts.

Let him go to the village, sound the feeling there, if he could, and do his employer's business. His troubles as a pit-owner seemed likely to be bad enough, but they did not canker one like domestic miseries. They were a man's natural affairs; to think of them came as a relief to him.

HE had but a disappointing round, however.

In the first place, he went to look up some of the older "hewers," men who had been for years in the employ of the Tressadys. Two or three of them had just come back from the early shift, and their wives, at any rate, were pleased and flattered by George's call. But the men sat like stocks and stones while he talked. Scarcely a word could be got out of them, and George felt himself in an atmosphere of storm, guessing at dangers, everywhere present, though not yet let loose—like the foul gases in the pits under his feet.

He behaved with a good deal of dignity, stifling his pride here and there sufficiently to talk simply and well of the general state of trade, the conditions of the coal industry in the West Mercian district, the position of the masters, the published accounts of one or two large companies in the district, and so on. But in the end he only felt his own anger rising in answer to the sullenness of the men. Their sallow faces and eyes weakened by long years of the pit expressed little, but what there was spelt war.

Nor did his visits to what might be called his own side give him much more satisfaction.

One man, a brawny "fireman," whom George had been long taught to regard as one of the props of law and order in the district, was effusively and honestly glad to see his employer. His wife hurried the tea, and George drank and ate as heartily as his own luncheon would let him in company with Macgregor and his very neat and smiling family. Nothing could be more satisfactory than Macgregor's general denunciations of the Union and its agent. Burrows, in his opinion, was a "drunken, low-livin' scoundrel," who got his bread by making mischief; the Union was entering upon a great mistake in resisting the masters' proposals; and if it were n't for the public-house and idleness,

there was n't a man in Ferth that could n't live *well*, ten per cent. reduction and all considered. Nevertheless, he did not conceal his belief that battle was approaching, and would break out, if not now, at any rate in the late summer or autumn. Times, too, were going to be specially bad for the non-society men. The membership of the Union had been running up fast; there had been a row that very morning at the pit where he worked, the Union men refusing to go down in the same cage with the blacklegs. He and his mates would have to put their backs into it. Never fear but they would! Bullying might be trusted only to make them the more «orkard.»

Nothing could have been more soothing than such talk to the average employer in search of congenial opinions. But George was not the average employer, and the fastidious element in him began soon to make him uncomfortable. Sobriety is, no doubt, admirable, but he had no sooner detected a teetotal cant in his companion than that particular axiom ceased to matter to him. And to think poorly of Burrows might be a salutary feature in a man's character, but it should be for some respectable reason. George fidgeted on his chair while Macgregor told the usual cock-and-bull stories of monstrous hotel bills seen sticking out of Burrows's tail-pockets, and there deciphered by a gaping populace; and his mental discomfort reached its climax when Macgregor wound up with the remark:

«And that, Sir George, is where the money goes to—not to the poor starving women and children, I can tell yer, whose husbands are keepin' him in luxury. I've always said it. Where's the accounts? I've never seen no balance-sheet—niver!» he repeated solemnly. «They do say as there's one to be seen at the 'lodge'—»

«Why, of course there is, Macgregor,» said George, with a nervous laugh; as he got up to depart; «all the big Unions publish their accounts.»

The fireman's obstinate mouth and stubbly hair only expressed a more pronounced skepticism.

«Well, I should n't believe in 'em,» he said, «if they did. I've never seen a balance-sheet, and I don't suppose I ever shall. Well, good-by to you, Sir George, and thank you kindly. Yo' take my word, sir, if it were n't for the public-house the men could afford to lose a trifle now and again to let the masters make their fair profit.»

And he looked behind him complacently at his neat cottage and well-clothed children.

But George walked away, impatient.

«His wages won't go down, anyway,» he said to himself; for the wages of the «firemen,» whose work is of the nature of superintendence, hardly vary with the state of trade. «And what suspicious idiocy about the accounts!»

His last visit was the least fortunate of all. The fireman in question, Mark Dowse, Macgregor's chief rival in the village, was a keen Radical, and George found him chuckling over his newspaper, and the defeat of the Tory candidate in a recently decided County Council election. He received his visitor with a surprise which George thought not untinted with insolence. Some political talk followed, in which Dowse's Yorkshire wit scored more than once at his employer's expense. Dowse, indeed, let himself go. He was on the point of taking the examination for an under-manager's certificate, and leaving the valley. Hence there were no strong reasons for servility, and he might talk as he pleased to a young «swell» who had sold himself to reaction. George lost his temper somewhat, was furiously ashamed of himself, and could only think of getting out of the man's company with dignity.

He was by no means clear, however, as he walked away from the cottage, that he had succeeded in doing so. What was the good of trying to make friends with these fellows? Neither in agreement nor in opposition had he any common ground with them. Other people might have the gifts for managing them; it seemed to him that it would be better for him to take up the line at once that he had none. Fontenoy was right. Nothing but a state of enmity was possible—veiled enmity at some times, open at others.

What were those voices on the slope above him?

He was walking along a road which skirted his own group of pits. To his left rose a long slope of refuse, partly grown over, ending in the «bank» whereon stood the engine-house and winding-apparatus. A pathway climbed the slope, and made the natural ascent to the pit for people dwelling in the scattered cottages on the farther side of it.

Two men, he saw, were standing high up on the pathway, violently disputing. One was Madan, his own manager, an excellent man of business and a bitter Tory; the other was Valentine Burrows.

As Tressady neared the road-entrance to the pathway the two men parted. Madan climbed on toward the pit. Burrows ran down the path.

As he approached the gate, and saw Tressady passing on the road, the agent called:

«Sir George Tressady!»

George stopped.

Burrows came quickly up to him, his face crimson.

«Is it by your orders, Sir George, that Mr. Madan insults and browbeats me when he meets me on a perfectly harmless errand to one of the men in your engine-house?»

«Perhaps Mr. Madan was not so sure as you were, Mr. Burrows, that the errand was a harmless one,» said George, with a cool smile.

By this time, however, Burrows was biting his lip, aware that he had made an impulsive mistake.

«Don't imagine for a moment,» he said hotly, «that Madan's opinion of anything I may be doing matters one brass farthing to me! Only I give you and him fair warning that if he blackguards me again in the way he has done several times lately, I shall have him bound over.»

«He might survive it,» said George. «But how will you manage it? You have had ill luck, rather, with the magistrates—have n't you?»

He stood drawn up to his full height, thin, venomous, alert, rather enjoying the encounter, which «let off the steam» of his previous irritations.

Burrows threw him a furious look.

«You think that a damaging thing to say, do you, Sir George? Perhaps the day will come—not so far off, neither—when the magistrates will be no longer your creatures, but ours. Then we shall see.»

«Well, prophecy is cheap,» said George. «Console yourself with it, by all means.»

The two men measured each other eye to eye.

Then, unexpectedly, after the relief of his outburst, the philosopher's instincts which were so oddly interwoven with the rest of Tressady's nature reasserted themselves.

«Look here,» he said in another manner, advancing a step. «I think this is all great nonsense. If Madan has exceeded his duty I will see to it. And, meanwhile, don't you think it would be more worthy of us, as a couple of rational beings, if, now we have met, we had a few serious words on the state of things in this valley? You and I fought a square fight at Malford—you at least said as much. Why can't we fight a square fight here?»

Burrows eyed him doubtfully. He was leaning on his stick, recovering breath and composure. George noticed that since the Malford election even he had lost youth and looks. He had the drunkard's skin and the

drunkard's eyes. Yet there were still the make and proportions of the handsome athlete. He was now a man of about thirty-two; but in his first youth he had carried the miner's pick for some four or five years, and during the same period had been one of the most famous foot-ball players of the county. As George knew, he was still the idol of the local clubs, and capable in his sober spells of amazing feats both of strength and endurance.

«Well, I have no objection to some conversation with you,» said Burrows at last, slowly.

«Let's walk on, then,» said George.

And they walked past the gate of Ferth, toward the railway-station, which was some two miles off.

About an hour later the two men returned along the same road. Both had an air of tension; both were rather pale.

«Well, it comes to this,» said George, as he stopped beside his own gate: «you believe our case,—the badness of trade, the disappearance of profits, pressure of contracts, and all the rest of it,—and you still refuse on your part to bear the smallest fraction of the burden? You will claim all you can get in good times; you will give back nothing in bad?»

«That is so,» said Burrows, deliberately; «that is so, precisely. We will take no risks; we give our labor, and in return the workman must live. Make the consumer pay, or pay yourselves out of your good years.» He turned imperceptibly toward the barrack-like house on the hill. «We don't care a ha'porth which it is—only don't you come on the man who risks his life and works like a galley-slave five days a week for a pittance of five-and-twenty shillings, or thereabouts, to pay—for he won't. He's tired of it. Not till you starve him into it, at any rate.»

George laughed.

«One of the best men in the village has been giving me his opinion this afternoon that there is n't a man in that place»—he pointed to it—«that could n't live, and live well,—aye, and take the masters' terms to-morrow,—but for the drink!»

His keen look ran over Burrows from head to foot.

«And I know who that is,» said Burrows, with a sneer. «Well, I can tell you what the rest of the men in that place think, and it's this: that the man in that village who does n't drink is a mean skunk who's betraying his own flesh and blood to the capitalists. Oh, you may preach at us till you're black in the face, but drink we shall till we get the control

of our own labor. For, look here! Directly we cease to drink—directly we become good boys on your precious terms—the standard of life falls, down come wages, and you sweep off our beer-money to spend on your champagne. Thank you, Sir George; but we're not such fools as we look—and that don't suit us! Good-day to you!"

And he haughtily touched his hat in response to George's movement, and walked quickly away.

GEORGE slowly mounted his own hill. The checkered April day was declining, and the dipping sun was flooding the western plain with quiet light. Rooks were circling round the hill, filling the air with long-drawn sound. A cuckoo was calling on a tree near at hand, and the evening was charged with spring scents—scents of leaf and grass, of earth and rain. Below, in an oak-copse across the road, a stream rushed; and from a distance came the familiar rattle and thud of the pits.

George stood still a moment under a ragged group of Scotch firs—one of the few things at Ferth that he loved—and gazed across the Cheshire border to the distant lines of Welsh hills. The excitement of his talk with Burrows was subsiding, leaving behind it the obstinate resolve of the natural man. He should tell his uncles there was nothing for it but to fight it out. Some blood must be let; somebody must be master.

What poor limited fools, after all, were the best of the workmen—how incapable of working out any serious problem, of looking beyond their own noses and the next meal! Was he to spend his life in chronic battle with them—a set of semi-civilized barbarians, his countrymen in nothing but the name? And for what cause, to what cry? That he might defend against the toilers of this wide valley a certain elegant house in Brook street, and find the means to go on paying his mother's debts?—such debts as he carried the evidence of, at that moment, in his pocket.

Suddenly there swept over his mind with pricking force the thought of Mary Batchelor at her door, blind with weeping and pain—of the poor boy, dead in his prime. Did those two figures stand for the *realities* at the base of things—the common labors, affections, agonies, which uphold the world?

His own life looked somehow poor and mean to him as he turned back to it. The Socialist, of course,—Burrows,—would say that he and Letty and his mother were merely living and dressing and enjoying themselves, paying butlers and starting carriages, out of the

labor and pain of others; that Jamie Batchelor and his like risked and brutalized their strong young lives that Lady Tressady and her like might "jig and amble" through theirs.

Pure ignorant fanaticism, no doubt; but he was not so ready as usual to shelter himself under the big words of controversy. Fontenoy's favorite arguments had momentarily no savor for a kind of moral nausea.

"I begin to see it was a 'cursed spite' that drove me into the business at all," he said to himself as he stood under the trees.

What he was really suffering from was an impatience of new conditions—perhaps surprise that he was not more equal to them. Till his return home—till now, almost—he had been an employer and a coal-owner by proxy. Other people had worked for him, had solved his problems for him. Then a transient impulse had driven him home, made him accept Fontenoy's offer—worse luck!—at least, Letty apart. The hopefulness and elation about himself, his new activities, and his Parliamentary prospects, that had been his predominant mood in London, seemed to him at this moment of depression mere folly. What he really felt, he declared to himself, was a sort of cowardly shrinking from life and its tests—the recognition that at bottom he was a weakling, without faiths, without true identity.

Then the quick thought-process, as it flowed on, told him that there are two things that protect men of his stamp from their own lack of moral stamina: perpetual change of scene, that turns the world into a spectacle—and love. He thought with hunger of his travel-years, holding away from him, as it were, for a moment the thought of his marriage.

But only for a moment. It was but a few weeks since a woman's life had given itself wholly into his hands. He was still thrilling under the emotion and astonishment of it. Tender, melting thoughts flowed upon him. His little Letty! Had he ever thought her perfect, free from natural covetousness and weaknesses? What folly! He to ask for the grand style in character!

He looked at his watch. How long he had left her! Let him hurry and make his peace.

However, just as he was turning, his attention was caught by something that was passing on the opposite hillside. The light from the west was shining full on a white cottage with a sloping garden. The cottage belonged to the Wesleyan minister of the place, and had been rented by Burrows for the last six months. And just as George was

turning away he saw Burrows come out of the door with a burden—a child, or a woman little larger than a child—in his arms. He carried her to an arm-chair which had been placed on the little grass-plat. The figure was almost lost in the chair, and sat motionless while Burrows brought cushions and a stool. Then a baby came to play on the grass, and Burrows hung over the back of the chair, bending so as to talk to the person in it.

"Dying?" said George to himself. "Poor devil! he must hate something."

HE sped up the hill, and found Letty still on the sofa and in the last pages of her novel. She did not resent his absence, apparently; a freedom, so far, from small exaction for which he inwardly thanked her. Still, from the moment that she raised her eyes as he came in, he saw that if she was not angry with him for leaving her alone, her mind was still as sore as ever against him and fortune on other accounts; and his revived ardor drooped. He gave her an account of his adventures, but she was neither inquiring nor sympathetic; and her manner all the evening had a nervous dryness that took away the pleasure of their tête-à-tête. Any old friend of Letty's, indeed, could hardly have failed to ask what had become of that small tinkling charm of manner, that girlish flippancy and repartee, that had counted for so much in George's first impressions of her. They were no sooner engaged than it had begun to wane. Was it like the bird or the flower that adorns itself only for the wooing-time, and sinks into relative dinginess when the mating effort is over?

On this particular evening, indeed, she was really absorbed half the time in gloomy thoughts of Lady Tressady's behavior and the poorness of her own prospects. She lay on the sofa again after dinner,—her white

slimness and bright hair showing delicately against the cushions,—playing still with her novel, while George read the newspapers. Sometimes she glanced at him unsteadily, with a pinching of the lips; but it was not her way to invite a scene.

Late at night he went up to his dressing-room.

As he entered it, Letty was talking to her maid. He stopped involuntarily in the darkness of his own room, and listened. What a contrast between this Letty and the Letty of the drawing-room! They were chattering fast, discussing Lady Tressady, and Lady Tressady's gowns, and Lady Tressady's affairs. What eagerness, what malice, what feminine subtlety and acuteness! After listening for a few seconds it seemed to him as though a score of new and ugly lights had been thrown alike upon his mother and on human nature. He stole away again without revealing himself.

When he returned the room was nearly dark, and Letty was lying high against her pillows, waiting for him. Suddenly, after she had sent her maid away, she had felt depressed and miserable, and had begun to cry; and for some reason hardly clear to herself she had lain pining for George's footsteps. When he came in she looked at him with eyes still wet, reproaching him gently for being late.

In the dim light, surrounded with lace and whiteness, she was a pretty vision; and George stood beside her, responding and caressing.

But that black depth in his nature, of which he had spoken to her,—which he had married to forget,—was, none the less, all ruffled and vocal. For the first time since Letty had consented to marry him he did not think or say to himself, as he looked at her, that he was a lucky man, and had done everything for the best.

(To be continued.)

Mary A. Ward.

DESOLATE.

O MORNING, hasten with your goad
Of ceaseless care and tedious task;
Give me no respite from your load—
T is all I ask.

O strife and tumult of the day,
O toils and trials manifold,
Close in as thickly as ye may—
Loose not your hold!

To memory leave no briefest space
From earliest ray of dawning light,
For all too soon comes on apace—
Ah, God!—the night!

Minnie Leona Upton.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY WILLIAM M. SLOANE.

NAPOLEON THE FOUNTAIN OF HONOR AND POWER.

THE NEW FEUDALISM—LIFE AT NAPOLEON'S COURT—THE WARFARE OF LAND AND OCEAN—NAPOLEON'S VISIONS OF WORLD EMPIRE—CHECK TO RUSSIA AND OCCUPATION OF PORTUGAL—HUMILIATION OF THE SPANISH CROWN.

THE NEW FEUDALISM.



T was not long before the people of Paris and of all France were in the best possible humor; they were busy, they were clothed, they were fed, they were making and saving money.

With every hour grew the feeling that their unity and strength were embodied in the Emperor. Mme. de Rémusat was tired of his ill breeding: it shocked her to observe his coarse familiarity, to see him sit on a favorite's knee, or twist an ear till it was afire; to hear him sow dissension among families by coarse innuendo, and to see him crush society that he might rule it. But if we may believe our Balzac, such things would not have shocked the masses at all. When that querulous court lady opened her troubles to the sympathetic Talleyrand, and bemoaned the sad fate which kept her at the imperial court to gain a living, the reply was not consoling. As time had passed, the gulf between the Emperor and his venal but soft-spoken minister had been widening, and the Prince of Benevento had oftentimes to hear taunts and reproaches in scenes of such violence as were unsuspected even by the complaining lady in waiting. But nevertheless Talleyrand replied that Napoleon still stood for the unity of France, and it was both his and her duty to endure and support him.

No doubt the Emperor was perfectly aware of the fact. But he felt that what was a new aristocracy in truth, though not yet so in name, must be appeased as well as the people. He was furious at times with the venality of his associates. Talleyrand once admitted that he had taken sixty millions from various German princes. Masséna, Augereau, Brune, and Junot were not so colossal in their greed, but they were equally ill disposed, and very successful in lining their coffers. With Talley-

rand Napoleon never joked; but when he wished to give the others warning he drew a bill for some enormous sum on one or other of them, and deposited it with a banker. There is no evidence that such a draft was ever dishonored. On one occasion Masséna disgorged two millions of francs in this way. Of the ancient nobility the Emperor once said, with a sneer: «I offered them rank in my army: they declined the service. I opened my antechambers to them: they rushed in and filled them.» To this sweeping statement there were many noteworthy exceptions, but on the whole Napoleon never classed the estate of the French nobles lower than they deserved. Still they had a power which he recognized, and it was with a sort of grim humor that he began to distribute honors and the sops of patronage among both the old and the new aristocracy—a process which only made the latter independent and failed to win the affections of the former.

It was in the hope of securing the good will of the ancient nobility that he took two steps radical in their direct negation of Revolutionary principles: the destruction of the tribunate and the restoration of the right of entail. The connection between the two lies in the tendency of both: merging tribunate and legislature made it easy to substitute for an elective senate a hereditary house of lords. Feeling himself sufficiently strong, Napoleon clearly intended to gratify in others the weak human pride which, as Montesquieu says, desires the eternity of a name, and thereby to erect a four-square foundation for the perpetuity of his own dynasty. The brothers Joseph, Louis, and Jerome were now no longer Bonapartes, but Napoleons, ruling as Joseph Napoleon, Louis Napoleon, Jerome Napoleon, over their respective fiefs. Murat, the brother-in-law, was already provided for in the same way, and there were three reigning princes among the satellites of the imperial throne. All these could transmit

their name and dominions in the line of hereditary succession. It may be read in the "Moniteur" of July, 1810, that in whatever position they were placed by Napoleon's politics and the interest of his empire, their first duty was to him, their second to France. "All your other duties, even those to the people I may intrust to you, are only secondary."

Ten years earlier General Bonaparte had declared that the French wanted glory and the gratification of their vanity; of liberty, he said, they knew nothing. The Emperor Napoleon, in one of his spoken musings, applied the same conception to all Continental Europeans, saying that there were everywhere a few men who knew what freedom was and yearned to enjoy it; but that the masses needed paternal guidance, and enjoyed it as long as they were comfortable. Now the asylum of this minority in France was for a time the tribunate; to many it seemed that if free government be government by discussion, there alone was any semblance of freedom left; its name had consequently retained a halo of nobility, and its mere existence was a comfort to the few who still recalled the ideals of the Revolution. But, in truth, the body itself had ceased to have any dignity whatsoever. The system of legislation was briefly this: from the throne came a message exposing the situation of the country, the council of state then formulated the measures set forth as necessary, the tribunate approved them in one or other of its sections, and the legislature gave the enacting vote. The suppression of the tribunate, therefore, appeared to the general public the removal of a useless formality. Some of the members went into the legislature, some into official administrative positions, and the right of discussion in committee behind closed doors was transferred to certain sections of the legislature. By way of compensation it was "decreed by the senate," as the formality was called, that no man could thenceforth sit in the legislature until he had reached the age of forty. Perhaps Napoleon remembered that his own fiery ambition had made him Emperor before he was thirty-eight.

The measure was announced to the tribunes as a mere matter of course, and created no stir at the time. In later years it was recalled that the English Parliament under the Plantagenets had never entirely perished, and so was ready for powerful deeds in more propitious days. But in France's later crisis the French tribunate could not be revived; with it disappeared forever the last rallying-point for the scattered remnant still true to

the Revolution. The complement of this negative measure was the creation of the right to transmit together, and for an indefinite time, a title and the realty on which its dignity reposed. Though the restoration of this institution was slightly anterior in time to the other as to its beginnings, yet the final decree was not published until 1808, and logically it is complementary and subsequent to it.

To this day men of ancient and honorable name in France have not ceased to bemoan the destruction of primogeniture by the Revolution and the Code Napoléon. They are proud to transmit their title untarnished to their descendants, are ready to make serious sacrifices in its behalf, to exercise the rigid self-denials of family control for its sake, and to engrave the motto of "noblesse oblige" on their hearts in order to sustain it; but they bitterly complain that without the majorat, and the transmission of outward visible supports in land and houses to strengthen it, the empty sound carries little weight. The compulsory subdivision of estates at the death of the owner enables every scion to live, if not to thrive, on the home stock. The failure of France in colonization is largely due to the absence of men from good families among the colonizers, while England sends her younger sons to the ends of the earth, there to found new houses and perpetuate the old line under favorable conditions. Hence, too, the petty dimensions of French life: little fortunes, little ambitions, little establishments, little families, among that very class in society which by cultivating the sentiment of honor should leaven the practical, materialistic temper of the masses. At the present time, when the burghers amass in trade far greater fortunes than the aristocracy possess, and the learned secure greater power by intellectual vigor, while the demagogues grow mightier by the command of votes, titles alone carry little weight, and the virtues of honor, of chivalry, of elegance, can with difficulty display their example.

No argument can ever restore general confidence in the institution of primogeniture, but it dies hard even in England. In the United States the absolute liberty of testamentary disposition enables a wealthy father to found a family almost as perfectly as if the right of entail existed, and the bulk of large fortunes is constantly left by will to the most capable son, in order that he may keep up the family name, the family estates, and the family pride. But under the provisions of the Code Napoléon such a course is impossible. As its maker did not hesitate to con-

travene his own legislation in the case of the Jews, so he again disregarded it in order to consolidate that aristocracy of which he hoped to make another strong prop to his throne; for he already had the church and the people. "The code," he said, "was made for the welfare of the people; and if that welfare demands other measures, we must take them." This was not difficult, because the imperial power had gradually shaped two instruments wherewith to act: one was the laws sanctioned by the legislature and pertaining ordinarily to abstract questions of jurisprudence; the other was the Emperor's personal decrees, which, though discussed by the council of state, were the expression of the Emperor's will, and covered in their scope the whole field of authority.

It was by the latter course that the new nobility was to be created. Ostensibly it was to be the last blow of the ax at the root of feudalism. The new dignities carried no privileges with them; they were a sort of civic crown to which any one might aspire, and their creation was therefore in no way derogatory to the principle of equality. The holders might become too independent and self-reliant; they might even display a class spirit: but the Emperor felt himself to be striving upward; these creatures would have to run fast before they could outstrip their master. At St. Helena the prisoner, recalling with bitterness the ingratitude of his beneficiaries, declared that he took the unfortunate step in order to reconcile France with the rest of Europe. He was by that time aware that though the Legion of Honor was, and would continue to be, an institution dear to the French heart, this one was not so, and needed an apology; for his imperial nobility had never been taken seriously or kindly by the people, who could not draw the nice distinction between a feudal and an imperial aristocracy. Even in the first steps of his enterprise he was made to feel the need of caution, and it was by statute, after all, not by decree, that the whole matter was finally regulated. So curious is popular fickleness that an Emperor who could boldly tyrannize in almost any other direction felt that he dared not take the risk of constituting himself a fountain of honor, such as legitimate monarchs were.

The system was for the world outside like some fairy wonder completed overnight, since the duchies had been ready the year before. The Italian titles were the most honorable and the most highly endowed. They were given as follows: Soult, Duke of Dalmatia; Mortier, Duke of Treviso; Savary, Duke of Rovigo;

Bessières, Duke of Istria; Duroc, Duke of Friuli; Victor, Duke of Belluno; Moncey, Duke of Conegliano; Clarke, Duke of Feltre; Masséna, Duke of Rivoli; Lannes, Duke of Montebello; Marmont, Duke of Ragusa; Oudinot, Duke of Reggio; Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum; Augereau, Duke of Castiglione; Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo. In Germany there were created three similar duchies—Auerstädt for Davout, Elchingen for Ney, and Dantzig for Lefebvre. Berthier was made Prince of Neufchâtel. So much for the marshals. In civil life there were corresponding distinctions: Cambacérès, Duke of Parma; Maret, Duke of Bassano; Lebrun, Duke of Piacenza; Fouché, Duke of Otranto; Champagny, Duke of Cadore. The members of the senate, the councilors of state, the presiding officers of the legislature, and the archbishops, were all created counts. Each one of these, like the other titles, was richly endowed with land from the public domains in Poland, Germany, and Italy. But the distinction bestowed on the soldiers was marked in the difference between the accompanying gifts to them and those to civilians. The only portion of the great force which had returned to France was the Guard, who were instructed to keep to themselves. A most lavish pension system, as it was considered even in that age of military splendor, drew from the army chest 500 francs a year for soldiers who had lost a limb; officers received as high as 10,000 francs, according to the nature of their disabilities. But the marshals were showered with gold. Berthier had 1,000,000; Ney, Davout, Soult, and Bessières, 600,000 each; Masséna, Augereau, Bernadotte, Mortier, and Victor, 400,000 apiece; and the rest 200,000. But even this was nothing to what some of them secured later by holding several offices at once. At one time Berthier had a yearly income of 1,355,000 francs; Davout, of 910,000; Ney, of 728,000; Masséna, of 683,000. The ministers were able to secure salaries averaging about 200,000 francs, and ambassadors had incomes corresponding to their dignity. Caulaincourt, the ablest of them all, had 800,000 francs at St. Petersburg wherewith to support the imperial state of France. It is interesting to note from Napoleon's letters that he had occasionally to admonish some of these gentlemen to make use of their titles.

The Revolution had chosen to find its artistic expression in the correct and strict severity of classical forms. Napoleon had from the beginning of his career been under the spell of Greek and Roman examples. Thus

it happened that the art of the First Empire was what it is—heavy, conventional, and reminiscent. With the ever-growing rigidity of censorship, literature sometimes took refuge in abstractions, or, what is much the same thing, in the contemplation of events so remote that their discussion could give no offense. Sometimes authors accepted the curious task of defending the external forms and results of the Revolution as expressed in the Empire, while combating every principle from which the movement had sprung. Able men like Chénier published some of their writings, and locked others in their desks against a brighter day. In religion the Emperor's principle was that his subjects should hate the English because they were heretics, and the Pope because he was a fanatic. The «idealogue» and «metaphysicians» were anarchists, for the public order was endangered by their teachings. The newspapers were not only gagged, but metamorphosed—the «French Citizen» into the «French Courier», the «Journal of Debates» into the «Journal of the Empire.» Their columns were filled with laudations of the Emperor; their political articles were virtually composed in the Foreign Office; and there was not a symptom of anything like the existence of party feeling. A luckless journalist having been allowed to make statements concerning the luxury at court, the offending paper was given to understand that the Emperor would tolerate nothing contrary to his interests.

But the crowning work of this period was the final realization of the plan for organizing public instruction in what was designated by the head of the state as the Imperial University. Under the name of the University of France it exists to-day virtually as it came from the maker's hand. Like the institution of the prefecture, it is a faultless machine of equalization and centralization, molding the mass of educated Frenchmen into one form, rendering them responsive and receptive to authoritative ideas from their youth upward, and passive in their attitude toward instruction. Joseph de Maistre used to preach that, all social order depending on the authority of beliefs as well as on the authority of behavior, no man who denied the supremacy of the Pope would permanently admit the sovereignty of the state. The Emperor furnished a standard refutation of this thesis. The whole system of public instruction in France has not merely been secularized, but made positively infidel for a quarter of a century. Twenty-five academic generations of living French citizens, reckoning each year's output as a

generation, have come out from its laboratory with a minimum of faith; but state supremacy and state socialism are, in a moderate form, more prevalent among them than among any similar body of men elsewhere.

The University of France means literally the totality of all instruction in the country, organized by successive stages into a single system, and rigidly controlled from above. The outlines sketched in the law passed five years before, in 1802,¹ and supplemented in 1806, were carefully followed, and neither the theory nor the method need be again discussed. It is thoroughly significant that it was an imperial decree, and not a legislative statute, which on March 17, 1808, created the organism. There was an endowment of 400,000,000 francs, and a separate budget, «in order that instruction might not suffer by passing disturbances in imperial finances.» In order, also, that its doctrine might not feel the influence of every passing philosophical fashion, the corporation was subordinate to, but separate from, the ministry, with a grand master, chancellor, and treasurer of its own, and thirty members, of whom ten were appointed for life by the Emperor, the rest being annually designated by the grand master. They made rules for the discipline, revised the text-books, and chose the instructors of all the institutions of learning in all France, except some of the great ecclesiastical seminaries and a few of the technical schools. At the outset all the masters, censors, and teachers in the great intermediate schools or lyceums must be celibates! The professors might marry, but in that case they could not live in the precincts of what was virtually a military barrack.

Liberal culture, so far as given, was provided in these great schools, and they really form the heart of the University. Under the empire their instruction was largely in mathematics, with a sprinkling of Latin. It is now greatly broadened and elevated. The pupils of the primary schools felt a quasi-dependence on the Emperor; those of the lyceums were the very children of patronage, for the cheapness of their education, combined with their semi-military uniforms and habits, impressed on them and their families the immanence of the empire at every turn. They entered by government examinations; all their letters passed through the head master's hands; they were put under a threefold system of espionage culminating in the grand master; the one hundred and fifty scholarships and bourses in each were paid by the

¹ See THE CENTURY for September, 1895, p. 655.



DRAWN BY E. GRIVAZ.

THE FAVORITE OCCUPATION OF THE EMPRESS.

state; the punishments were, like those of soldiers, arrest and imprisonment. With the acquisition of military habits the young *lycéen* could look forward to military promotion, for two hundred and fifty of the most select were sent every year to the military schools, where they lived at the Emperor's expense, expecting professional advancement by the Emperor's patronage. Others of less merit were detached for the civil service, and in that also their careers were at the imperial mercy. They were daily and hourly reminded of Napoleon's greatness, for 2400 foreigners from the vassal states of the empire were scattered among these institutions, where they were turned into Frenchmen and docile subjects at the Emperor's expense, while being virtually held as hostages for the good behavior of their parents.

These powerful engines did not work in vain. During the comparatively short existence of the empire their product assumed enormous proportions, and largely modified the temper of society throughout France. The youth educated by priests or tutors were found unable to keep pace with their favored contemporaries from the government schools, and from the first no prophet was needed to foretell their destiny. Little by little the private institutions and ecclesiastical seminaries made way for or became annexed to the lycéums which one after another were founded wherever needed. Their charges were, and are, very low; and thrifty fathers appreciate the fact. The state is at enormous cost to support them; but public sentiment, preferring indirect to direct taxation, approves of the expenditure, while crafty statesmen, whether royalist, imperialist, or republican, employ them to create citizens of the kind in power at the time.

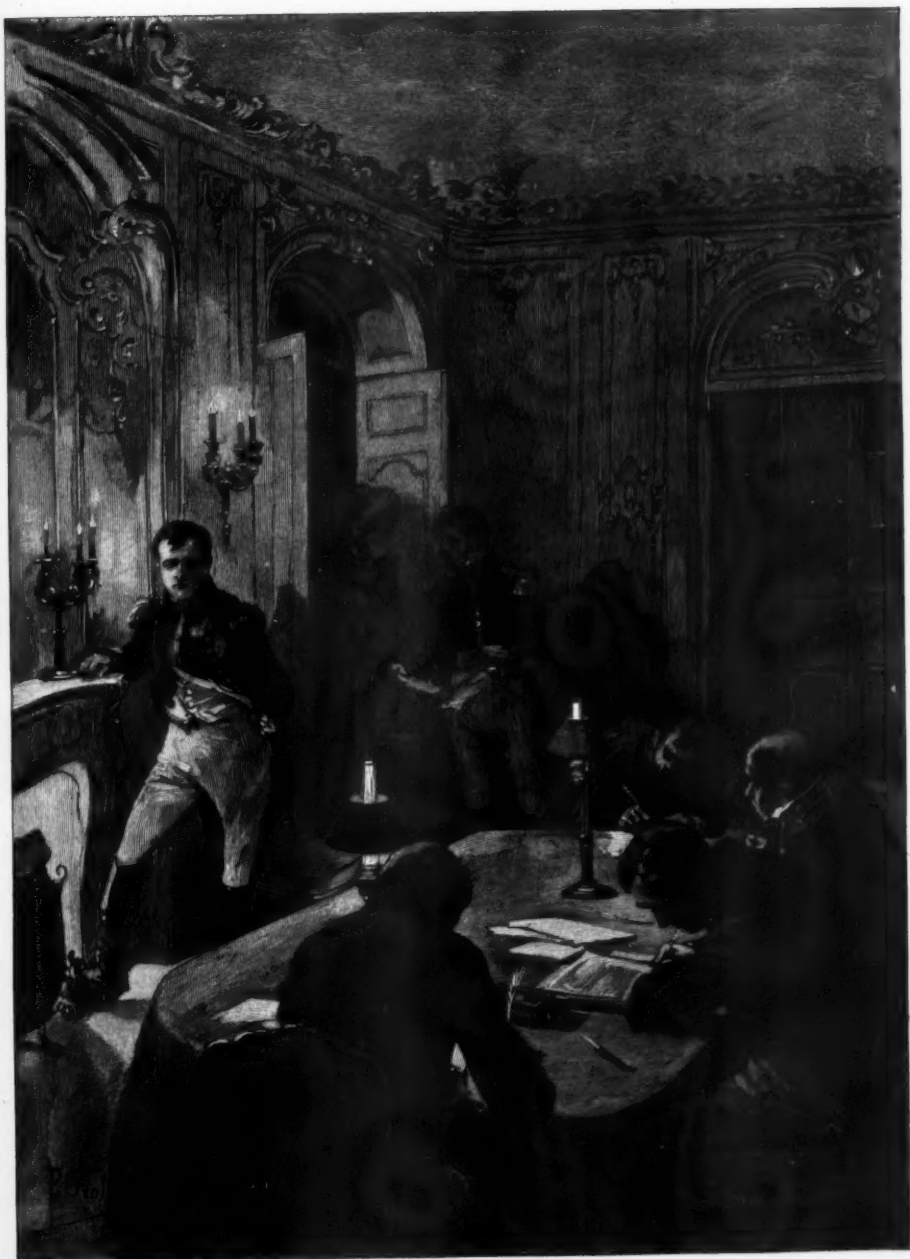
LIFE AT NAPOLEON'S COURT.

THROUGHOUT the late summer and autumn of 1807 the imperial court was more stately than ever before. The old nobility became assiduous in their attendance, and, as one of the Empress's ladies in waiting is said to have remarked, the court "received good company." On his return Napoleon had found Josephine's extravagance to be as unbounded as ever; but he could not well complain, because, although for the most part frugal himself, he had this time encouraged lavishness in his family. Still, it was not agreeable to have dressmakers' bills flung into his carriage when driving in state with his consort, and on one occasion he sent an unprinci-

pled but clever milliner to the prison of Bicêtre for having disobeyed his orders in furnishing her wares to the Empress at exorbitant prices. The person was so indispensable to the court ladies, however, that they crowded her cell, and she was soon released. At St. Cloud, Malmaison, the Tuileries, and Fontainebleau the social vices of courts began to appear; but they were sternly repressed, especially high play. By way of contrast, the city of Paris was at that very moment debauched by a profusion of gambling-hells and houses of prostitution licensed at an enormous figure by Fouché, and producing great revenues for the secret police. The gorgeous state uniforms of the marshals, the rich and elegant costumes of the ladies, the bespangled and begilt coats of the household, dancing, theatricals, concerts, and excursions—all these elements should have combined to create brilliancy and gaiety in the imperial circle, but they did not.

There was something seriously amiss with the central figure. He was often sullen and morose, often violent and even hysterical. To calm his nervous agitation the court physician ordered warm baths, which he spent hours in taking. Then again he was irregular in his habits, being often somnolent during the daytime, but as frequently breaking his rest at midnight to set the pens of his secretaries scampering to keep pace with the flow of his speech. With old friends he was coarse and severe: even the brutal Vandamme confessed that he trembled before that "devil of a man," while Lannes was the only human being who still dared to use the familiar "thou" in addressing his old comrade. To the face of his generals the Emperor was merely cold: behind their backs he sneered, saying, for instance, of Davout that he might give him never so much renown, he would not be able to carry it; of Ney that he was disposed to ingratitude and turbulence; of Bessières, Oudinot, and Victor that they were mere mediocrities. Among all these dazzling stars he himself moved in simple uniform and in a cocked hat ornamented with his favorite cheap little cockade. It was a well-calculated vanity, for with increasing corpulence severity of dress called less attention to his waddling gait and growing awkwardness of gesture.

The summer of 1807 saw the social triumph of the Bonaparte family, the sometime Jacobins, but now emperor and kings. Jerome Napoleon was married on August 22 to the Princess Catherine of Würtemberg. The Emperor had already spoken at Tilsit with



DRAWN BY P. GROLLÉRON.

NAPOLEON DICTATING TO HIS SECRETARIES.



DRAWN BY AUGUST WILL.

KEY TO REGNAULT'S PICTURE "THE MARRIAGE OF JEROME."

1, Louis Bonaparte; 2, Princesse Angella; 3, Eugène Beauharnais; 4, Queen Hortense; 5, Joseph Bonaparte; 6, Princesse Elisa; 7, Madame Joseph Bonaparte; 8, Empress Josephine; 9, Emperor Napoleon; 10, Madame Mère; 11, Jérôme Bonaparte; 12, Frederica Catherine of Württemberg; 13, Stéphanie Beauharnais; 14, Princesse Pauline; 15, Senator Beauharnais; 16, Madame Murat; 17, Prince Borghese; 18, Marshal Murat; 19, Prince of Baden; 20, Cardinal Fesch.

the Czar about unions for himself and family suitable to their rank, but the hint of an alliance with the Romanoffs was coldly received. In the Emperor's opinion this, however, was a really splendid match. The Rhine princes and subsidiary monarchs hastened to Paris, and one of them showed his want of perspicacity by marked attentions to Josephine, which he hoped would secure her husband's favor. When men of such lofty and undisputed lineage were joining the irresistible movement, the recusant nobility of France itself could not well stand aloof any longer. It amused and interested the Emperor to see them obey Fouché's hint, and throng to be introduced in the correct way to the new and undisputed sovereign not merely of France, but of western Europe.

Moreover, they were no longer impertinent. They remembered the fate meted out to Mme. de Staël for her solemn innuendos, and did not forget that the last item in the indictment on which Mme. de Chevreuse had been banished was a snippish remark to Napoleon's face. Astonished at the splendor of her diamonds, he had in his own court clumsily asked if they were all real. "*Parbleu*, sire, I do not know," she replied; "but they are good enough to wear here." In consequence, therefore, of this new and now well-intentioned element the court swelled in numbers and gained in grace, but not in joyousness. The Empress was already foreboding her fate; there was the stiffness of inaptitude about everything, even the amusement, and the languid weariness of the ladies was an unforgiven imperial sin. The quick wit of the Emperor remarked this annoying fact, and demanded counsel of Talleyrand. The Prince of Benevento had by this time resigned his position as minister, and the relations between himself and the Emperor were strained, but he was not rebuked when he ventured on the old license of speech. "It is because pleasure will not move at the drum-tap," was his answer, "and you look as if you would command every one

just as you do the army: (Ladies and gentlemen, forward, march!)"

Talleyrand's numberless intrigues, his venality and self-seeking, his cynicism and contemptuous airs, had finally destroyed his preponderance with Napoleon, although he still retained much influence. No one was better aware of the fact than he was. Thus far he had reckoned himself an indispensable factor in the administration of the empire: now he saw that he was so no longer, that his time had come. He had a sterile mind, and was destitute of principle. Constructive politics were beyond his powers, and he was hopelessly ignorant of social movements. The real Europe of his time was to him a closed book; and while Napoleon was well served in every other function of state, because he himself could assist and supervise, he was wretchedly betrayed in the matter of permanent gains by diplomacy, in which he was personally a blunderer and a tyro. Talleyrand was a distinguished and typical aristocrat of the old French school, elegant, adroit, smooth-spoken, and sharp. He was an unequaled courtier, influential by his moderation of words, gesture, and expression, but a feeble adviser, and utterly incapable of broad views. His character, being unequal to his skill, was not strong enough either to curb or guide his headstrong master, for his mind was neither productive, solid, nor loyal. No treaty ever made by him was lasting, and he must have known that even the peace of Tilsit would begin to crumble almost before the papers were signed. The balance of Europe was disturbed but temporarily by that agreement, not permanently, as had been intended; the attempted seclusion of Prussia by Napoleon destroyed her old antagonism to other German powers, and marked the beginning of amalgamation with all her sister states for the reconstruction of an avenging German nationality.

Something may be forgiven to an adventurer in the storms of revolution, but this



FROM THE PAINTING BY ADAM-BAPTISTE REICHAULT, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

MARRIAGE OF PRINCE JEROME BONAPARTE AND PRINCESS FEDERICA CATHERINE
OF WURTEMBERG, AUGUST 22, 1807.

ENGRAVED BY M. MARTEL.

one trimmed his sails to every wind, outrode every storm, and made gains in every port. He was a trusted official of the republic, the consulate, the empire, and the restored monarchy. Wise in his day and generation, he had long before made ready to withdraw, if necessary, from active life, by the accumulation of an enormous fortune, heaped up by means which scandalized even imperial France. He had been embittered at the close of the consulate by Napoleon's determination that his ministers should not be his highest dignitaries, his arch-officers. The title of "prince," with 200,000 francs a year, was a poor consolation when men like Lebrun and Cambacérès had the precedence as arch-treasurer and arch-chancellor, while—most unendurable of all—they drew salaries of 350,000 francs. Berthier, the Prince of Neufchâtel, had recently been made vice-constable to represent Louis Bonaparte, who, though still constable, had left Paris to become Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. This was Talleyrand's opportunity to resign from the ministry on his own initiative. He demanded a dignity for himself similar to that accorded to Berthier. The Emperor told him that, accustomed to power as he had become, he would be unhappy in a station which precluded his remaining in the cabinet. But the minister knew his rôle in the little comedy, and, persisting, was on August 9 made vice-grand elector, while Champagny, an excellent and laborious official, took his seat at the council-board as minister of external relations. Talleyrand's withdrawal had not the slightest influence on the Emperor's foreign policy; in fact, the quidnuncs at Fontainebleau declared that he was seen limping into Napoleon's office almost every evening. But he was so well known in every court, his circle of personal acquaintances was so large, so timorous, and so reverential, that superstitious men believed his retirement augured the turn of Napoleon's fortunes.

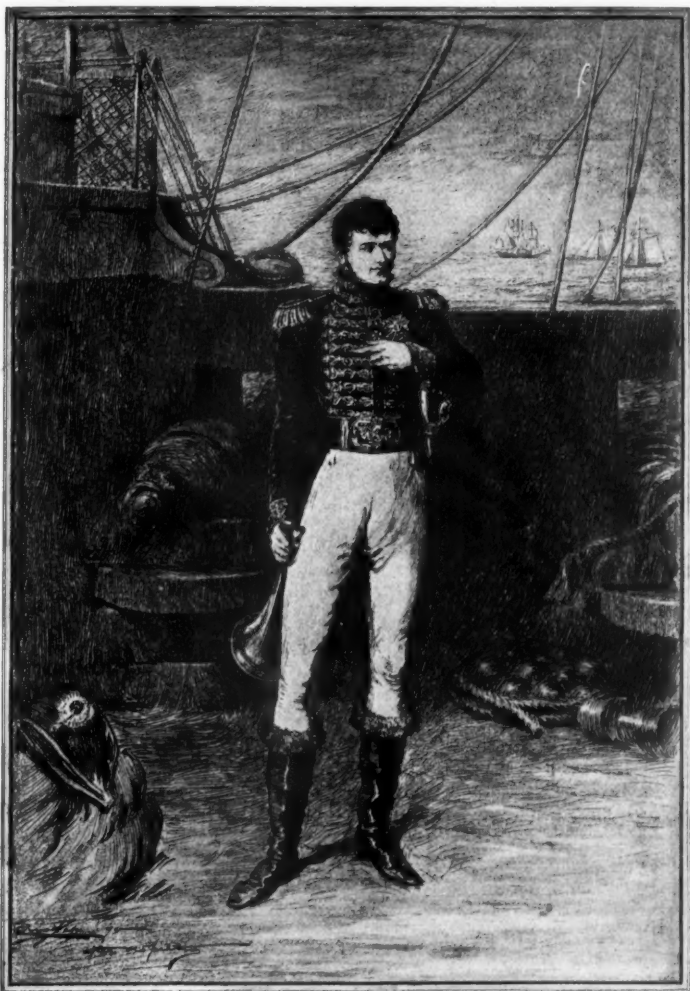
THE WARFARE OF LAND AND OCEAN.

THE energy displayed by the English ministry in seizing the Danish fleet was a surprise to Napoleon. It was clear that after such a bold deed Russia's mediation for peace would be useless; and so it proved. The diplomatic intrigues at St. Petersburg had been intensely amusing since the peace of Tilsit. Alexander coquetted with the English agents, and concealed his plans from the conservative Russians. His lips were sealed about the occurrences at the meeting

with Napoleon; the charge has been disproved that some of his suite blabbed enough to the British diplomats to enable them to divine the rest. Canning's acuteness and his conviction that Napoleon and Alexander had reached an understanding hostile to England sufficiently account for the bombardment of Copenhagen, and place the responsibility for it on his shoulders. But in the interval before that event the Czar cajoled the English embassy until they felt assured of a triumph, while in almost the same moment he assured Lesseps, the French consul-general, how precious Napoleon's society had been to him, and that if England did not yield the two allies would compel her.

To the formal introductory communications of Russia concerning peace Canning replied by a demand for the secret articles of Tilsit, and despatched the fleet to the Baltic. The successful stroke at Copenhagen filled the Czar with solicitude; for, like his ally, he had hoped to gain time, and such promptness in imitating Napoleon's contempt for neutral rights dismayed him. It looked as though this were the first event in a maritime war which would destroy the shipyards at Cronstadt, or perhaps even St. Petersburg itself. But instead of further aggression came a new mission from the London cabinet asking for Alexander's good offices in appeasing Denmark, and offering every indemnity to that power except the restoration of the fleet. Great Britain, commanding the Baltic, could be magnanimous.

This conjunction of affairs destroyed Alexander's self-control. He had played the friend of England to no advantage, and England asked for new and impossible proofs of his friendship. He could neither disclose the secret articles nor mediate in her behalf with a country which had already joined his own system. On the other hand, Savary, the French ambassador, and Lesseps, the French consul-general, were daily reminding him of his engagements to Napoleon. There was little need, for they meant to him the attainment of his most cherished ambition, the acquisition of Finland to the westward, with the great Danube principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia to the south. Behind him were the wealthy Russian proprietors, whose prosperity demanded the easy export of their enormous produce in timber and grain by the same British ships which supplied them with essential articles that were not manufactured in Russia. To them the Continental blockade was a horror, and many in the army declared it would not shed



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE.

FROM PORTRAIT BY AN UNKNOWN PAINTER IN THE HÔTEL-DE-VILLE, AJACCIO.

JEROME BONAPARTE, KING OF WESTPHALIA, IN NAVAL COSTUME.

its blood to undermine the national prosperity.

This tension could not last. The English introduced and secretly circulated a pamphlet charging that the peace of Tilsit had separated the Czar from both his people and his troops. Savary, mindful of his old detective arts, discovered its origin and adroitly laid it before Alexander, who burst into angry abuse of the «libel» and bemoaned the absence of able men in Russia to support him in a wise foreign policy and in internal reforms like the abolition of serfdom, which he was determined to accomplish. Moreover, Napoleon's conduct was likely to produce serious un-

easiness. So far from evacuating Prussia, French troops were now not only in every harbor town, but they menaced the Russian frontier as if their commander were still an enemy. The agreement made with Kalkreuth for the gradual withdrawal of the French army from Prussia he held to be null, for the Prussians could not raise the indemnity of 150,000,000 francs computed as the direct cost of the war. To this was added the fact that no move was made toward the dismemberment of Turkey. The Emperor of the French had seized and fortified Corfu, and in a preliminary armistice between Russia and Turkey, due to his intermediation, not a word

was said about the Danubian principalities; although the Russian troops were still in Wallachia, it was clear that French influence was already much stronger than that of Russia, and might grow strong enough to thwart the Czar's plans entirely.

Such were the disquieting considerations which finally brought to a climax the relations of Russia with England. On October 26, Lord Leveson-Gower, the English ambassador, received a note from Count Rumianzoff to the effect that twice Russia had taken up arms for England's advantage, and had in vain solicited even such coöperation as would seem to have been in Great Britain's own interest. She had not even asked, said the writer, for reinforcements, but merely for a diversion, and had been chagrined to see that her ally, so far from maintaining the Czar's cause, had instead, like a cold observer of the bloody theater where war had been kindled at her behest, despatched expeditions on her own behalf to seize Egypt and attack Buenos Ayres. After all this the Czar had still offered his mediation, but in vain: Great Britain had replied by an act of unheard-of violence, despoiling an ancient and dignified monarchy. Could the Czar apologize for such a deed? It was insulting to expect it. After reciting these grievances and asserting the principles of the armed neutrality, the paper announced a rupture of all diplomatic relations until reparation should be made to Denmark.

War was formally declared by Russia on November 7, and England retorted by orders in council issued on the 18th and 26th of the same month, which declared that every Continental port closed to her flag was thereafter in a state of blockade. Every neutral state, friend or foe, was notified that she would exercise the right of search to the fullest extent; that all neutral ships must put into English harbors before proceeding to their destination, and pay a duty in case of reëxportation of their cargoes. An exception was made in the case of the United States, they being graciously permitted to have direct commercial intercourse with Sweden, but with Sweden only. This, of course, meant that neutral states must either carry on England's trade under their own flags or disappear from the sea.

This measure was in utter contempt of international law, even as then understood, and was a high-handed outrage against neutral powers, in particular against the United States. It was treating the ocean exactly as Napoleon had treated the lands of Europe.

But it was a powerful weapon, for if successfully enforced it would destroy Napoleon's Continental system entirely. Accordingly, in pursuance of his policy that fire must be fought with fire, the Emperor fulminated in return the terrible Milan decree of December 17, 1807. It declared that any vessel which obeyed the orders of the English admiralty or suffered itself to be searched was and would be regarded as an English ship. It was essential, therefore, that any nation desiring exemption from the enactments of the Berlin and Milan decrees on the one hand and of the English orders in council on the other must make itself respected by force of arms. The Americans must either accept the humiliating terms of England or enter the French system and seek in a maritime war to capture the Continental markets for themselves.

Napoleon intended to force them into the latter course, but he was ignorant of American affairs. Jefferson was at that time in his second term as President of the United States. The Democratic party, of which he was the leader, was vastly more concerned with agricultural than with commercial interests. They were afraid to increase the public debt, cared little for the prosperity of New England commerce, and, seeking to avoid the dilemma arranged for them by England and France, passed the notorious embargo forbidding all foreign commerce whatsoever. American ships must avoid foreign waters, which, like the land, had become the arena of a bloody duel in which the United States were not interested, as the Democrats fondly believed. Exports to England fell in a single year from forty-nine to nine millions of dollars. In other words, the embargo, though causing great distress, could not be perfectly enforced, since the Eastern merchants continued their humiliating submission to England for the sake of their lucrative speculations.

At the same time the farmers were suddenly awakened to the fact that in the end they suffered as much under the prohibition as the traders. In the resulting agitations Jefferson closed his public career without éclat. Madison wisely secured a modification of the embargo by the Non-intervention Act, which opened all foreign commerce except that with England and France. But the merchants of New England were rebellious and dissatisfied even with this. The Federalists wanted a navy and a place in the European system; in other words, a fair share of the world's carrying-trade for the seafarers of the Atlantic coast. Matters drifted on in



SKETCH BY ERIC PAPE.

FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE MUSEUM OF VERSAILLES.

FREDERICA CATHERINE SOPHIA DOROTHEA, PRINCESS ROYAL OF
WÜRTEMBERG, QUEEN OF WESTPHALIA.

general discontent and mutual recrimination until 1810. Napoleon in that year shrewdly announced that he had abandoned his policy, but for all that he actually continued to enforce it. This empty pretense of friendship embroiled the United States still further with England, and in the end led to the second war for independence.

The Czar had no sooner taken the decisive step of finally declaring war on England than the Napoleonic policy began further to unfold. Prussia was at once compelled to follow her protector's example, and before the ensuing season all her harbors were fortified and closed. The national reform movement had begun immediately and in spite of the French occupation. In Königsberg was formed the League of Virtue, which focused the new morality and patriotism of the masses. The pens of Fichte, Schleiermacher, and other great writers continued to build up public spirit. Stein accepted office, stipulating that the privy council should be abolished, and then freed the serfs. Among other important reforms he destroyed the old distinction between land tenures, and made transfers simple. Self-government was granted to the cities. The schools were entirely reconstructed under the direction of William von Humboldt, and the University of Berlin was founded as a nursery for the new national spirit.

Under these influences the monarchy of Frederick the Great ceased to exist, the authority of the "yunker" class which supported it and had rashly brought on the war with France was temporarily eclipsed by a wholesome expression of national vigor, and the enlightened liberalism of Prussia became the stimulus for a similar movement in all Germany. As to the army, Gneisenau and Scharnhorst entered with zeal upon the task of reorganization, and the latter was a very genius of reform. Napoleon at length showed his true colors, forbade his victim to maintain more than 42,000 troops, and declared to the face of Frederick William's brother in Paris that the occupation of the fortresses had passed from the narrow domain of particular politics into the great field of general policy. He meant, of course, that he was thereby virtually holding in check not merely Prussia, but Russia and Austria as well. The limitation set by him to the active military force of the captive state was easily evaded by the subterfuge of substituting new recruits for those who had completed their training in the ranks; but the French occupation seemed to be virtually permanent.

The military reorganization of Austria was already complete, and Metternich wrote on July 26, 1807, to Stadion, the minister of state, that as the peace of Tilsit had sown broadcast the germs of its own destruction, the wisdom of his correspondent's administration would one day bring Austria to the point where 300,000 men united under one will and directed to one goal would play the first rôle in Europe, "in a moment of universal anarchy, at one of those epochs which always follow great usurpations, and wipe out the traces of the conquerors; an epoch of which no one can foretell the date, but which nothing postpones except the life of a single man, and which all the genius of that man can so much the less postpone as he has not yet taken the first step to preclude its certain results." This reference to Napoleon's childlessness and the dependence of his system on his single life is clear enough. The Emperor of the French was himself thoroughly aware of the influence exerted by such a consideration upon the course of affairs, and in consequence his dealing with Francis was somewhat less peremptory than that with Frederick William. Nevertheless, the results were exceedingly humiliating to Austria's pride. In a treaty concluded at Fontainebleau on October 10, 1807, with reference to the Italian frontier, her dominions were shorn to the quick. On Napoleon's mere suggestion, her ambassador in London intimated that England, in the interest of peace, ought to restore the Danish fleet and make terms with France. On the prompt refusal of Great Britain to listen, the envoy, Count Starhemberg, withdrew from London; but he did not leave the English cabinet in doubt as to the cause. He knew and broadly hinted that though his master dared not trifle with a Franco-Russian alliance, his heart was with the English cause. To all outward appearance, therefore, Austria was as subordinate as Prussia in her subserviency to the coalition of France and Russia.

Almost immediately after his rupture with England the Czar had the mortification of seeing his worst fears realized. Napoleon had opened to him at Tilsit a dazzling vista of territorial aggrandizement. The poison had been slow, but it worked. Aware of all the dangers he ran, he nevertheless sacrificed every other consideration, even that of his people's material comfort, in order to demonstrate his good faith. By declaring war he likewise paid in advance. But at the earliest possible moment, on November 7, his ambassador to France, sent for the purpose,



FROM THE PORTRAIT BY FRANÇOIS GÉRARD, IN THE POSSESSION OF THE DUC DE VICENCE.

ENGRAVED BY G. KNEILL.

ARMAND-AUGUSTIN-LOUIS DE CAULAINCOURT, DUC DE VICENCE.

demanding the return—to wit, the two principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia. At the same time he significantly announced his own position. Immediately after the meeting at Tilsit, Guillemot, a French general, had been sent as mediator between Russia and Turkey to the seat of war on the Danube. An armistice was concluded under his direction at Slobozia, in which were two or three compensatory clauses promising that Russia would make restitution to Turkey of certain vessels and munitions of war which had been captured. The Czar professed to take great umbrage at these stipulations. Shortly afterward he rejected the whole paper, and the Russian troops remained in Wallachia. This conduct was intended to indicate his obstinate determination to have the vague promises of Napoleon defined, and then to secure their realization.

The Emperor of the French had been kept well informed by Savary, and knew that the Tilsit alliance, being distasteful to the Russian people, hung on the personal good will of their sovereign. He would have been glad to put Alexander off with some slight rectification of his border-line with Turkey and some more indefinite promises, but he dared not. Accordingly he devised the plea that the aggrandizement of the Eastern and Western empires must keep equal pace, not in the West, for that was his by right, but in those debatable lands wherewith Russia hoped to secure a permanent seat in the councils of Europe. He was confirmed in his desire to postpone the dissection of Turkey by finding that Mustapha, the Sultan who had overthrown Selim in defiance of France, was now ready in turn to make friends and perform his behests. The hope of getting Egypt was

again awakened in his breast, but the times were not ripe and delay must be secured.

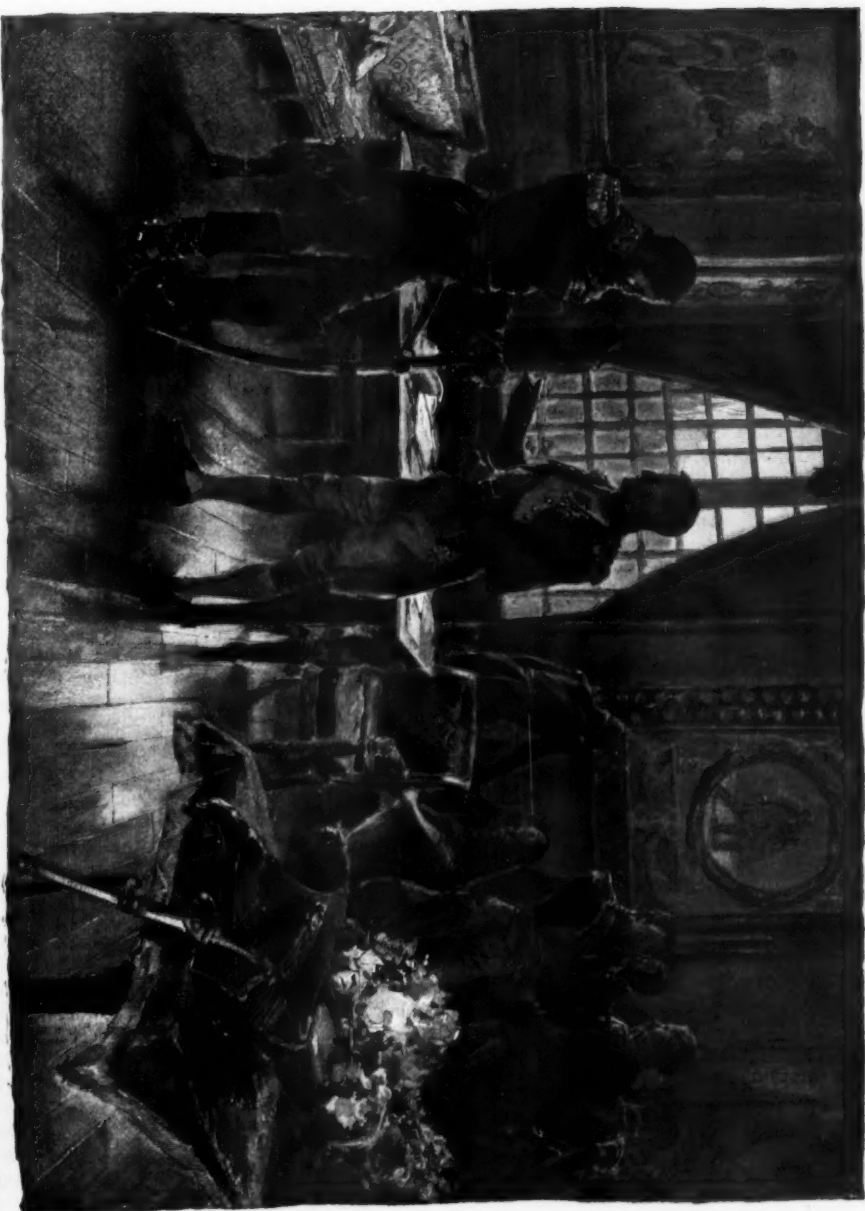
In addition to these considerations there was that of immediate safety. The last two campaigns had seen him a victor, once over Austria and Russia combined, again over Prussia and Russia combined; but in each there had been moments when the coalition of the three would have overwhelmed him. For this reason he would gladly have declared at Tilsit that the house of Brandenburg had ceased to reign, in order thereby to preclude any future danger from a triple alliance. This idea he had abandoned for the time in order to gratify Alexander. His ally secure, he now returned or pretended to return to it. Prussia was regaining her strength too rapidly; her embittered hostility was an ever-increasing menace. On the plea that she could never pay the promised indemnity, and was therefore to be treated as a bankrupt, Napoleon declared at last that Russia could have the Danube provinces if France could take Silesia for the grand duchy of Warsaw. «Prussia,» ran Napoleon's despatch on this subject—«Prussia would have but two millions of inhabitants; but would not that be enough for the welfare of the royal family, and is it not in their interest to place her without delay and with perfect resignation among the inferior powers, since all their efforts to restore the position she has lost merely serve to distress their subjects and cherish idle regrets?» «What the Emperor would prefer,» said this same memorandum, «is that the Turks should remain in peaceable possession of Wallachia and Moldavia; still he would hand over these provinces to the Czar in return for a just compensation from Prussian lands; and finally, though far from wishing a complete partition of Turkey, he desires you not utterly to condemn the plan, but rather to dwell on the motives for postponing it. This ancient project of Russian ambition is a tie which can bind Russia to France.»

NAPOLÉON'S VISIONS OF WORLD EMPIRE.

FOR the purposes of this difficult negotiation Napoleon chose Caulaincourt, his devoted servant and most adroit diplomat. Having been concerned in the expeditions to Strasbourg and Ettenheim which captured Enghien, the duke had been deeply, though unwittingly, involved in the disrepute of the execution, and that fact was a tie which bound him to his master. The two seemed thoroughly to understand each other. Alexander had chosen an

envoy who was the very antipodes of the adroit and elegant Caulaincourt. Count Tolstoi was a bluff soldier, selected in the belief that he would be uninfluenced by the intrigues of Paris society, and could secure the utmost return for the agreement of Tilsit by direct negotiation with the Emperor himself, as one old soldier talking with another. This officer had been instructed to lay great stress on the liberation of Prussia, but to remember that the object of his mission was to cement harmony and confidence. On the journey to Paris he paused at Memel to pay his respects to Frederick William and his Queen. He found them, considering their station, actually in want, dependent on the Czar's gifts of clothes and other necessities for the little personal comfort they enjoyed. This made a deep impression on Tolstoi's heart, and though received at Paris with such distinction as had never been accorded to any other ambassador, he was cold and distant with both the Emperor and the court. At last there was positive disagreement between him and the great personages of the capital; there was even a rumor that Ney and he would fight a duel. The offensive remarks which led to such tension were a statement of Tolstoi's that Russia had been beaten by accident, that Russian soldiers were invincible, and might one day take their revenge.

Moreover, the ambassador could not get on with Napoleon. Both he and his staff avoided the splendors of Fontainebleau, preferring to frequent the drawing-rooms of a notorious actress whose name had often been linked with that of the Emperor. Under such circumstances diplomacy gathered but little fruit. Napoleon offered both the Danubian provinces for Silesia, or else the evacuation of Prussia proper for that of Wallachia; he even mentioned the magic word «Constantinople» as part of Russia's share in an eventual partition of the whole Turkish empire. Tolstoi wrote to St. Petersburg that France was postponing the evacuation of Prussia for selfish purposes, meaning to dismember her; and from that starting-point depicted the horrors of a Napoleonic Europe. Such opinions dismayed Alexander, and although he received Caulaincourt with distinction equal to that which had been accorded to Tolstoi, he firmly refused the bargain offered by him. He would not consent to a further dismemberment of Prussia, partly for sentimental reasons, chiefly because he could not endure the strengthening of the grand duchy of Warsaw, the new political organism which suggested the restoration of Poland. As to



DRAWN BY E. SOUTHWELL.

MEETING OF NAPOLEON AND TOLSTOI IN PARIS, 1807.

the principalities, these he would have. Russian society had for the moment repressed its hostility to the Czar and his treaty of Tilsit, and was quietly waiting to see what would be the substantial results. No gain less than the acquisition of Wallachia and Moldavia would reinstate Alexander in their good will or make the French alliance endurable. This was of course a serious crisis; but Caulaincourt, nothing dismayed, set himself, by the exercise of all those social arts of which he had such a mastery, to win the aristocratic circles of St. Petersburg.

In the month of December, 1807, Napoleon was on a royal progress through his kingdom of Italy, and the news of the diplomatic crisis in Russia reached him at Venice, which had become his as a result of Austerlitz and by the treaty of Presburg. Although he had gone thither for a serious consultation with Joseph, its fascinations were already weaving curious plans in the Emperor's mind. His rapid journey through Lombardy and a short visit to Milan, whence he fulminated his reply to the English admiralty, had convinced him of the firm sovereignty he exercised throughout these splendid realms. In the few days of his presence he had further strengthened his powers by many generous and beneficent decrees. It was with a sense of security that he came to Venice; at once he yielded to her spell, realizing that at last his control of the Adriatic was complete, inasmuch as now he held both shores and commanded the entrance by the possession of Corfu. Just beyond was the brilliant East, ripe for conquest. Could he or should he lose the opportunity to use such a superb base of operations, win the gratitude of all Venetia by restoring the ancient glories of her capital, and thereby lay his hand at last on the bauble which had once before so dazzled him? Besides, his hated rival, scorning the terms he had offered, disdaining the Continental blockade, anchored in her strength by the control of Western seas, was vulnerable in India, and there alone. These considerations returned with overpowering allurements to his imagination, and four millions of francs were appropriated to improve the harbor and restore somewhat the splendors of Venice.

New Year's day found the Emperor again at the Tuileries, in time to receive a new courier from Russia with still more vigorous representations of Alexander's desires. The idea of a general partition of Turkish lands grew stronger, and in an interview with Metternich, Napoleon hinted that Austria should have a share. Instructions were sent to Cau-

laincourt that he should hold out hopes in order to gain time and to learn whether it was definitely impossible that matters should remain as the treaty of Tilsit, taken literally, had arranged them. This procrastinating attitude of mind had a twofold cause. One appears to have been a gradual realization in Napoleon's consciousness that dreams and schemes must materialize, that in the mystery of a life like his one step inevitably leads to another, that his career must encircle the vast globe, while he himself was but mortal, finite, and already verging to the utmost limit of his powers. A year before he had written to Josephine that he was of all men the most enslaved; "my master has no bowels, and that master is the nature of things." The other cause was the fearless and warlike attitude taken in Great Britain by both crown and Parliament and announced with threats of eternal war at the opening of the legislative session of 1807. It appears probable, likewise, that whatever answer should be given by Alexander to his pregnant question, he felt his only safety now to be in the alliance with the Czar.

Time, time, time—that was the prime necessity; there were only twenty-four hours in the day, and only a certain quantity of nerve force in his own system. Before the partition of Turkey, if Alexander's reply should make it inevitable, two weighty matters must be settled: first, the road to an Oriental empire must be secured; and second, the already existing Western empire of Europe must be rounded out by the "regulation" of Spanish affairs—the appropriation, if it should seem best, of the whole Iberian peninsula. Any tyro in geography could see by a glance at the map that as navigation was in those days—that is, by the propulsion of fickle winds amid the partly known currents of ocean and sea—the command of Gibraltar and Malta meant a partial if not absolute control of the Levant, and the British had both. With Spain in French hands, Gibraltar eventually might be taken, but the case of Malta was far different. In the possession of a seafaring nation like the English the island was impregnable. But was this in reality the only outlet for the French empire to the East? From France proper, yes; but from Italy, by the Adriatic, there was an admirable alternative, if not, indeed, the only true line of trade.

Since the first aspirations of his ambition, Napoleon had dreamed of supremacy in the Mediterranean, and every successive treaty made with Northern powers had looked to some strengthening of French influence on

that sea. Now at last he had Corfu, and the English, straitened for troops, were withdrawing the forces which occupied Sicily to send them into Portugal. The squadrons from Brest, Lorient, and Rochefort were at once ordered to unite in the Mediterranean. This was the moment to seize Sicily, and with that island added to Corfu he would control the best road into Egypt. At that instant the hostile fate which seemed to attend all Napoleon's undertakings by sea again checkmated him. English cruisers were found hovering about Corfu, cutting off all supplies, and thus threatening the garrison with starvation. The landing in Sicily was temporarily abandoned in order to sweep the English from the waters of the Ionian Isles; then, and only then, might the risk be taken. In the event of success, the invasion of Turkey, the seizure of Egypt, and the gratification of Alexander would be easy. More remotely, the deadly blow at England could be struck in Asia.

What a conception! What a debauch of the imagination! What reveling in daydreams of ambition! But there was one specter which, though laid for intervals, would not entirely down, and returned with stolid persistency. What was won was not yet secure; the existence of the Western empire itself hung on the thread of a single life; moreover, the very crowns of France and Italy had no heir. The situation was much discussed in court circles, sometimes even among the people, and was becoming acute. In order to solve the problem peace was essential, and not a remote, but an immediate one, if possible. The Russian ambassador, returning from London, had reported on his journey through France that the English were not so envenomed as they seemed. It was only a straw, yet it was talked of. At once Napoleon seized it, and announced that his one aim, his most ardently desired goal, was—peace.

It was now the close of January; Tolstoi was invited to join a hunting-party, and in the heart of the forest Napoleon found means to be alone with him. After a long, vague, contradictory, but dramatic conversation setting forth the same three alternatives,—peace between Russia and Turkey without the principalities, or the principalities in exchange for Silesia, or the ultimate but not immediate partition of Turkey,—the great actor suddenly paused as if in an ecstasy of sincerity, and snatching his hat off his head with both hands, flung it on the ground as he said: «Hark you, M. Tolstoi; it is not the Emperor of the French, but an old general of division that is now talking to another. May I be

thought the vilest of men if I do not scrupulously fulfil the contract I made at Tilsit, and if I do not evacuate both Prussia and the duchy of Warsaw as soon as you have withdrawn your troops from Moldavia and Wallachia! I am neither a fool nor a child, not to know what I stipulate, and what I stipulate I always fulfil.»

Leaving this objugation time to work its effect, the Emperor of the French a few days later—on February 2—wrote with his own hand to the Emperor of all the Russias. It was an innocent and kindly epistle, advising his friend to strengthen his army, and promising all aid possible in case he should feel that the border-line of Sweden was too near St. Petersburg. An army of 50,000 men, Russian, French, perhaps a «little Austrian,» marching into Asia by way of Constantinople, would not reach the Euphrates before England would begin to tremble. «I am strong in Dalmatia, you on the Danube. One month after an agreement we could be on the Bosphorus. But our mutual interests require to be combined and equalized in a personal conference. Tolstoi is not built on the proportions of Tilsit. We could have everything ready, you and I, or perhaps Caulaincourt and Rumianzoff, before March 15, and by May 1 our troops could be in Asia at the moment when those of your Majesty were in Stockholm. We would have preferred peace, you and I, but we must do what is predestined, and follow whither the irresistible march of events conducts us.»

This letter was a masterpiece. It meant, first, a little European war, short and sharp, whereby Russia would get Finland as a sop and have her attention drawn off from Prussia and Spain; secondly, a menace which would bring England to terms and produce a peace; thirdly, the neutralization of Austrian hostility by an invitation to sit down at the feast; lastly, the consolidation of his dynasty for the ultimate completion of his designs in the Orient either with or without Russia's aid. The alternative combination in case England should not be terrified would be a war of hitherto unknown dimensions, including not only all Europe, but Asia Minor and northern Africa, from the resultant chaos of which he might evoke a permanent peace and an order the foundation and keystone of which would be French supremacy. England would of course rush to the assistance of Sweden, the only land now left in Europe that had never fallen into the orbit of the French system. At that moment Spain and Portugal, abandoned to their fate, must drop into his hands. If England should still prove resolute, then an

expedition to Egypt would sail from Corfu, while simultaneously the united armies of Russia, France, and Austria would march to the conquest of Turkey and the seizure of India. It was a scheme so vast, so logical, so imperial, that it left far behind the dreams of a Corsican patriot or the visions of an ardent Frenchman. The successful soldier was carried by each successive victory into widening circles of enterprise which could have no relation to narrow national limits.

CHECK TO RUSSIA AND OCCUPATION OF PORTUGAL.

THE instructions issued by Napoleon to Caulaincourt in this crisis were long unknown, for they were lacking in the Emperor's papers. But copies of them were found eighty-seven years after they were dated, the originals, which reveal the writer's entire political system during the turning-point of his career, having undoubtedly been destroyed by his orders, as so many other telltale documents were, in the hope that their contents would disappear with them from the sum of human knowledge. These copies, which are undoubtedly authentic, reveal the Emperor at the height of his powers, promising, cajoling, suggesting, procrastinating; all this to gain time and opportunity, representing his own actions in the best light without regard to truth, using Russia as long as she could serve him, and abandoning her within a few days when she became recalcitrant.

The Czar had been from the outset instigated by Caulaincourt to seize Finland, but feeling that success in that quarter would weaken his claims on the principalities, he hesitated. Court intrigue began to thicken about him once more. With every day the miseries and uncertainties of his position made him more wretched. At last he behaved with the inconsistency of distraction and hesitation. Almost while soothing words were being uttered to the Swedish ambassador, Russian columns suddenly burst into the Swedish province, and were not withdrawn. Alexander renewed his demand for the Danube provinces. Napoleon sent him exquisite presents of Sèvres porcelain or some specimen of choice armor. At last came the letter of February 2. The first impression made on the Czar by its reading was one of exaggerated joy and enthusiasm: "Ha! the style of Tilsit! What a great man! What large ideas!" Such were his exclamations as he read. But calm deliberation awakened suspicions, and before long a defiant spirit led to a categorical re-

quest that any ultimate design on Silesia should be formally renounced, whereupon Caulaincourt replied: "The Emperor Napoleon demands that your Majesty should not be more urgent with him than he is with you."

The two ministers Caulaincourt and Ruminzoff finally began to discuss the terms of a partition of Turkey, preliminary to a second personal interview between the two monarchs, as had been suggested at Tilsit, and for which proposals were now renewed from Paris. The two diplomatic gladiators were well matched; between offer and substitute, demand and excuse, feint and counter-feint, the days passed in a most entertaining manner, until suddenly the Czar became aware that time was flying and that he was not making headway. Somewhat petulantly the interview was postponed, for it was clear that the ministers would not agree by the time suggested, and without an agreement Alexander refused to attend. Meanwhile his troops in Finland had met with bitter and obstinate resistance. The army had been driven from eastern Bothnia, and the fleet lay blockaded by that of the English under Admiral Saumarez. St. Petersburg was terrified by the presence of an English fleet in the Baltic. The Czar could not weaken his force on the Danube, lest he should lose the coveted provinces, and he dared not withdraw troops from Poland, for the French were still in Silesia.

It had been with the understanding that Bernadotte should be an active auxiliary of the Czar that the Russian forces had rashly crossed the Swedish border in inadequate numbers; and in reality Bernadotte did set out, but half way on his march, for some unexplained reason, he paused. Caulaincourt said it was because of the difficulties encountered in crossing the Belt; but the halt was, of course, one move in Napoleon's game. He wrote on April 25 to Talleyrand: "Was I to send my soldiers so lightly into Sweden? There was nothing for me there." Simultaneously the French forces in both Poland and Prussia were compacted and strengthened, while at the confluence of the Bug and the Vistula, in the grand duchy of Warsaw, over against the Russian frontier, were steadily rising the walls of a powerful fort above which waved the tricolor. What a plight was this for the White Czar, the grandson of Catherine II., educated by Laharpe, the philosophic monarch, the ideal, beneficent despot! Behind him a disgusted nation, before him illimitable warfare, bound by the

PAINTED BY HENRI COSSA.

THE FRENCH ARMY, UNDER JUNOT, IN THE MOUNTAINS OF PORTUGAL.



letter of an ambiguous treaty, occupied in a doubtful conquest, thwarted in his ambitions; in short, if not checkmated, put into a position very much like that known in the noble game as stalemate!

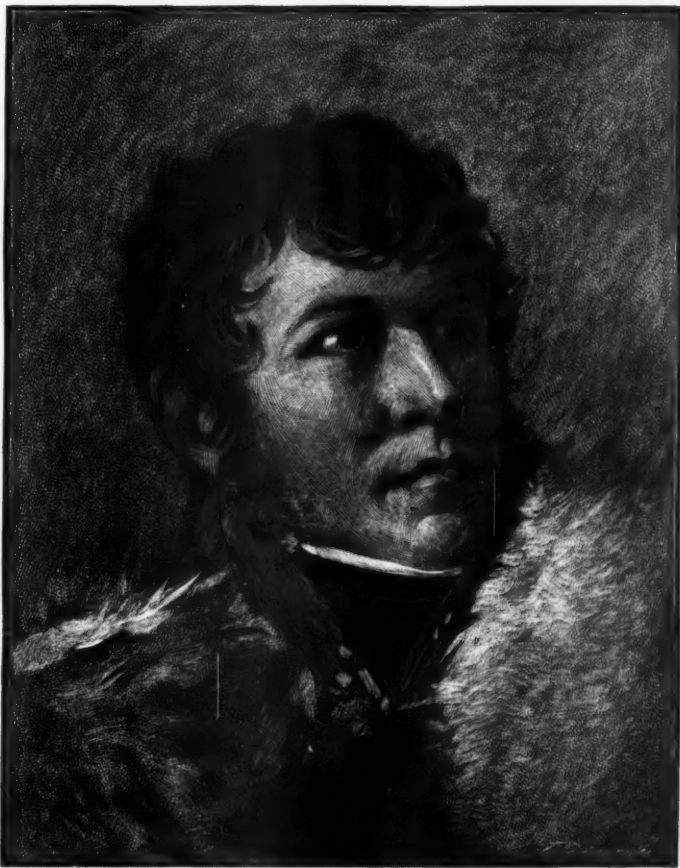
Napoleon's treatment of the Czar makes the whole situation in northern Europe and Austria easily comprehensible; it is necessary to examine from the same standpoint, also, what occurred in the southern states of Europe, remote as they were; otherwise the course of affairs at the opposite extremities of Europe seems utterly mysterious. If the path followed at St. Petersburg was tortuous, what shall be said of the policy pursued in the Papal States, in Tuscany, in Portugal and Spain? During the diplomatic reconnaissance led by Caulaincourt, the statesmen of these countries had been busy at Fontainebleau. What Cardinal Bayanne seemed anxious to obtain for Pius VII.—namely, the inviolability of his territories—had been lost even before the concessions demanded from the Pope were made. The trembling prelate had consented to join the federation against England, to drive out the monks, to accept an increased French representation in the College of Cardinals, and to admit Venetia to the Concordat. But, to use Napoleon's own expression in a decree issued from Vienna on May 17, 1809, the Western Emperor had already "resumed the grant" of Charles the Great which had been used against his successor. There was no longer a hostile strip of land, stretching from sea to sea, which separated the kingdoms of Naples and Italy, for the three legations were occupied in December, 1807.

With this fulcrum Bayanne had been moved to negotiate a formal treaty containing all Napoleon's stipulations. The Pope was exasperated by the occupation of his lands, and refused his assent to the paper; he would not even enter the French federative system. This attitude appears to have been quite as agreeable to the Emperor of the French as one of submission would have been. Appealing to public opinion on the ground of necessity, he sent his troops on February 2 into the city of Rome; in March, Ancona, Macerata, Fermo, and Urbino were consolidated with the kingdom of Italy, and before the end of April, 1808, the foreign priests were banished, the Pope's battalions enrolled under the tricolor, and the guard of nobles disbanded; the entire administration was in French hands. For a year the successor of St. Peter remained a fainéant king shut up in the Quirinal. To a demand for the resig-

nation of his temporal power he replied by a bull, dated June 10, 1809, excommunicating the invaders of his states, and was thereupon seized and sent a prisoner to Grenoble. Napoleon, looking backward in the days of his humiliation, said that his quarrel with the Pope was one of the most wearing episodes in all his career. It undid much of the web knitted in the Concordat, by alienating the Roman Catholics both in France itself and in his conquered or allied lands.

During the same autumn months of 1807 another treaty was negotiated at Fontainebleau; namely, a secret compact with Spain for the partition of Portugal. The house of Braganza, like the other so-called legitimate monarchies of Europe, had fallen into a moral and physical decline. The Queen was a lunatic, and her son, Don John, who was regent, though a mild and honorable man, lacked every element of such greatness as would have enabled him to swim in the troubled waters of his time. Unlike Spain, the land, moreover, was saturated with democratic principles. There had been a tacit understanding that on account of the enormous tribute paid to France for the acknowledgment of neutrality one eye would be closed to the traffic with England, which was essential to the prosperity, if not to the very existence, of the country. But the Berlin and Milan decrees were intended to be measures of serious war, and the Emperor now insisted that they should be enforced. Although the regent was the son-in-law of Charles IV. of Spain, yet after the peace of Tilsit the court of Madrid united with that of Fontainebleau in an effort to compel the closing of all Portuguese harbors and the fulfilment of the decrees to the letter by the dismissal of the English minister, the arrest of all British subjects, and the confiscation of all English goods. The reply of John was a consent to everything except the arrest of innocent traders.

This partial refusal was a sufficient pretext; at once the French envoy at Lisbon was recalled, Junot was ordered to enter Spain and to march on Portugal, while the terms of partition were settled at Fontainebleau with Charles's minister, Izquierdo, in a compact which Napoleon must have looked upon as the great practical joke of his life. For fear he should be too quickly found out, he positively inhibited Charles from communicating it to his ministers. The French ambassador at Madrid was also kept in ignorance of its terms. Under it the King of Spain was to be styled Emperor of the Two Americas; and in return for Etruria, which was at last to be formally in-



FROM THE PORTRAIT BY JACQUES-LOUIS DAVID, IN THE POSSESSION OF M. EUDOXE MARCILLE.

ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON.

JEAN-ANDOCHE JUNOT, DUC D'ABRANTÈS.

corporated with the kingdom of Italy, he was to have what he had so long desired, the virtual sovereignty of Portugal. Over one portion the young King of Etruria was to reign as a vassal; over another, the generalissimo and high admiral of Spain, the Prince of the Peace, the Queen's paramour, the King's trusted servant, Manuel Godoy; the other third was to remain unappropriated for Charles's disposal.

At the close was the seemingly innocent stipulation that a new French army of 40,000 men should be formed at Bayonne, to be in readiness for resistance in case the English should land troops in Portugal. It should not enter Spain, however, without the consent of the contracting parties. Meantime Junot, by his Emperor's command, was sending home maps, plans, topographical sketches,

and itineraries of Spain. Although 25,000 Spaniards were marching with him, he received orders, dated October 31, three days after the treaty was signed at Fontainebleau, to seize all the strong places of Portugal, occupy them with French troops, and not to permit the Spaniards to garrison a single one. His first object, he had been already told, should be to capture the fleet lying in the Tagus and to seize the person of the regent.

The clever and greedy Junot marched swiftly, and on November 27 reached Abrantes, a town about eighty miles from Lisbon, with his exhausted troops. The news of his arrival was unexpected in the capital; what was worse, as it appeared to the dismayed court, were the evidences that he would receive an enthusiastic reception from many influential elements of the population, who

still considered the word «French» a synonym for «democratic.» Sir Sidney Smith, who commanded the English ships in the Tagus, addressed a letter to Don John promising that England would never recognize a rule in Portugal hostile to the house of Braganza, and strongly urging him to embark the royal family for the Portuguese dominions in South America. The unnerved prince had probably read in the «Moniteur» of November 13: «The regent of Portugal loses the throne. The fall of the house of Braganza is a new proof of the inevitable destruction attending those who unite with England.» He issued a jerky and feeble proclamation, declaring that he would never submit to the tyranny of Napoleon, announcing his flight, naming a council of regency, and requesting those who were so disposed to accompany him. A very few faithful subjects joined themselves to the royal family, and with the mad Queen the little band embarked.

The fleet had hardly worked its way out of the river when Junot reached Lisbon with a small corps of panting, exhausted men. His prey had escaped, but so had the mad Queen, and from that moment he began to wonder why a crown would not sit comfortably on his own head. He had been Bonaparte's faithful confidant from the outset of his career, and could furnish a queen who boasted an ancestry no less distinguished than that of the Greek emperors of the Comnenian family. The people were most friendly, deputations from the powerful secret society of free-masons presented addresses, the regency made no resistance, the commander-in-chief and his army gave in their submission. But the French general gave no sign of establishing the liberal government which they so earnestly desired and fully expected. On the contrary, he established military provinces, seized all the public moneys, and sought to conciliate his master's debtors at his master's expense; for, instead of the forty millions indemnity demanded by Napoleon, he took his pen, like the unjust steward, and wrote twenty. In return the Portuguese radicals were to ask the Emperor that he should be made their king.

Owing in part to the general's insatiable greed and his appropriation of enormous private treasure,—an example which his army was quick to follow,—in part to the subsequent disenchantment and a general revulsion of feeling, the plan came to naught. Before long the Spanish general Bellesca seized the French governor of Oporto and began a rebellion in favor of Don John. Junot, called

from Lisbon to suppress the insurgents, left the city under a committee at the head of which was the Bishop of Oporto. The prelate at once applied to England for help, and in a short time the whole country had organized secret juntas in order to throw off the French yoke. England responded with alertness, sending troops from Sicily and from Ireland; but the strongest reinforcement of all was the general appointed to command them, Sir Arthur Wellesley. Before the middle of August, 1808, the Peninsular war was raging and the laurels were England's.

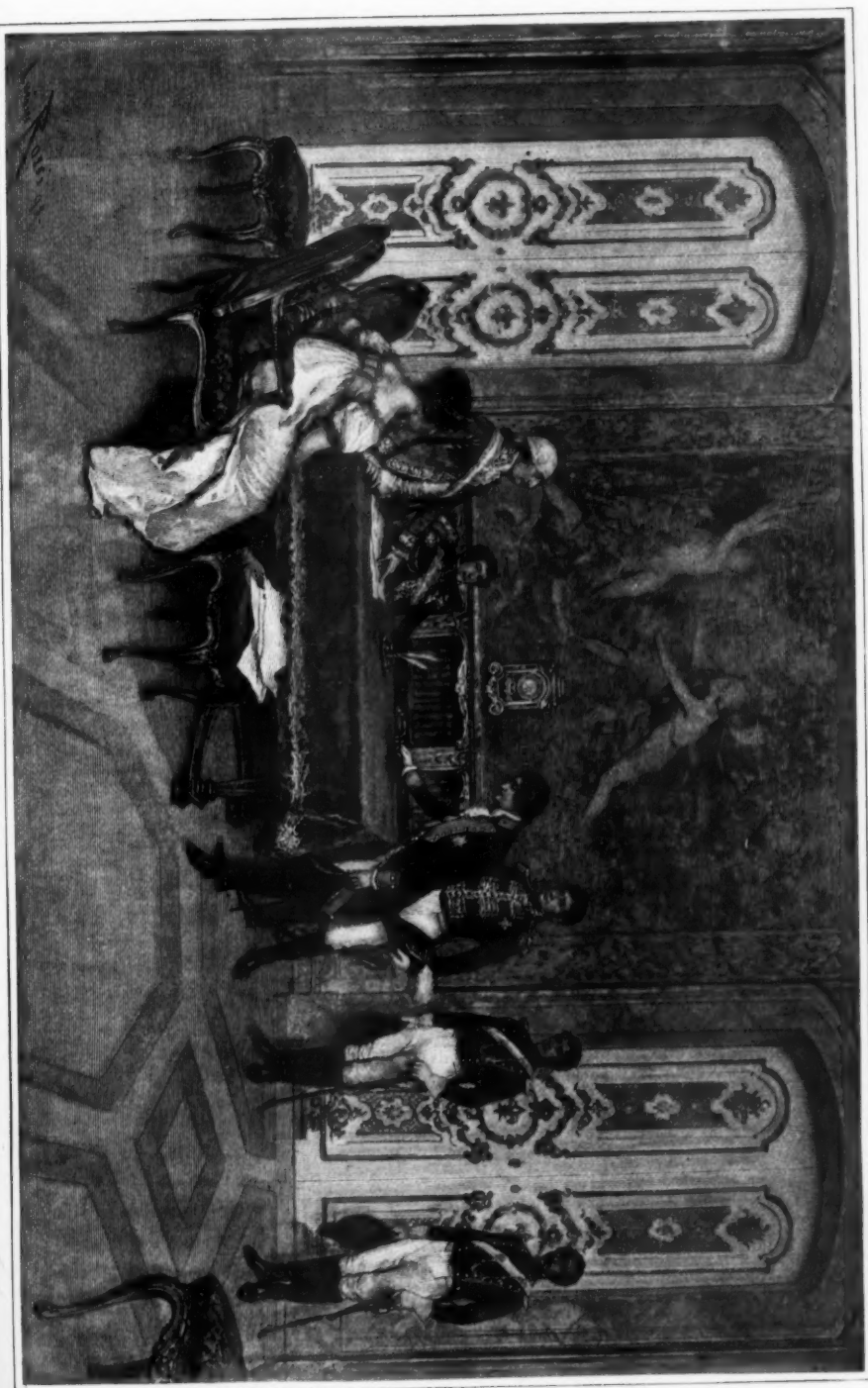
HUMILIATION OF THE SPANISH CROWN.

MEANTIME the contemplated upheaval had occurred in Spain. It is impossible to conceive deeper degradation than that into which the Bourbon monarchy of that country had fallen, and the government had carried the country with it in its debasement. The population had fallen to 10,000,000, and of a nominal army of 120,000 men not 50,000 were really effective. The host of office-holders and privileged nobility which batten on leeches on an exhausted treasury was equaled in number only by the clergy, secular and regular, with nuns, novices, and servants, who lived on the revenues of the ecclesiastical estates, and on what could be extorted from an impoverished people. By a terrible form of primogeniture the lands which did not belong to the Church had gradually fallen into the hands of a few owners who lived in state at Madrid and never laid eyes on their farms, forests, or pastures. The peasantry had no interest to improve what might be taken from them at the death of the proprietor, or by caprice be appraised at a higher value on account of their very efforts toward the amelioration of their lot. The grandees kept gloomy state in vast palaces filled with hordes of idle servants. The remnants from their lavish but poorly served tables supported the crowds of beggars that thronged their gates. In their stables stood herds of mules and hung stores of gaudy trappings, both used a few times in the year to convey the owner in proper dignity to the great public functions. Of social life they had little; they were gloomy, lonely, and sullenly indifferent.

On such a foundation stood the court: the King, generous-minded but deceived, and jealously attached to the crown servants, impatient of any annoyance, and always declaring a willingness to resign from his throne; the Queen, clear-headed and ambi-

DRAWN BY LUDWIG ROSS.

THE ARREST OF FERDINAND.



tious, but self-indulgent, extravagant, and vicious; Godoy, the Prince of the Peace,—so called from the treaty which he had negotiated at Basel to conclude the French and Spanish revolutionary wars,—the real ruler, soothing the King's sensibilities and gratifying the Queen's passions. To preserve his ascendancy this trimmer had thrown in his lot with Napoleon; but faithless and perfidious, he would gladly have rejected that or any other protection to fly to one he believed stronger. In any centralized monarchy the administrative law is the backbone; in Spain the administration was feeble and corrupt, for every member of it was engaged in humbly imitating the example of its head, whose house was a depot of plunder, whence toward the close of his career the spoils were transferred on pack-mules by night, no one knew whither. It was said, and many sober men believed it, that Godoy had all the wealth of Spain!

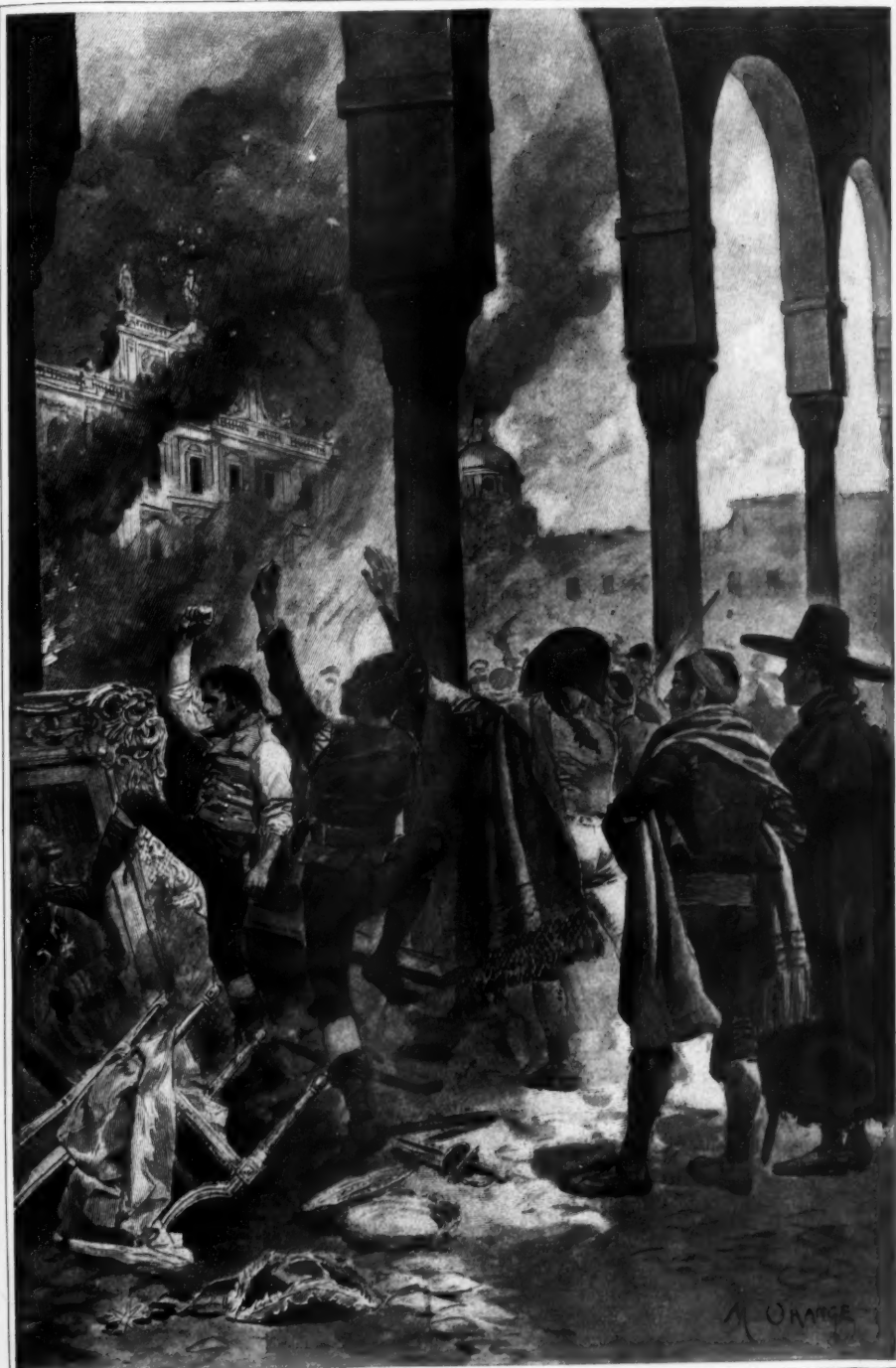
Ferdinand, Prince of Asturias and heir apparent to the throne, was a young widower of good impulses but feeble character. His deceased wife, married in 1803, was the daughter of Queen Caroline of Naples; she quarreled with her mother-in-law, Louisa, and died prematurely, probably poisoned. He knew the scandals of his father's household and the abuses of Godoy's administration, but thought the bonds of degradation too strong to be stricken off by a weak hand like his own. His followers, however, headed by the Duke del Infantado and the ambitious Canon Escoiquiz, his former tutor, were numerous and enlightened. They understood how hollow was the protection vouchsafed by Napoleon to Godoy, and how faithless was the pretended friendship of the latter for France. Their plan was that Ferdinand should refuse the proffered hand of Godoy's sister-in-law, demand that of a Beauharnais princess, and thus secure the real interest and aid of the French emperor. With such support they might hope to overthrow the minister and reform the administration. No doubt they also dreamed of power and place for themselves.

As time passed, the sympathies of the nation rallied more and more to Ferdinand, until at last he became the leader and representative of all the solid elements in society. Between the waning power of Godoy and the rising popularity of the crown prince, something like an equilibrium was at last established, and in 1807 the two embittered factions stood like gladiators looking for a chance to strike. This situation was made

to Napoleon's hand; but as it gave rise to more and more serious intrigues, a decision had to be taken promptly. Should he accede to Ferdinand's desire, formally communicated in a letter sent by Escoiquiz on October 12? Talleyrand and Fouché both urged the adoption of the policy. What prompted Talleyrand cannot be surmised. After Austerlitz he had urged moderation, but it was because he was bribed by the vanquished. His judgment and interest may, however, have kept equal pace in that conclusion. He was probably influenced in this one by the Empress Josephine, whose position was becoming desperate, for the Bonaparte family were now persistently and openly urging a divorce. All Josephine's arts seemed unavailing against her obdurate enemies, and her last hope was to obtain royal alliances for her own relatives, thus securing new support against those of the Emperor. She had a charming niece, Mlle. Tascher de la Pagerie, to whom she was ardently devoted; and to set her on the throne of Spain would both gratify natural affection and fortify her own position.

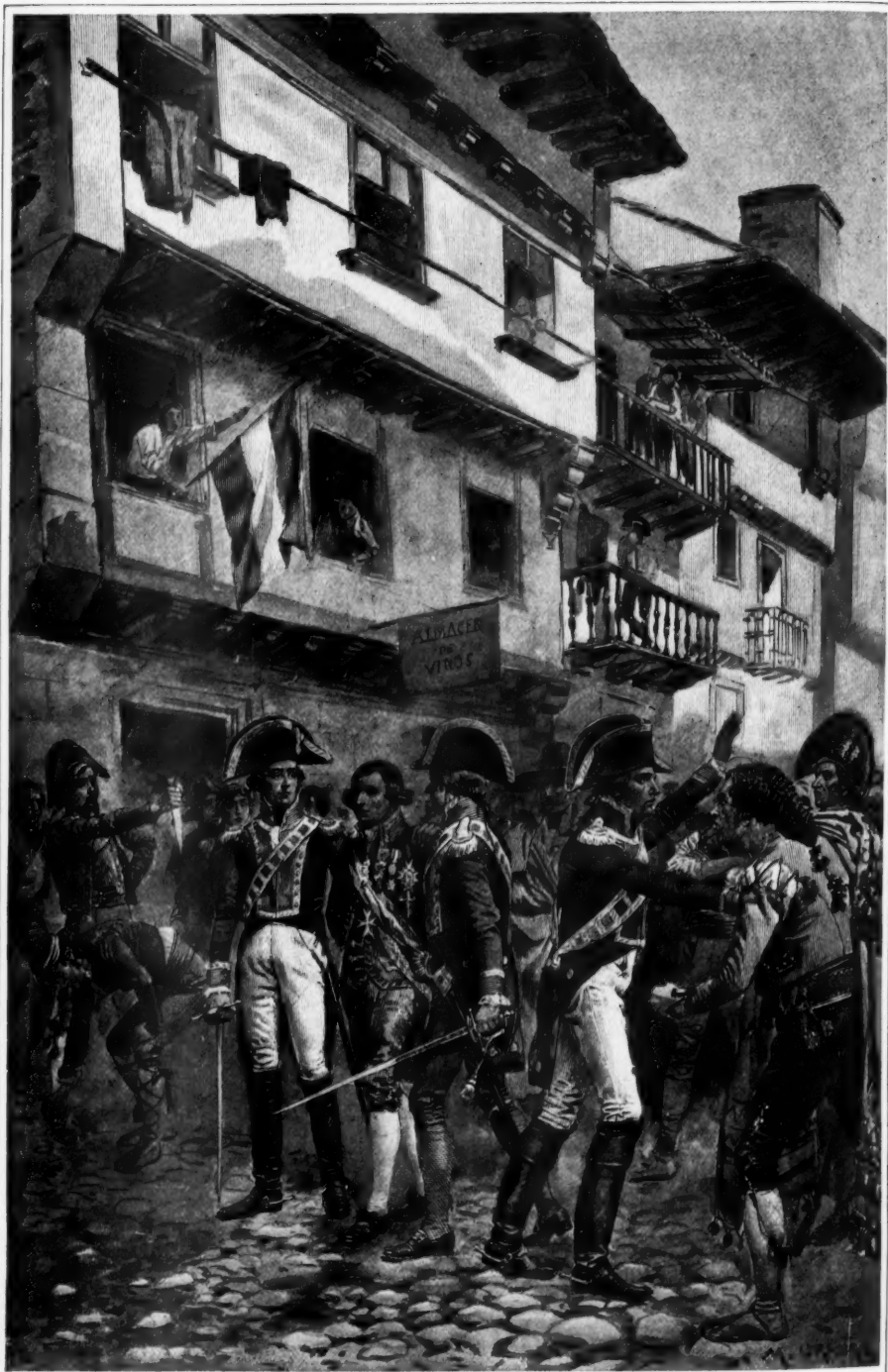
There is no indication, however, that Talleyrand's hand was crossed this time, though again his judgment coincided with his interest in sound advice. The country was utterly disorganized and a change must occur; the people were too haughty to endure their humiliation longer; it would be better to support Ferdinand as a reformer, and thereby secure for the French system not merely the kingdom proper, but all her colonial dominions. As Fouché put it, the King had so far been one of the best of French prefects, and if he were no longer efficient his legitimate heir had better be continued in the office. But the idea of securing the Spanish colonies for his empire dazzled and allured the Emperor more than the assured support of Spain. For that purpose he disregarded both the clamorous calls for aid from the King on one side and the approaches of Ferdinand on the other, having determined to put one of his brothers on the Spanish throne. All remonstrance from his own family was vain, and he proceeded with his scheme. A new conscription secured the 40,000 men for Bayonne, and General Clarke was ordered to fortify the frontier.

Exactly in the nick of time the intrigues at Madrid had come to a head. On October 28 an armed Spanish force seized the person and papers of Ferdinand. Godoy feigned illness and kept his rooms, while the Queen examined what was found. It was said that there was a cipher code for corresponding



DRAWN BY MAURICE ORANGE.

THE BURNING OF A PALACE OF GODOY BY THE POPULACE AT MADRID.



DRAWN BY MAURICE ORANGE.

GODOY TAKEN INTO CUSTODY BY THE SPANISH TROOPS.

with his friends; a memorial from Ferdinand to Napoleon charging Godoy with a design to seize the throne, and mentioning his mother's shame in covert terms; a memorial from Escoiquiz asking from the Emperor the hand of a French princess; and an order under the seal of Ferdinand VII., with blank date, to the Duke del Infantado, appointing him to the command of New Castile on the King's death. Two days later Godoy's connection with the seizure was proved; for, ill as he feigned to be, he was observed entering the Escorial after nightfall. Next day the King announced the discovery of this "conspiracy" in a proclamation to his people, and wrote a letter of similar wording to Napoleon, complaining that Beauharnais, the French ambassador, had been the center of the intrigue. This was strictly true, for this brother of the Empress's first husband, though a bluff, honest man, was blindly self-confident, and had fallen into the trap set for him in Paris. He was not unwilling to gratify Josephine, he despised Godoy, and his evident friendship for the crown prince had been largely instrumental in creating the popular confidence that France would regenerate Spain by means of the legitimate heir.

Charles also announced his intention to cut Ferdinand off from the succession, and humbly requested Napoleon's advice. A commission of Castilian grandees was appointed to try the culprit, while simultaneously strenuous efforts were made to force a confession of conspiracy from him. The latter failed, but he obeyed with alacrity the summons to appear. Exactly what occurred is unknown, but it can be imagined; some of the facts leaked out, and the result was a wretched compromise both at court and among the people. The prince declared that he had written the suspicious order during his father's recent illness, basely denounced his accomplices, and by declaring that it was Beauharnais who had suggested his asking a wife from the Emperor strengthened the general belief that Napoleon had instigated his entire course. This was enough to cow the King and Queen. The prince was at once released, and wrote a formal request for pardon. The King issued a proclamation granting the boon. The friends of Ferdinand were formally tried, but Godoy dared not ask questions compromising the French ambassador, and they were acquitted.

During the trial the "secret hand" was indicated as being still unknown; some said it was that of the Queen, a few thought the grand inquisitor had been meddling. Napo-

leon sent a wily and misleading epistle declaring that he had never received a letter from the Prince of Asturias,—which literally was true, though he had been informed of its existence and of its contents,—and that he had heard nothing but the vague gossip of palace talk. This letter of Napoleon's was confided on November 13 to one of his shrewdest counselors, the Chamberlain de Tournon, who was carefully instructed to bring home the most accurate information he could secure regarding the state of public feeling, and secretly to observe the condition in which he found the frontier fortresses of Pamplona and Fuenterrabia. Taking advantage of the general excitement incident to the recent events, Dupont was ordered on the same day to cross the frontier with his division and advance to Vitoria, whence he should reconnoiter the surrounding country. As if to emphasize his own indifference, in reality to avoid unpleasant questions and with the most serious objects in view, the Emperor had set out for Italy; and the day of his arrival in Milan was the date on which Dupont invaded Spain.

It was during this visit to Venice, which has already been referred to as the time in which Russia was brought to a standstill and the ultimate method of procedure in the Orient outlined, that he also met the Queen Regent of Etruria. She declared, as was expected of her, that she could not continue to reign where she did not rule, her dominions being occupied on the ground of large policy by French troops; accordingly she was despatched to Madrid with a royal train. Her sometime kingdom was incorporated with that of Italy, and the unsuspecting Beauharnais was instructed to have her new Portuguese realm ready against her arrival. But the real object of that winter journey to Italy seems to have been the two interviews which the Emperor had with his brothers Joseph and Lucien, the former being beckoned from Naples to Venice, the latter from Rome to Mantua. The younger brother had, after the first juvenile heats of radicalism, become a moderate republican, holding his convictions resolutely. Having opposed the hereditary consulate for Napoleon, he withdrew, unmindful of any reward he might have claimed for his services of Brumaire, to lead a life of study and cultivate his inborn literary tastes. On the death of his first wife, by whom he had two daughters, he married, in direct opposition to Napoleon's wishes, the beautiful and accomplished Mme. de Jauberthon. This was in 1803; he had been importuned to put her

away and lend himself to the project of butressing the empire by himself accepting a crown and contracting a royal marriage. He was by far the ablest and most courageous of the Bonaparte brothers, but his heart was true, his principles were fixed, and he was utterly indifferent to the rise of Napoleonic empire.

It was with reluctance that he came to Mantua. There are two accounts of what happened there—that which has long been accepted of Napoleon offering and Lucien hotly refusing the crown of Portugal, with the hand of Prince Ferdinand for his daughter Charlotte; and that which makes the first offer to have been Etruria. Both accounts agree, however, that the bid was raised to the promise of Italy—all on condition that he should divorce his wife and rule in the interest of his brother's imperial power. Lucien disdained even this bribe, declaring that he would accept the crown, but that he would rule in the interests of his subjects, and that he would in no case consider a divorce. Angry words were spoken. Napoleon crushed in his hand a watch with which he had been toying, hissing out that thus he would crush wills which opposed his. «I defy you to commit a crime,» retorted Lucien. Before parting there was a half-reconciliation, and Napoleon requested that at least his brother's eldest daughter might be sent to Paris for use in his scheme of royal alliances. Lucien assented, and the child, a clever girl of about fourteen, was sent to live with Madame Mère. She was thoroughly discontented, and wrote bright, sarcastic letters to her stepmother, whom she loved, depicting the avarice of her grandmother and the foibles of her other relatives. These, like all other suspected letters of the time, were intercepted and read in the «cabinet noir»; their contents being made known to Napoleon, he sent the petulant, witty writer back to her father. Despairing of any support from Lucien or his family, Napoleon formally adopted his stepson Eugène, the viceroy, with a view to consolidating and confirming the Italian feeling of dependence on France.

Joseph's character also had ripened by this time. Experience had destroyed the adventurous spirit in which he entered on his career; he had become a gentle, philosophic, industrious monarch, careful of the best interests of his people, and he was accordingly beloved by them. Roederer had introduced order into the Neapolitan finances, his own administrative reforms worked smoothly, and the only discontented element of his people was composed of the nobles, who chafed at the

repression of their power and the curtailing of their privileges. There is positive evidence that Joseph was summoned and came to Venice, but there is no record of the interview, except a penciled note written by Joseph himself on the margin of Miot de Méliot's memoirs, to the effect that Napoleon spoke of the troubles among the members of the royal family of Spain as likely to produce results which he dreaded. The last word is underscored. «I have enough anxiety prepared,» he said; «troubles in Spain can only benefit the English, who do not desire peace, by destroying the resources which I find in that ally to carry on the war against them.» Over and above this information there is, however, a high probability that Joseph was then informed that since Lucien proved refractory, he himself was now destined for Spain; that he expressed at first a decided unwillingness to accept the unwelcome task; and that, like Lucien, he departed under Napoleon's disfavor. This offer had already been discussed at Tilsit by Napoleon and Alexander as a contingency. Joseph was so accustomed to obey that a sober second thought led him to repent of his creditable hesitation; within a week, and before leaving Venice, he had followed Napoleon's advice and had despatched a confidential messenger to secure Alexander's formal compliance with his transfer to Spain. He was under the spell of the magician, for it was probably Napoleon who prompted his thoughts. After that of Charles the Great, the empire of Charles V. had been the most splendid in Europe, and Joseph dreamed that if not first he might be second, eclipsed only by his brother.

Godoy was an adroit diplomat. In reply to Napoleon's letter he personally asked and urged the bestowal on Ferdinand of a French princess in marriage, but at the same time he also urged the publication of what had been stipulated at Fontainebleau. The answer was most dilatory, and when it was written there was a new tone: Napoleon would gladly draw the bonds of alliance tighter by such a match as had been so often suggested, but could such a mark of confidence be shown to a dishonored son without some proof of his repentance? He added that it would be premature to publish the articles of Fontainebleau. In open contempt of that document, a decree was issued on December 23, 1807, from Milan, appointing Junot governor of all Portugal. On February 2, 1808, this paper was communicated to the King of Spain by Beauharnais, with the intimation that the treaty must temporarily remain suspended.

The scales now fell from Godoy's eyes. His agent in Paris informed him that he had been coldly received by Champagny, the minister of external relations; and soon afterward Mlle. Tascher de la Pagerie was married to an unimportant member of the Rhenish Confederation, the Duke of Aremburg. It was thought at Madrid that the Emperor had abandoned both the court factions; public opinion, whether favorable to one or the other, was soon united in a common irritation against France, and before long it was current talk that Napoleon contemplated the dismemberment of Spain by the connivance of Godoy.

Meantime the new conscription had been carried through, and ever larger numbers of French striplings, dignified by the name of troops, appeared at Bayonne, and crossed the border. The sturdy Spaniards regarded them with amazement and contempt. There was no appearance as yet of any English invasion, and the army in Portugal was in no need of assistance; but Monecy followed Dupont with 30,000 so-called men; Duhesme led an army corps to Barcelona at one end of the Pyrenees, while Darmagnac passed the gorge of Roncesvalles into Navarre with his division, and seized Pamplona; Bessières hurried on behind with the Guard; and Jerome was ordered to levy 40,000 men in Westphalia. Figueras, San Sebastian, and Valladolid were soon in French hands. The "Moniteur" of January 24 explained that these acts were necessitated by plans of the English to land at Cadiz. Six days afterward the Emperor estimated that he had 800,000 men under arms, and that he would soon have 80,000 more.

In the presence of such facts the Prince of the Peace was prostrated, while terror overpowered the feeble King and his wicked consort. Nor was their panic diminished when a second letter arrived from Napoleon, dated February 25, which plainly showed a determination to quarrel. "Your Majesty asked the hand of a French princess for the Prince of Asturias; I replied on January 10 that I consented. Your Majesty speaks no more of this marriage. All this leaves in the dark many objects important for the welfare of my peoples." In a few weeks Izquierdo arrived from Paris and reluctantly explained the appalling truth: that the gossamer bonds of the treaty he had negotiated at Fontainebleau were blown away, and that Portugal was to be given entire to one of the Bonapartes. This was the solution of the appalling armaments in northern Spain, beyond the Ebro. Godoy returned an answer refusing

all proposals tending to such a conclusion. Izquierdo carried this reply to Paris, and toward the close of March Talleyrand was appointed to negotiate with him under the pretense of finding some compromise.

Talleyrand was heartily sick of his inactivity, and eagerly seized the opportunity to reassert his importance. Abandoning utterly the position of semi-resistance to Napoleon which he had held for some time past, he now used his adroit and clever gift to further the Emperor's schemes. The document which was finally drawn up by him gave the French equal rights in the Spanish colonies with Spanish subjects, and proposed an exchange for Portugal of the great march north of the Ebro, which had once been held by Charles the Great and was now held by Napoleon. When Izquierdo heard the hard stipulations he exclaimed in dismay, but to every remonstrance it was coldly replied that such was the Emperor's will. Early in March Bessières entered Spain with 35,000 men. This raised the total number in the scattered divisions of the French troops now south of the Pyrenees to about 100,000. The Spaniards were at last thoroughly awake to the fact of their humiliation. Excitement became more and more intense, until an eruption of popular violence was imminent.

At this crisis Napoleon took a step of great significance. Murat, Grand Duke of Berg, arrived at Burgos on March 13, with full powers as commander-in-chief, and at once assumed command. Ordering a concentration of all the divisions, he slowly marched on Madrid. The Prince of the Peace and the King heard their hour striking. Godoy's first thought was to imitate the example set by the house of Braganza, and, flying beyond the seas, to establish the Spanish Bourbons in Mexico or Peru. The Queen was from the first ardent for a project which would prolong the semblance of power for herself and the favorite, but it was days before Charles could bring himself to such a conclusion. At last, on March 15, the council was summoned to hear his determination, and orders were given to keep open the route to Cadiz. The populace felt that disgrace could go no further, and, denouncing Godoy, besought the King to remain.

They could get no satisfactory answer from Aranjuez, where the vacillating, terrified, and disunited court now was. One day followed another, and the streets of Aranjuez swarmed with angry men whose pride and scorn found expression in calls for Godoy's death. On the evening of the 17th they be-

gan to riot, and the wretched prince saw his house surrounded. Half clad and half starved, he tried first one door and then another; all were beset, and he was compelled to take refuge in the loft, where he remained hidden under a rubbish heap while the mob worked their will in the handsome rooms below. Next morning Charles yielded to the popular clamor and deposed him from his high offices. For thirty-eight hours he lay concealed. At last he could no longer endure the tortures of hunger and thirst; evading the attention of his own household, he reached the street, and on the 19th was taken in charge by the guards who held it. The rumor of his capture spread fast, and it required great courage on the part of the soldiers to protect Godoy from violence. Their efforts were only partly successful; they had a bloody and fainting burden when they reached their barracks and withdrew behind the doors. In that moment, when it seemed as if the mob would finally break down even the strong entrance and seize its prey, Charles despatched his son to calm the storm.

The people adored the Prince of Asturias, and without difficulty he quieted the rioters

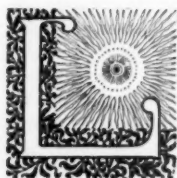
and offered life to his enemy. The haughty grandee, broken by pain, fell on his knees and implored protection; but he retained enough of interest in the situation to murmur through his gory lips, "Are you already king?" "Not yet, but I shall be soon," was the reply. On a promise that the traitorous betrayer of his country's honor should be delivered to the courts and tried by the rigor of the law, the excited populace withdrew. At once Charles began preparations to carry Godoy beyond their reach; but the fact could not be kept secret, and once more rioting began. The populace of Madrid burned all the palaces belonging to the prince, except one, which they spared because they thought it was the property of their sovereign. The King submitted to what was inevitable, but determined to lay down the burden of his royal dignity. On the same day (the 19th) he signed the necessary papers and abdicated in favor of his son. Next morning, in the presence of a great council summoned to Aranjuez, he explained that he was bowed by misfortune and the weight of government, and that for his health's sake he must seek the ease of private life in a milder clime.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

STAMPING OUT THE LONDON SLUMS.

BY THE SECRETARY OF THE NEW YORK TENEMENT-HOUSE COMMISSION.



LONDON is spending nearly two million and a half dollars in cleansing and rebuilding one slum. American cities are just beginning to learn how serious is the cumulative evil of slum construction. They may with profit also learn how costly is the necessity of slum destruction. The object-lesson offered by London may be studied with interest in all our large cities, and especially in New York, where, through the efforts of the State Tenement-house Commission, legislation has with much difficulty been secured which, if enforced, perpetuated, and added to, will tend to prevent the growth of such conditions as London is now compelled to combat.

Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, and Shoreditch are the three London parishes which have offered the most difficult problems to the city's medical officers of health and department of police. Whitechapel has become celebrated because it was the scene of a se-

ries of extraordinary crimes, made possible by its narrow and ill-lighted courts and alleys. Bethnal Green and Shoreditch adjoin Whitechapel, and have many of the gruesome peculiarities of that district, besides some of their own. Shoreditch, for instance, has given appropriate birth and breeding to more prize-fighters than has any other part of England. Bethnal Green furnishes a larger proportion of drunkenness than does any other part of London of equal size. These two parishes form a region of dense ignorance which has as yet been scarcely thinned by the operation of London's enlightened School-Board laws. Their poverty is pitiful. Their morals are rarely visible to the onlooker; details of their habitual immoralities would fill a volume. Their population is still largely English—the English of the London slum. Some outsiders have crept in. There are Irish and Germans, and a comparatively small number of Jews (who swarm in Whitechapel) have penetrated into the twisted streets and narrow alleys, but they are not regarded with

favor. Frequently, if they be orthodox, their beards are pulled; and if the spirit of religious reform has robbed their faces of convenient hair, the insular toughs, juvenile and adult, sometimes resort to missiles. One Jew was murdered in Shoreditch, most impersonally, almost merrily. A brick was the weapon, and the man who threw it proclaimed in court that he had never seen his victim before the day on which he killed him. He hurled death at him merely because he was a Jew. He had not intended to kill him: he had wanted pleasantly to break his head.

Neither Bethnal Green nor Shoreditch is commercially important. They contain few notably large factories. They have one great railroad center. Much of their industry is carried on in small workrooms, often connected with dwelling-places. Their stores or shops off the main thoroughfare are seldom large enough to require the attendance of more than one assistant to the proprietor or proprietress; and those on the great streets are, after the London fashion, mainly impressive because of their windows; they are really small and individually unimportant.

Most of the men in this part of London are unskilled laborers—cartmen, omnibus-drivers, porters, and the like. A few are busied in the little cabinet-making and carpentering shops which sometimes front the street, but are oftener at the rear of houses or concealed in narrow alleys. Occasionally there is a petty employer who, in busy times, hires one or two assistants. A not unimportant part of Shoreditch's buying is done at the street stalls and carts which fill Brick Lane and other narrow byways with screaming, jostling crowds in the evenings and especially on Sundays. At these picturesque sales-places almost everything is displayed, from food products to the most intimate articles of wearing-apparel. There are hundreds of mere loafers among the population, parts of London's crowd of street parasites. Among them are strong young fellows who, when driven by hunger or thirst, use their strength in the opening and closing of cab doors, in carrying an occasional trunk or valise between cab and house, in running casual errands—in doing all sorts of odd jobs; beggars of all sorts and both sexes; girls who sell wilted flowers and spend the money for ale. Scores of crossing-sweepers and such industrious semi-mendicants, most of them infirm, sleep down there. Besides, the region has its quota of the "army of the unemployed"—the legitimate unemployed. Of course there are also resident in this strange

region many professional criminals of the less expert class. Thus a considerable portion of the inhabitants depends for sustenance upon what more prosperous Londoners generously throw to it, or what it can take from them unasked.

The women there are almost invariably slatternly. Some pretty faces may be seen among the girls, and occasionally a clean, neatly fitting dress sets one of them off agreeably; but the environment and influences of the place make these girls grow old almost as rapidly as Italian girls, frequently bringing age without maturity. All the women there seem weary. A girl has a baby in her arms as soon as she is able to make any shift at all toward carrying one. Until the burden-bearer reaches the age of, say, seventeen, the baby is a brother or a sister. Afterward the relationship is apt to be closer. There are comparatively few neat homes in that part of London. Housewives are too busy with their children or their gossip or their beer to keep their rooms clean. Besides, no one has taught them the advantage of it.

The two parishes have a few churches and ten times as many public-houses. The public-houses explain a great many of the miseries of this miserable locality. There may be some teetotalers there, but there are not many; and there are almost as few drinkers who are always moderate in their libations. The curse of bitter beer, raw Scotch whisky, and "tuppenny" gin rests heavy on the place. Public opinion is no weapon against it, for public opinion openly favors drinking whenever one has the necessary money, and does not regard actual drunkenness as a disgrace worth mentioning. Women drink at the bars as unconcernedly as men do, and barmaids serve them. The bar-room is the gossip place, and babes and small children are carried to it and kept in it by careful mothers who gather there for the day's necessary talk. Infants sometimes cry, and at such times are permitted a sip from the maternal glass, quite as other children are bribed with chocolate drops. Thus bleary eyes and drink-reddened faces often have early beginnings. The children on the streets are dirty, ragged, and vociferously happy over small things. Adults are not genuinely happy. There is no reason why they should be. They derive much spasmodic merriment from the public-houses. Drunkenness and fighting are common everywhere, especially on the streets. During one noon recess I saw three fights develop among the two dozen employees of a box-factory. Nor are the combatants always men or boys.

The region is often infected with contagious disease. Nearly every year it has as many cases of smallpox as would be counted an epidemic in an American city. On one day during the summer thirty-nine cases of scarlet fever were received in London hospitals, almost all of them from this region. Water is supplied by a private company, and in the spring of 1895 warm weather added a water-famine to the vicissitudes of the East End of London, of which these parishes are part. The cold weather of the preceding winter had done the same thing, besides freezing all sewer and drain pipes.

The tenements which house the people are small and old. Though mostly of only two stories, the opportunity to secure light and air is neglected. The covered area is very great, frequently approaching and even exceeding ninety per cent. Roofs are of tile, and ground floors are laid directly on the earth. The brick walls are badly built, and tottering from decay. The small, dark rooms are primitive in plan and finish, but whole families frequently inhabit one. Sometimes two families find place in a single room, thus at once eliminating decency and fresh air from their indoor life. Health laws forbid overcrowding, but health laws are by these folk regarded as things to be violated, if possible. It is a part of the region's ignorance. The appearance of the streets is better than that of the slums in most American cities; for while they are not clean; and rarely fail to contribute to the district's unpleasant smells, they are free from such encumbrances as idle trucks and rubbish piles.

Such is the region—an area whose streets and buildings, health reports and police records, attest the danger of municipal ignorance and neglect.

In the midst of this region existed until 1891 a smaller area of fifteen acres wherein all the evils of East London seemed to concentrate and fester. There were 730 tiny rookeries in this small area, and their dilapidation was unique. Many of them, from long standing on soft earth without firm foundations, had sunk until in one instance the ground floor was eighteen inches below the level of the street. This helped to save the area from fire: the houses were reported as being "too damp to burn." The area between the streets was almost entirely covered by the wretched buildings, and the twenty streets themselves dwindled from a width of twenty-eight feet to mere passages between unstable walls.

The 5719 residents of this plague-spot

were even worse off than were their fellows in other parts of Bethnal Green and Shore-ditch. In these fifteen acres the mortality for two years averaged 40 per 1000. The same years showed for Bethnal Green entire a death-rate of 22.8 per 1000, while that of London as a whole was only 18.8 per 1000. Zymotic diseases furnished in the whole of Bethnal Green 3.7 deaths per 1000, and tubercular diseases 3.9 deaths per 1000. In this selected area, however, zymotic diseases caused 7.9 deaths per 1000, while consumption and allied complaints killed 8.5 per 1000. Infant mortality was 159 in Bethnal Green; in these fifteen acres it was 252. In a general way, twice as many people in proportion to the population died in this area as in Bethnal Green taken as a whole. It is not surprising that the medical officer reported "a low standard of vitality" throughout the district. Two thousand one hundred and eighteen persons lived in single-room tenements, 2265 lived in two-room tenements, and 1183 were able to afford the luxury of three-room homes. The remaining 153 were residents of lodging-houses. One hundred and seven rooms had five or more tenants each. All this was the growth of a century in London. It was worse than New York's worst slum in only one item—the overcrowding of single rooms. In some respects there are parts of New York which do not compare favorably with it. The density of population in this London area was 373 persons to the acre, against 168 persons to the acre in the whole of Bethnal Green. There are three wards in New York city more densely populated. Of them the Tenth Ward shows a density of more than 621. This is in a large measure due to the greater height of the New York buildings; but covering as they do in some especially bad blocks, almost, if not quite, as large a proportion of the ground area as those destroyed in London, it is not likely that their upper stories get more light and air than the two stories which made up the London rookeries, and it is likely that their lower stories get a great deal less.

London neglected action for too many years. Few of its recent works of demolition and construction, in the tenements or out of them, have been undertaken until the danger of one kind or another became imminent. This area was filled with buildings old, dilapidated, damp, devoid of good sewer or water service, wholly bad; it was peopled with crowded thousands largely born of it, bred of it, "low in vitality" of mind and body, glad of the opportunity to herd together, in

dread alike of the police and the health officers; it was a breeding-place of disease, and the conditions which produced its own high death-rate were capable of spreading death throughout the city.

But when London moved, it acted effectually. The work of construction and reconstruction is now more than half finished; it will probably be completed in 1897.

First by act of Parliament the County Council was empowered to acquire the land. The right of condemnation is absolute, and the value of the land and condemned buildings is carefully fixed at what they would be worth if used properly for proper purposes. Thus the owner is not allowed a premium because he has unduly increased the rentals of his property by permitting overcrowding. The estimated value of the area in question was \$1,855,000. Until recently it has been the practice for lands so cleared to be offered for sale or lease to private builders agreeing to erect structures of a nature approved by the authorities. The losses by this plan were, however, heavy, and the results unsatisfactory. The increased cost of building stopped the operations of the big private companies, and the fact that the Council could borrow money at three per cent. gave it a vast advantage over unofficial borrowers, who had to pay from four to five per cent. So with this area, as with others, the Council bought the land in itself at its estimated value of about \$530,000, after clearance, and is erecting its own buildings, at a cost of about \$900,000, making a total cost here of about \$1,430,000. On this the buildings must yield an annual profit of three per cent., and must, besides, repay the original cost into the treasury within fifty-four years, when London will own the land and buildings, free from encumbrance. Financially this sum may therefore be considered profitably invested. But the difference between what the Council paid for domain and destruction (\$1,855,000) and the price at which it bought the land in again (\$530,000) is loss, and when to this amount is added \$175,000 for the cost of paving, this loss is brought to \$1,500,000. This, then, may be looked upon as what London has actually had to pay for permitting this particular slum to reach the stage of vileness which necessitated its destruction. Of course that is only its direct money cost. There is another money cost which is so distributed among the police department, the health department, and the department maintaining the almshouses, that it cannot be estimated. It is still more impossible to guess the moral cost.

But if London sustained this great loss through the short-sightedness of the past, she has set about remedying it in a way so thorough and so admirable that the future will have no cause to complain of neglect. American cities cannot study the methods too carefully. First, London kept a watchful eye over the people she unhoused. Only enough of the old buildings were at first demolished to permit the new work to be intelligently begun. Those remaining were repaired until they were in habitable condition, and retained as long as possible, so that only a small proportion of the old tenants should be forced out at once, the idea being to get some of the new buildings ready for occupancy before all the old ones were torn down. In addition to that, care was taken to see that such of the residents of the old district as were forced to remove found desirable and sanitary dwelling-places. A complete list of all the vacant rooms within half a mile of the condemned territory was prepared and kept on view at the Council's office on the ground; and moreover, with every notice to quit was issued a statement that the Council would withhold from tenants their compensation for the cost of moving until the proper official had visited their proposed new home and was satisfied that they were going to premises which were healthful and in every way suitable for their occupancy. Thus, while it was of course impossible to improve the condemned area with great rapidity, yet within a few months from the time operations began the Council knew that every person who had hitherto been subject to the evil influences of the slum had found comparatively good surroundings.

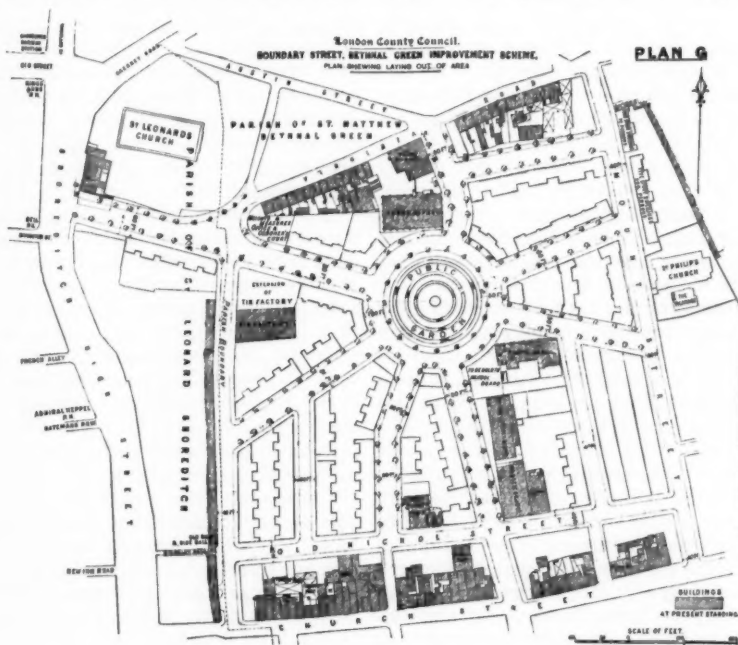
As soon as complete arrangements for the destruction of the old had been completed, the labor of first planning and then building the new was begun. It was decided that the narrow old streets and dark, blind alleys should be replaced by fine tree-lined avenues, from fifty to sixty feet wide, radiating from an elevated public garden two hundred and seventy feet in diameter, terraced, and offering at once a breathing-spot and a point of vantage for a band of music; and that in the place of the noisome rookeries of yore should rise great dwellings, as handsome and as perfect in plan and equipment as the skill of Mr. Thomas Blashill, who is at the head of the County Council's architectural department, could make them.

The persons who so earnestly opposed the comparatively mild recommendations of the New York Tenement-house Commission cannot do better than to study the requirements

which London's greater experience has taught her are wise, and which these buildings have to meet.

First of all should be mentioned the provisions for the two great requisites of light and air. The buildings will be four and five stories high, and each building must be separated in all directions from any opposing building by an open space at least equal to its own height. It was with the greatest difficulty that the New York commission secured the passage of an act limiting the ground area to be covered to seventy-five per

cent must be of not less than one hundred and forty-four feet superficial floor area. Bedrooms must be of not less than ninety-six feet superficial floor area, nor less than seven feet nine inches wide. Staircases must have horizontal ventilation direct to the open air; corridors must be ventilated on the open air; staircases and halls must be lighted day and night. The last-named regulation is with a view to preventing the immorality and frequent accidents which lack of light in such places is known to produce in tenement-houses. A proposed statute calling for light



THE GENERAL SCHEME.

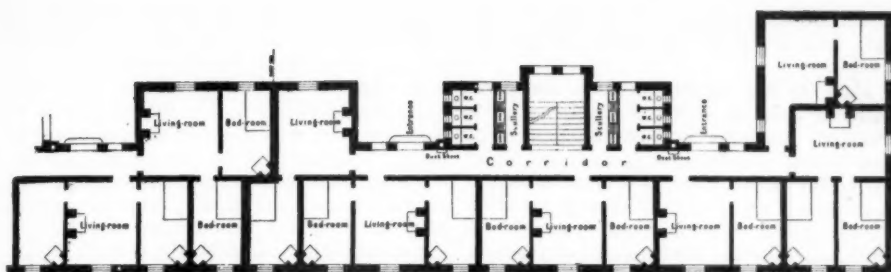
cent. These official London tenements will not cover more than fifty-five per cent. of the building-lots.

Habitable rooms must not be less than eight feet six inches in height. Rooms must have efficient ventilation, «the principle on which (back-to-back) houses are built being carefully avoided.» This precludes the construction of a building more than two rooms deep. If such a rule were enforced in New York, the city would be revolutionized. The aim of tenement-house architecture in America is to get at least two, and perhaps four, families on each floor of twenty-five feet width. The London houses, as a matter of fact, will be only one room deep. Living-rooms in them

after 8 A.M. until 10 P.M. aroused much opposition in Albany.

After light and air, safety from fire may be regarded as the next essential of model tenement-house construction. The London law provides that all walls shall be of «fire-resisting» material, and that all staircases must be fire-proof, and so separated from apartments that they will not afford a flue for the conduct of fire from one floor to another, as has so often occurred in the tenements of New York. But the County Council has learned that it will pay to go beyond the law, and to make the buildings absolutely fire-proof. The first cost will be very little greater, and will be far more than offset by

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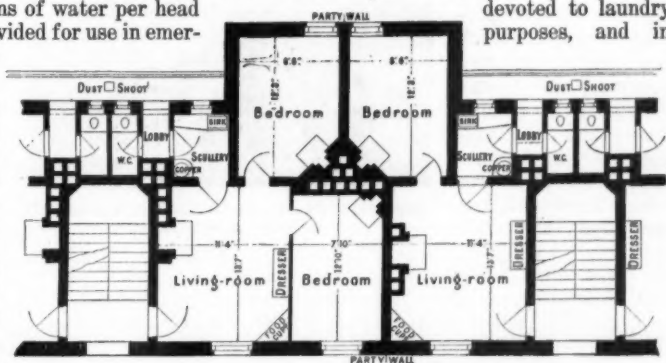
PLAN OF ASSOCIATED DWELLINGS.

the decreased cost of repairs and the greater permanence of the buildings. Without going into technical details of construction, it may be said that stairways are of iron, stone, and cement; that floors are built with iron girders and brick arches; that the wooden surface is laid on solid cement; that as little woodwork is used in the rooms as possible; and that the plaster, even of the partitions between rooms of the same apartment, is laid on iron or wire instead of on wooden lathing. Of the buildings completed it is no idle boast for the architect to say that a fire might be started in any room without endangering any other room. The cost of repairs is thus reduced to a minimum, and the life of the buildings is increased until it is estimated at four hundred and fifty years simply because it seems absurd to name a longer period. As a matter of fact, the buildings, if undisturbed, will practically last forever.

Minor but by no means unimportant details which must be met in the construction of these buildings give the extremely poor class of persons for whom they are intended conveniences and comforts as yet apparently beyond the conception of the ordinary American tenement-house builder. Storage for not less than fifteen gallons of water per head per diem must be provided for use in emergencies. Construction must be vermin-proof. This, among other things, does away with wall-paper, carpets or matting on halls, and wainscoting or other woodwork offering interstices which can harbor vermin. The fittings required for each living-room are a cooking-range, two feet or more in width,

containing an oven and a boiler; a ventilated food-cupboard (to take the place of the American refrigerator) close to the outer wall; a coal-box; a dresser with two shelves, two drawers, and a pot-board; a cupboard for crockery and the like; and half a dozen coat-hooks affixed to a rail. Adjoining the living-room in the «self-contained» dwellings must be a small scullery with a sink, copper, and towel-rail, and this scullery must connect with a lobby open to the outer air and leading to the water-closet, which is thus entirely cut off from the living-apartment. One water-closet must be furnished for every five rooms. The «associated dwellings» are very slightly less elaborate, and are let at smaller rentals. In them there are common sculleries for the use of all the tenants on a floor, and from which the water-closet for women is approached, while a similar convenience for men is furnished elsewhere, as shown in the plan.

In all the County Council dwellings, heretofore, careful provision has been made for the washing and drying of clothes; but this has been entirely omitted from those which are being built on the area now under consideration. It has been found possible there to erect a separate building to be entirely devoted to laundry purposes, and in



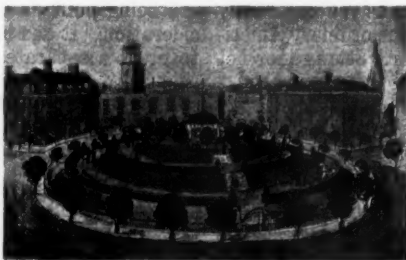
PLAN OF INDEPENDENT OR SEPARATE DWELLINGS.

which all the residents of the district will have free access to the latest and best facilities.

Thus has been wiped out one of the worst slums in London. If those American cities which are now suffering from the influences of their slums,—the fruits of past neglect,—and paying for them in the cost of their expensive health-board and police machinery, could do likewise, there would be great reason for rejoicing. But during the existence of the present unstable and oftentimes corrupt system of American municipal government it would probably be unwise to advocate the city construction or city management of dwellings for the poor. Much is possible, however, without the trial of any dangerous experiments. Under the amendments secured by the Tenement-house Commission the Health Board of New York has the right to condemn and order the destruction of persistently unsanitary tenement-houses. And while it may be for a time impossible for the spaces thus cleared to be utilized officially by the construction of such improved dwellings as London is building, there should be no lack of private individuals and companies who will step in to supply the need. The report of the New York State Commission showed that model tenements can be profitably constructed and maintained in New York city, and the experiences of these London companies is strong corroboration; for while the cost of land, material, and labor is less in London than it is in New York, the rents obtained are enough smaller also practically to reduce the London investment to the same basis of profit possibility as that on which a similar enterprise in New York would stand. Thus there is interest in the information, gleaned from official reports, that the five most important companies which have constructed and now maintain artisans' dwellings in London have paid dividends respectively of five per cent., four and three quarters per cent., four per cent., three per

cent., four per cent. It should be explained that the three-per-cent. dividend and one of the four-per-cent. dividends would have been larger had not the profits of these two companies been constitutionally limited. In each instance a considerable overplus, to be used in improvements or in the construction of new buildings, remained in the treasury after the year's distribution of profits. As nearly as can be ascertained, the total capital invested by these companies is £4,904,345, or about \$24,500,000. A scarcely less astonishing fact is that more than 60,000 persons are housed in the improved dwellings which this capital represents. More than 3000 persons live in model houses already built by the County Council, and 4700 will be provided for in the new Bethnal Green and Shoreditch buildings. Thus, in all, over 67,000 people of the poorest class will have been furnished with sanitary and comfortable homes and surrounded by many attendant good influences in London before two years have passed. What effect the dwellings already erected have had on the life and death of their inhabitants is but imperfectly recorded. One company, however, reports that the death-rate last year was 13.4 per 1000 in its buildings, against 21.5 for the city; and that the birth-rate of its buildings was 33.8 per 1000, against 30 for the city. Another reports 129 births and 73 deaths in a population of 3245. Another reports a death-rate 3.7 below the city's, and a birth-rate 4.1 above the city's. The population which yielded these last statistics is made up almost exclusively of common laborers. Unfortunately, no figures at all which definitely show the effect of these improve-

ments upon the criminal rate of neighborhoods are in existence. Police, owners, and other interested citizens unite, however, in declaring that, as a logical sequence, a great diminution in crime has invariably followed the construction of improved dwellings in a bad locality.



THE PUBLIC GARDEN TO BE BUILT IN THE CENTER OF THE CLEARED AREA.

Edward Marshall.

ON THE TRACK OF «THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.»

SOMETIME about the year 1850 the American musical myth known as «The Arkansas Traveler» came into vogue among fiddlers. It is a quick reel tune, with a backwoods story talked to it while played, that caught the ear at «side shows» and circuses, and sounded over the trodden turf of fair grounds. Bands and foreign-bred musicians were above noticing it, but the people loved it and kept time to it, while tramps and sailors carried it across seas to vie merrily in Irish cabins with «The Wind that Shakes the Barley» and «The Soldier's Joy.» With or without the dialogue, the music was good for the humor, and it would have shown to the musical antiquary, if he had noticed it, the boundary line between the notes of nature and the notes of art as clearly as «Strasburg» or «Prince Eugene» or «The Boyne Water» or «Dixie.»

It lost nothing where showmen caught it from Western adventurers in the days before the Union Pacific Railroad, and gained vogue in the hands of negro minstrels, who, if they touched up the dialogue, never gave the flavor of cities and theaters to the outdoor tune. When the itinerant doctor made a stage of his wagon-top of a Saturday night, it helped the sale of quack medicines on the village square, and there was a tapping of feet in the crowd under the torches when a blackened orchestra set the tune going from fiddle to fiddle.

I learned of the myth nearly thirty years ago from Major G. D. Mercer, who had brought it from the Southwest in the pioneer days and played the tune on the violin as it should be played to the dialogue.

First there comes a slow, monotonous sawing of the notes, which prepares one, as the curtain rises, for a scene in the backwoods of Arkansas.

The sun is setting over the plains. A belated horseman in coonskin cap, and well belted with pistol and bowie-knife, rides up to a squatter cabin to ask a night's lodging. By the door of a rotting shanty sits a ragged man astride of a barrel, slowly scraping out the notes you hear. There are children in the background, and a slatternly woman stands on the threshold. The man on the barrel plays away, paying no attention to the visitor, and the dialogue begins.

«Hello, stranger!» says the horseman.

«Hello yourself!»

«Can you give me a night's lodging?»

«No room, stranger.»

The playing goes on.

«Can't you make room?»

«No, sir; it might rain.»

«What if it does rain?»

«There's only one dry spot in this house, and me and Sal sleeps on that.»

The playing continues for some time. Then the horseman asks:

«Which is the way to the Red River Crossing?»

The fiddler gives no answer, and the question is repeated.

«I've lived hyar twenty years, and never knowed it to have a crossin'.»

The stranger then begins to tease, the tune still playing.

«Why don't you put a roof on the house?»

«What?»

«Why don't you put a roof on the house?»

«When it's dry I don't want a roof; when it's wet I can't.»

The tune goes on.

«What are you playing that tune over so often for?»

«Only heard it yisterday. 'Fraid I'll forget it.»

«Why don't you play the second part of it?»

«I've knowed that tune ten years, and it ain't got no second part.»

The crisis of the story has come.

«Give me the fiddle,» says the stranger.

The man hands it to him, and a few moments of tuning are needed as a prelude to what follows, which has been immortalized in the popular print here shown, known as «The Turn of the Tune.»

When the stranger strikes up, turning away into the unknown second part with the heel-tingling skill of a true jig-player, the whole scene is set in motion. The squatter leaps up, throws out his arms, and begins a dance; the dog wags his tail; the children cut capers; and the «old woman» comes out, twisting her hard face into a smile.

«Walk in, stranger,» rings the squatter's voice. «Tie up your horse 'side of ol' Ball. Give him ten ears of corn. Pull out the demi-

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The turn of the tune.

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«THE ARKANSAS TRAVELER.»

A version arranged for the piano by Mr. P. D. Benham, editor of «The Arkansas Traveler» of Chicago.

john and drink it all. Stay as long as you please. If it rains, sleep on the dry spot.»

The legend, like all myths, has many variants. Mr. Benham, editor of the Chicago «Arkansas Traveler», and Mr. T. R. Cole of Charleston, West Virginia, have given me versions with more varied dialogues; but the colloquy as to night's lodging, roof, and tune remains about the same, and the student of folk-lore is left to trace

its threads of fancy in whatever directions they lead.

I found, to my surprise, the episode of the roof among the memorabilia of York Harbor, Maine,¹ where the legend exists that about 1832 Betty Potter and Esther Booker lived on the dividing line between York and Kittery, in a cabin with a large hole in the roof. One

¹ «Gorgeana and York,» by Alexander Emery, 1874, p. 207.

rainy day some ramblers, finding the women boring holes in the floor to let through the drip, asked the following questions and got the following answers:

«Why don't you mend the hole in the roof, Miss Potter?»

«Can't do it; it rains so.»

«Why don't you do it when it don't rain?»

«No need of it then.»

«The Arkansas Traveler» is not mentioned among the border anecdotes in «Beyond the Mississippi» by A. D. Richardson,¹ nor in Burton's «Cyclopedia of Wit and Humor»² and Professor Child of Harvard told me, when I wrote to him about it in 1884, that he had made no study of the ballad-like myth. But it must have traveled to Ireland somewhere in the fifties, as Daniel Sullivan, a famous fiddler who played it for me at 815 Albany street, Boston, in 1885, had probably learned it when a young man at Limerick.

There may be many other stories and fiddle tunes with which it might be compared, though I have heard only one, called «The Lock Boat after the Scow» (with the music as follows), played on the violin, and told me by Mr. George Long of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, before 1880.

Rather slow.



As a canal-boat approaches a lock after dark, the boatman's tune, played slowly on the fiddle, sounds above the noise of the sluice and the tinkle of mule-bells. When the mules have passed, the boat comes into place as the barefooted lock-boy skips over the gliding rope. Then the tune stops for the following dialogue between boatman and boy.

«Got the gate shut behind there?»

«Yes.»

«How many laps did you take?»

«Three.»

«Are the mules on the tow-path?»

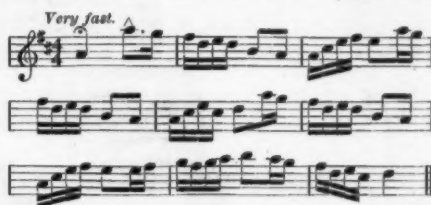
«Yes.»

«Are you ready?»

«All ready.»

«Let her come.»

Then comes the quick turn of the tune to the rush of the water, while the boat settles



quickly down into the lock. When she rests on the low level the notes cease for more questions and answers.

«Is the gate open ahead?»

«Yes.»

«Is the rope clear of the bridge?»

«All clear.»

«Mules on the tow-path?»

«Yes.»

«Out of the way, then. Gee-e-ed up!»

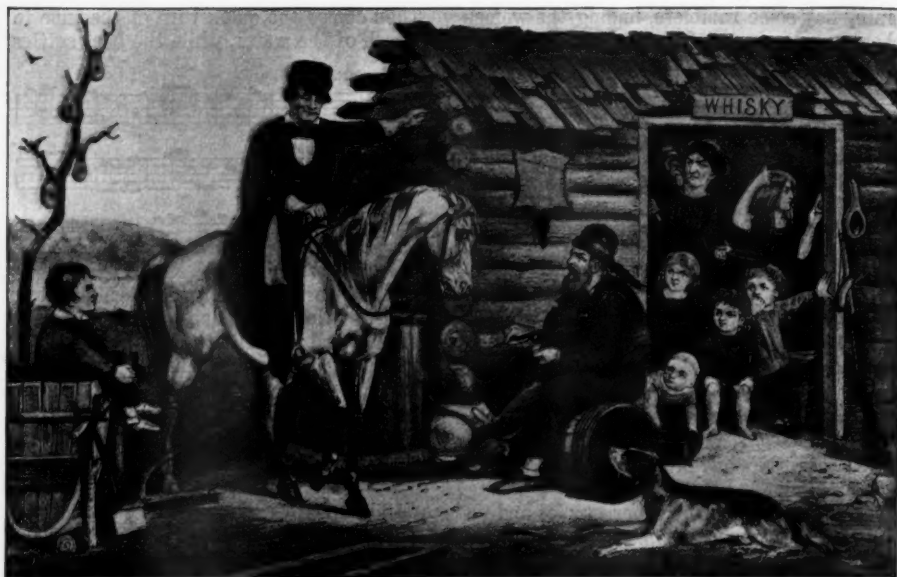
And the boat glides away, as she came, to the swinging music.

The farther we travel north the more apt are we to hear the «Arkansas» of the «Traveler» made to rhyme with the word «Matanzas»; but he who feels the true inspiration of the tune sympathizes with the action of the State legislature at Little Rock, which put an end to the «Kansas-ing» of the name in 1881 by making the last syllable rhyme with *raw* and setting the accent on *Ark*; or with Professor William Everett, who stood up and publicly thanked a gentleman for saying «Arkansasaw» at a dinner in Washington. There the wish to rhyme it with «Kansas» had been so strong about 1860 that two congressmen from the State had to be addressed by the Speaker of the House as «the gentleman from Arkansas» and «the gentleman from Arkansasaw» respectively.

When we seek to trace back the legend to its own country, a surprise is in store for us. To learn from certain authorities in Arkansas that the myth is discountenanced there by a strong State feeling argues ill for our enterprise; and it throws an unexpected seriousness over the situation to be told that the dialogue at the cabin is «a misrepresentation and a slur», and that the hero of the story, pursuing «a strange errand of misconception», has «checked immigration» and «done incalculable injury to the State.» To get at the bottom of the matter in a friendly way involves a discussion as to what induces settlers to settle, what people generally do with their ballads and myths, and what the Californian meant who recently declared that the

¹ Bliss & Co., New York, 1867.

² D. Appleton & Co., New York, 1858.



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DE KASAB AT NEW YORK

THE ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

SCENE IN THE BACKWOODS OF ARKANSAS.

Traveler:—to Squatter: can you give me some refreshments and a nights lodging? Squatter: no sir haven't got any room, nothing to eat. Fiddler: away Traveler: where does this road go to? Squatter: it don't go anywhere, it stays here. Still fiddling. Traveler: why don't you play the rest of that tune? Squatter: don't know it. Traveler: here give me the Fiddle, plays

demise of Bret Harte would be an event of the highest possible advantage to California. All of this produces an atmosphere of solemnity, which, taking possession of our spirits, might threaten to become serious, were we not inclined, after mature consideration, to take advantage of the best remedy at hand, simple but sure. This consists in asking in one of our old friends to tell the story and to play the tune.

In the face of these difficulties it is no easy matter to learn more than that Colonel Sanford C. Faulkner (born in Scott County, Kentucky, March 3, 1803; died in Little Rock, August 4, 1874) was the originator of the story, its hero, and in fact the Arkansas Traveler himself.

Mr. Benham tells me that in the State campaign of 1840, Colonel Faulkner, Hon. A. H. Sevier, Governor Fulton, Chester Ashley, and Governor Yell, traveling through the Boston Mountains (Mr. S. H. Newlin, of "The Arkansas Farmer," Little Rock, says it was Colonel "Sandy" Faulkner and Captain Albert Pike in Yell County), halted at a squatter's cabin for information. Colonel "Sandy," who was the spokesman, and no mean fiddler himself, had some sort of bantering talk with the squatter, who was sawing at a tune on

a violin, and finally played the second part of it for him. Out of this, say my informants, grew the "good story" which the colonel, on his return, was called upon to tell at a dinner given in the once famous bar-room near the Anthony House in Little Rock. Years afterward he told it again at a State banquet in New Orleans, when the Governor of Louisiana handed him a violin and asked him to regale the company with the then celebrated narrative.

In New Orleans his fame abode with him, for Mr. Benham adds the curious bit of information that at the old St. Charles Hotel a special room was devoted to his use, bearing over the door in gilt letters the words "The Arkansas Traveler." Mr. N. L. Prentiss, editor of the Topeka (Kansas) "Commonwealth," says that Colonel Faulkner's violin was offered for sale in Little Rock in 1876 for one hundred dollars.

Mr. George E. Dodge of Little Rock wrote me in 1892, in contradiction of most of the above, that the story of Colonel Faulkner and the squatter was a pure fiction without a happening-place, "either invented by Faulkner or by some of his friends, who delighted in hearing him tell it and play the tune, and made him the central figure of it more for a joke than anything else."



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NEW YORK

THE TURN OF THE TUNE.

TRAVELER PLAYING THE "ARKANSAS TRAVELER."

Squatter - Why stranger I've been trying four years to get the turn of that tune, come right in! Johnny take the horse and feed him! Wife git up the best Corn cakes you can make! Sally make up the best bed! He kin play the turn of that tune; come right in and play it all through stranger. You kin lodge with us a month free of charge.

But however that might have been, a local artist, Edward Washburn by name, once living at Dardanelle, Arkansas, was so much impressed with the story that he took it into his head, about 1845-50, to paint the originals of the prints here copied. As he then lived with the family of Mr. Dodge in Little Rock, he made the children pose for his sketches. Mr. G. E. Dodge was the boy in the ash-hopper, "and we had great times," says he, now fifty years after, "posing for his figures of the squatter's children. I was constantly with him in his studio, and in fact felt that I was helping to paint the picture. The picture representing 'The Turn of the Tune' was an afterthought. The boy in the ash-hopper gets down from his perch and takes the stranger's horse. The children assume different attitudes. But we never celebrated the completion of the second painting as we had that of the first. Poor Washburn sickened and died, and the unfinished work stood upon the easel until it was stowed away. His executor afterward had it finished by some one else, and then the two began to make their appearance in the form of cheap prints."

Another picture, by another painter, which hung in the Arkansas Building at the Centen-

nial Exhibition at Philadelphia, had been worked up from photographs of Mr. Dodge, his brothers and sisters, lent to the painter by the boy in the ash-hopper.

The tune has a strong flavor of the cotton-field "hoe-down," but I have obtained no satisfactory information as to its origin. Mr. Benham is sure that it was not composed by Colonel Faulkner, and has heard, perhaps to the surprise of musical antiquaries, that it was either written by José Tasso, a famous violin-player who died in Kentucky some years ago, or produced by him from an old Italian melody. When we come to investigate this relation of Tasso to "The Arkansas Traveler" the whole question becomes confused by repeated assertions that Tasso not only composed the music, but was himself the original of the myth, leaving Faulkner out of the question altogether.

In fact, common opinion on the Ohio River awards the authorship to Tasso hardly less positively than on the lower Mississippi the authorship is given exclusively to Faulkner; and it would not be a popular task to try to convince the "old-timers" of Maysville, Point Pleasant, and Gallipolis that Faulkner, of whom they never heard, or any one else except their oft-quoted favorite, had anything to do

with the origin of the myth. Their recollections make it certain that Tasso was well known along the river as a concert and dance player when the tune came into vogue. Robert Clarke, the publisher, heard him play it at John Walker's brew-house in Cincinnati in 1841 or 1842, and he told Richard R. Reynolds and Albert Crell, who played with him at a ball at the Burnet House on New Year's night in 1849, that he himself was the author of music and story. Mr. Curry, who used to play the flute to him when he was ill, heard him repeat the statement about 1850; but Tasso's grandson, Mr. F. G. Spinning, does not think that his grandfather ever traveled in Arkansas, and it may be doubted whether the jocose performer, who from dramatic necessity was led to make himself the hero of the story, ever claimed the authorship without winking one eye.

Whether he could equal Faulkner at the dialogue or not, he seems to have brought down the house with the tune in a way to outdo all competitors; and one anecdote after another connects him with it in the days of the glory of Mississippi steamboats and when

Colt's revolvers first came down the river. One after another, these tales vouch for a fame so attractive that the listener is half willing to give up Faulkner and let Tasso walk off with the honors.

Yet the latter, who spoke broken English until the day of his death in Covington, Kentucky in 1887, was born in the city of Mexico, of Italian parents, was educated in France, and was, it is said, a pupil of Berlioz; so that it may be questioned whether, even if, as alleged, he came to Ohio in the thirties, he could have so steeped himself in the spirit of the American West as to produce the story. The investigation might lead us much further, but it is doubtful if more facts gathered about the fable would add to its interest.


It really matters little where the "Traveler" was born, whether in Yell County or in the Boston Mountains; whether, as Mr. Dodge asserts, it originated with Faulkner and his friends, or came from the humor of Tasso. Like all true creations of fancy, it eludes definite description and defies criticism, while the notes of the tune sound a gay disregard of boards of immigration and State statistics.

H. C. Mercer.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

RECOLLECTIONS AND UNPUBLISHED LETTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HOME REMINISCENCES OF JOHN RANDOLPH."

N the year 1817 Mr. Francis W. Gilmer of Albemarle, one of the most accomplished scholars that Virginia has produced, published a small volume in which he gave sketches of several of the great orators of the day, among them John Randolph of Roanoke. A copy of this book was presented by the author to Mr. Randolph, who acknowledged the receipt of it in a long letter, which is now presented to the public for the first time; but in order that the reader may properly appreciate it, it is necessary to give first an extract from the book concerning Mr. Randolph's style of oratory. Mr. Gilmer wrote:

The first time that I ever felt the spell of eloquence was when a boy standing in the gallery of the Capitol in the year 1808. It was on the floor of that House I saw rise a gentleman who in every quality of his person, his voice, his mind, his character, is a phenomenon among men. . . . He has so long spoken

in parables that he now thinks in them. Antitheses, jests, beautiful conceits, with a striking turn and point of expression, flow from his lips with the same natural ease, and often with singular felicity of expression, as regular series of arguments follow each other in the deduction of logical thinkers. His invective, which is always piquant, is frequently adorned with the beautiful metaphors of Burke, and animated by bursts of passion worthy of Chatham. Popular opinion has ordained Mr. Randolph the most eloquent speaker now in America.

It has been objected to this gentleman that his speeches are desultory and unconnected. It is true; but how far that may be a fault is another question. We are accustomed in America to look upon the bar as furnishing the best and nearly the only models of good speaking. In legal discussions a logical method, accurate arrangement, and close concatenation of arguments are essential, because the mode of reasoning is altogether artificial and the principles on which we rely positive and conventional. Not so in parliamentary debate. These questions are considered on principles of general policy and justice; and the topics

are capable of illustration by facts and truths familiar to all, and in fact pre-existing in every mind. It were idle to prove that of which all are convinced, and Mr. Randolph's brief touches, his strong and homely adages, are better arguments to a deliberative body on matters of policy and state than a discourse divided into seventeen parts and each part subdivided into as many more, and expanding itself like a polypus into a whole essay. This infinite divisibility of argument, like that of matter, may amuse schoolmen, but would put a statesman to sleep. In a parliamentary debate this endless prolixity and prosing would be insufferable. Withal, I grant that questions often occur in Congress in which more method, precision, and fulness than Mr. Randolph possesses would be desirable.

An opinion prevails, too, that Mr. Randolph is successful only in the ludicrous. He is doubtless eminently gifted in his qualifications for the comic and satirical. I would mention his attack upon the answer to "War in Disguise" as an instance. "Against six hundred ships in commission," said he, "we enter the lists with a three-shilling pamphlet."

The copious and splendid imagination of Burke could not have placed the unequal contest in a stronger light. Though he possesses an exquisite fancy for repartee and wit, it is far from being his only, or his brightest, endowment. Like a genuine orator, he can touch all the strings of the mysterious harp into which we are so "fearfully and wonderfully wrought." Occasions of pathetic eloquence do not often occur, and even when they do the very attempt has been brought into some discredit by the pompous and puerile sentiments of Counselor Phillips and the yet more childish weakness of some of our *multum lacrymans* orators, who, like Lord Eldon, cannot acknowledge two and two to make four without shedding tears. Whenever Mr. Randolph has attempted the tender strains of eloquence, he has had the same success as in the lighter and more comic parts he chooses to play. When he deploras the death of a friend, his grief, like that of Achilles for Patroclus, is violent and insatiable; his expression of it deep and tragical. When he invokes the national sorrow for the fall of the brightest star in the constellation of our naval glory,¹ he must be cold indeed who is insensible to the thrilling tones of that persuasive tongue which, like the sad notes of the Orphean lyre, might draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek.

His style of eloquence generally, it must be admitted, is not favorable to the excitement of any deep passion; such effects can only be produced by successive impulses. It is not the momentary violence, but the continued impetus, of the tempest which lifts the billows in aspiration to the heavens. We must, too, be persuaded and not commanded to sympathize; whereas everything in the manner, the mind, the voice, of Mr. Randolph is imperious. His

genius, too, is fickle, and continues but a short time under the influence of any one emotion. The epithets applicable to his style of speaking are "striking and brilliant." His deliberate, graceful, and commanding delivery cannot be too much praised; his total want of method cannot be too much condemned.

Gifted with a fine fancy, a prompt and spirited elocution, and stamped with a character ardent and impetuous, obeying only the impulse of the moment, speaking without premeditation and acting without concert, he was more successful in early life than of late years. The effusions of his youth possess a freshness and glow which his more recent efforts want. I am sorry there should be any one who can view with pleasure the fading splendor of such an intellect. I have seen and heard it, a volcano terrible for its flames, and whose thunders were awful, instead of that exhausted crater covered with scoriae and smoke, to which a listener in the gallery lately compared it.

Following is Mr. Randolph's letter:

RICHMOND, March 15, 1817.

DEAR SIR: Your very polite and friendly letter, with its acceptable accompaniment, reached me yesterday.

I read your "Bagatelle," as you are pleased to name it, with considerable interest and much gratification. I should indeed be more vain than Cicero, or even the other great orator whom you say you have offended, if I were not satisfied with the ample share of applause which, in a liberal distribution, falls to my lot. Of the justice of the censure, if any has been passed, I am at least as sensible as of any claim that may be put in for me to the praise by which it is preceded. To the partiality of some of my friends it has proved very offensive; but whether it be the effect of disease, of premature age, or the utter extinction of desire for public life,—whatever may be the cause,—I feel disposed to abate much from the arrogance that has been so lavishly imputed to me by the enemies whom it has been my misfortune to make in the course of my unprosperous life. I was struck with the sagacity with which you had hit off the other characters, one alone excepted; and could I express myself as well, I should use your very words in describing Mr. Pinckney's eloquence.

Your enquiry is very flattering. Nothing is farther from my purpose than to turn editor to my own works. It is a rickety offspring, reared in the foundling hospital of the reporters, and so changed by hard usage that the very mother that bore it, and possibly looked with a mother's partiality at the moment on this misbegotten babe, can no longer recognize a feature.

I never prepared myself to speak but on two questions—the Connecticut Reserve and the first discussion of the Yazoo Claims. Neither speech was reported. Indolent, or indifferent to the business before the House, for a long time past I have relied for matter upon the case-hunters and acted upon the impulse of the

¹ Commodore Decatur.

occasion. Of the failure of my powers, such as they were, no one "in the gallery" or out of it can be more sensible than I am. At the same time, I flatter myself that my judgment may have been improved at the expense of my power of declamation; that although a much worse speaker, I may be a safer legislator. I am vain enough to believe that I know myself, in some respects at least, more thoroughly than any other person can know me; and this knowledge, I am persuaded, is in the power of any man to acquire who meditates often and deeply on himself. This habit was one of the advantages—I believe the only one—that I derived from an early taste, nay, passion, for metaphysical studies.

I have always been as sensible of my innumerable abortions as any of my auditors, and felt when I have succeeded, and to what degree, as accurately as any one of them. Had I been blessed with the powers of Milton to have composed the first of epic poems, I should never have ranked the "Paradise Regained" before it.

The causes of my failure have, for the most part, been known only to myself. A mind harassed with cares, a heart lacerated by unkindness and ingratitude, spirit broken by treachery, senses jaded by excess—these are not the circumstances under which a man should rise without preparation to address a public assembly; nor will any man so expose himself who fears or who courts public opinion. After all, although I never made a verse in my life, not even a jingle, I have sometimes thought that my temperament was that of the poet rather than of the public speaker; fitter for the pulpit than the floor of parliament; although Hopkinson insists that I ought to have been bred to the bar, and that my mind is of the cast best suited to that profession.

With great deference to your better judgment, I cannot agree that the H. of R. should be addressed in the style that is proper for intelligent, rational beings who think deeply and reason consequentially. There is one style for Mr. Chief Justice and another to convince, persuade, or deter "the groundlings."

A very defective education (*i.e.*, no education at all except what I picked up by chance), and circumstances more romantic and improbable than can be found in any fictitious narrative, have marred my prospects, and I am content to give way to younger and abler performers; but I will cheer my retirement with the flattering unctious that I know how the thing should be done, although unable to execute it.

You hardly do justice to Tazewell.

Micat inter omnes
velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Are you not mistaken when you say "that bright meteor [Henry] shot from its mid-heaven sphere too early for Mr. Wirt?" Surely he must be at best as old as I am, and I remember Patrick Henry very well. I heard his last speech, in March, 1799, to the freeholders of Charlotte. I will not affect to conceal from

you that it is Mr. Wirt's character which I think you have mistaken, since the error is honorable to your heart. Had you been impartial in this case, I should perhaps have thought you a better critic, but not so good a man.

I do not pretend to judge of his forensic powers. Better judges than I could ever have been, with the best opportunity, have pronounced him to be an able advocate, and the public have affirmed the decree. Some who ought to know say that argument is his *forte*. Of his manner and delivery "I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment," although in the "nice quibbles of the law" I am a jackdaw, or a jack anything else you please. His voice is very far from sweetness or melody; to my ear it is almost as harsh as Mr. P.'s. His pathos, so far from being natural or impressive, revolts me as artificial. It is to the "theatrical trick," but by no means well played off. The grating on the soul of such things when seen through (as they must be where the emotion is not spontaneous) is among the most irksome of the disagreeable feelings that we are exposed to at public exhibitions. When I hear the voice of Mr. W. or Mr. Speaker Clay, I think of the compass and richness of Patrick Henry's tones, of the fine tenor and bass of Col. Innes,¹ and the enchanting recitatives of Richard Henry Lee, of which you have a broad caricature in the nasal twang of his imitators, the late Dick Brent,² for instance.

You have given our Fourth of July boys very good advice. Blair ought to be banished from our schools. Horace's "Art of Poetry," Quintilian, Cicero, Longinus, among the ancients; Boileau and Martinus Scriblerus among the moderns—these should be our text-books. But whilst you caution our smatterers and dabbles against the meretricious ornaments of Curran (himself an imitator of Grattan, a dangerous model), they are imitating a wretched caricature of the Irish advocate in the person of Counselor Phillips, who, in the lowest deep, has had the "art of sinking" into "a lower still."

Pray read Mr. Wilde's speech on the Compensation Law, composed for the occasion. I can vouch that the exordium is verbatim as delivered; I cannot, however, say as much for the rest.

You have brought this avalanche of egotism upon your own head. I was on the point of overwhelming you with a smaller one before I left Georgetown, where I lay painfully and dangerously ill from the time of your departure until the adjournment of Congress. I sent for you, but my note was returned with a message that you had left town, in what direction I knew not. The Abbe was very kind to me, and you will not be sorry to learn that I have taken to him "hugely."

After I crossed the Rappahannock I began

¹ James Innes, member of the convention of 1788 which ratified the Federal Constitution: an eloquent and able lawyer and attorney-general of the State.

² Richard Brent, member of Congress.

to mend, for I threw physick to the dogs and followed the instincts of nature. Cold water and ice first gave me relief, contrary to the prohibitions of the doctors. Apropos of these slayers and maimers of mankind, H. T., when I last heard from him, was in Philadelphia, unable to bear the motion of a carriage. Adieu!

Your Friend,

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

As everybody is not bound to know that F. stands for Francis, let me advise you to write your first Christian name at full length.

As for my biography, it may be told in a few lines as well as in five quartos. Certain it is that I cannot play Dr. Mitchell and furnish material for notoriety, much less work it up myself.

Pray let me know when the Bagatelle was composed.

I am still weak and low, emaciated to a skeleton, but I hope convalescent. I had no idea of what it was to be sick until this last attack.

To FRANCIS W. GILMER, Esq.

There is a remark made by Mr. Gilmer which Mr. Randolph does not notice, but which must have made a deep impression on him. It is this: «It has been objected to this gentleman that his speeches are desultory and unconnected.» Mr. Randolph was no doubt thinking of this objection when he invented the fable of the fox-hunter and the caterpillar, which is found in a note to a speech he delivered in 1828 in Congress, and afterward published in pamphlet form, dedicating it to his constituents. He said:

A caterpillar comes to a fence; he crawls to the bottom of the ditch and over the fence, some of his hundred feet always in contact with the subject upon which he moves. A gallant horseman at a flying leap clears both ditch and fence. "Stop!" says the caterpillar; "you are too flighty, you want connection and continuity; it took me an hour to get over; you can't be as sure as I am, who have never quitted the subject, that you have overcome the difficulty and are fairly over the fence." "Thou miserable reptile!" replies our fox-hunter; "if, like you, I crawled over the earth slowly and painfully, should I ever catch a fox, or be anything more than a wretched caterpillar?"

When Mr. Randolph spoke of circumstances more romantic and improbable than can be found in any fictitious narrative, he evidently referred to his love-affairs. The world knows of his attachment for Miss Maria Ward, a beautiful and accomplished woman, who, it is said, was courted by nearly every distinguished unmarried man in the State who became acquainted with her. Mr. Randolph was engaged to be married to her, and visited

her very often; but on one occasion he was seen to leave her house in very great haste. When he reached the front gate, where his horse was tied, he did not wait to untie the bridle-reins, but cut them loose with his knife and rode off, uttering words which plainly showed that the distinguished lover was enraged. The engagement was broken off, the reason being known only to a few of the lady's intimate friends. They seldom met afterward, and for some time they did not speak to each other. Randolph never recovered from his disappointment, which helped to make him the unhappy man that he was. These facts the world knows; but it will never know all. No doubt the statement of Mr. Randolph is true: there *were* things connected with his love-affairs which were as improbable and romantic as he says they were.

The following is from another letter written by Mr. Randolph to his friend Gilmer. It is short, but very characteristic:

WASHINGTON, December 13, 1820.

DEAR SIR: . . . The evil of the times we live in is not want of information or intellect, but that the hearts of men will not give their understanding fair play. It is to the heart and not to the intellectual faculty that Divine wisdom and goodness has addressed itself in order to enable us to "see the things that belong to our salvation." With regard to the present times, I am as unbiassed a judge as a man who stands aloof from the actors in the theatre of life can be. At forty-five¹ my race is run, and I look on those who are now fretting and struggling in the public eye "more in sorrow than in anger."

To grant one favor very often subjects us to the request of another, more especially where the first has been unsolicited and unexpected. May I then ask you, at your leisure, to let me know what is doing, or rather suffering, in and around Richmond? I can promise you no adequate return for such a favor. Like "the high-mettled racer," I am "grown old and used up," and I wait with what patience I may the close of a life which is almost without enjoyment and altogether without hope, at least so far as it regards this world. . . .

Accept the sincere assurance of my respect and regard.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

To FRANCIS W. GILMER, Esq.

The following letter to Mr. Peachy R. Gilmer, condoling with him on the death of his brother, was written by Mr. Randolph when he was in the United States Senate; Mr. Tazewell, who is mentioned in the letter, being his colleague:

¹ Randolph was born in 1773, and died in 1833.

WASHINGTON, March 8, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, enclosing mine to my late most excellent friend your lamented brother, finds me in a situation that leaves me only the power to acknowledge it, overcome by his loss, inevitable and speedy as I had foreseen it to be, [and] by the daily expectation of that of my earliest living friend, Mr. Tazewell; or, what is worse even than death, his surviving in total darkness like "blind Thamyris and blind Mæonides." Overworked by his absence, I am hard put to it to write at all, and should be quite incapable of doing so but for the cheering intelligence which I received along with your letter from Norfolk.

What shall I say? What can I say, my good sir, to you under the circumstances of our unhappy privation—mine, of the truest and staunchest of friends; yours, of a brother also? Can words that never yet cured a finger-ache minister to a mind diseased? to the sick heart? No; there is but One that can pour balm into such wounds. He is God! May he shed the influence of his Holy Spirit upon our hearts and understandings. May he temper the wind to us, shorn to the quick, until he shall see fit, in his own good time, to gather us also into his fold, where we may rejoice our brother that is lost and shall be found, and where the grim wolf shall never enter to tear us one from another as in this vale of tears.

In sending the letter with the seal unbroken, I as well as yourself am ignorant how far you have obeyed the laws of etiquette; for, thank heaven! I know nothing of etiquette in any case. But this I do know, that if you shall have transcended the fashionable code, you have adhered to that established by delicacy and honor in every well-principled mind, in every heart that is not hardened and polluted by the defilements of the world, as it is pleased to call itself.

I had it in contemplation to write to you upon the subject of poor Frank's request before I knew that he had made such a one, not indeed to compose merely an epitaph, but (for my own perusal, for the indulgence of my own deep and strong affection and respect for his name and memory) something like a sketch of his character and history. Can you supply me with dates and facts that I am ignorant of? But the other day I spoke of him in conclave in association with Tazewell, whom above all men he admired. It was the highest honor that I could pay him, and each reflected honor upon the other. I spoke of them as the only two men that Virginia had bred since the Revolution that deserved to be called men of learning, to be ranked as scholars, and ripe and good ones. Of these two, one was removed from us forever; the other I never expected to see again, at least in that House. To both might be applied, with some variation, the language of Ovid in describing the Palace of the Sun—"*Materies superabat opus.*" The gem surpassed the workmanship in value, exquisite as that was admitted to be; the soil was superior to the cultivation, deep and finished as it had been.

My highest consolation under the affliction of his loss is to know that his last letter was written to me. I enclose it under the cover, with the answer to it, which you transmitted to me unopened. I have broken the seal with my own hands, and when you shall have read them both, pray return them to me. I shall be glad also to receive any other letters of mine that may be among his papers, through the same channel, or that of our friend Wm. Leigh. After once more reading them, I shall seal up his letters to me, at my death to be delivered up by my executor (W. L.) to yourself, or to be disposed of in any other manner that you shall see fit to prescribe. . . .

Most faithfully yours (not altogether, but almost) for dear Frank's sake,

J. R. OF ROANOKE.

To PEACHY R. GILMER, Esq.

I will now record some recollections of Randolph which I obtained from the late Hon. Thomas S. Flournoy, a lawyer of wide reputation, of Prince Edward County, and from the late Rev. John T. Clark, a minister of the gospel, of high standing, in the county of Halifax. Both were personally acquainted with Mr. Randolph, and were indelibly impressed with his genius and eccentricities. I have not before availed myself of permission then obtained to make public use of their reminiscences.

Shortly after Mr. Randolph's return from Europe he delivered one of his characteristic discursive and abusive speeches. Mr. Flournoy was present and heard it. Mr. Randolph drove up to Prince Edward Court-house in his coach drawn by four horses; the crowd which had gathered to hear him was immense. He refused to get out until the people had dispersed. After he had reached his room he sent for such gentlemen as he desired to see.

On this occasion he made a most unjustifiable attack on the Hon. Thomas T. Bouldin, who had been his firm political friend. It appears that Mr. Randolph had written a letter from London to Judge William Leigh, saying that he would again be a candidate for Congress. Mr. Bouldin was then in the field, a candidate for reelection. Mr. Randolph had not written to him on the subject, nor had he known that Mr. Randolph desired to run, and his refusal to give way highly incensed Mr. Randolph, who in this speech made several bitter remarks about him, saying among other things that he had "a nose of wax," and that in his refusal to withdraw he was "influenced by his sons and sons-in-law." "But," he added, "it is not every plow-boy that becomes a Tom Bouldin."

The gentleman mentioned had spent his

youth on a farm; he afterward adopted the profession of the law, and reached a high judicial position. He was at one time a member of Congress, and died suddenly on the floor of the House while making a speech, February 11, 1834. It is scarcely necessary to add that Mr. Randolph's charge had no foundation.

On the same occasion the violence of his temper and the uncertainty of his friendship were displayed in his treatment of Dr. Crump of Cumberland. In Mr. Randolph's absence, Mr. McDowell Moore of Rockbridge had made a violent attack upon him, charging him with deserting his post when minister to Russia, and receiving pay for services which he had not rendered. Dr. Crump, as a friend of Randolph, had resented this, and when he had met Moore on the street in Richmond a personal encounter had ensued. Dr. Crump had now ridden thirty miles to hear the speech of his distinguished friend. Randolph, who had seen him ride up, asked in the midst of his speech, "Is Dr. Crump here?" Whereupon Dr. Crump rushed forward, making his way through the crowd, not even taking time to pull off his spurs or his leggings, and offered his hand. Mr. Randolph not only refused to take it, but began to berate him violently, and referring to the difficulty with Moore, said: "If you had only thrown your horsewhip at him I could forgive you; but you did n't even do that."

While Dr. Crump was speaking in reply, Randolph, who was sitting by the side of Mr. Bouldin, whispered loud enough for the speaker to hear him: "Did you ever hear a man speak so? You and I can't speak in that manner." Dr. Crump was, indeed, a good speaker; but Mr. Randolph's only object was to embarrass him. Presently he remarked: "This has gone far enough. I can't bandy epithets with you; I'll fight you." At this Dr. Crump left the stand, and said no more.

Randolph was an old man, weak and feeble, in fact looking like a mere shadow, and a personal encounter was out of the question.

During this memorable speech, which Mr. Flournoy said occupied about four hours in its delivery, Randolph, addressing himself to the crowd before him, said:

While I was in Russia many of you, like my negroes, thinking that I would never return, took advantage of my absence and made remarks about me which you would not dare to make before my face. If you had made the remarks you did in hearing of my old double-jointed friend Womack, he would have resented it; but you were afraid to let him hear you.

Mr. Womack was a leading man in his part of the county.

When Mr. Randolph was opposed by Mr. Eppes, who was Mr. Jefferson's son-in-law, the whole power of the administration was brought to bear against him. He had been exceedingly severe upon his opponent at the Buckingham court; some of his friends counseled moderation; the excitement was great, and serious consequences were apprehended. Mr. Randolph told the sheriff to make a proclamation that he would address the people. An immense throng gathered about the stand. He stood for several moments surveying the crowd, not a feature of his face changing. After a painful suspense he began with the following remark, which has frequently been in print:

"When I was a boy my mother taught me that the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom; since I became a man I have found out that the fear of man was the consummation of folly."

He then made a fiery onslaught upon his opponent; instead of moderating, he was more severe than he had been before.

That morning he witnessed a scene which his fertile mind immediately turned to account. A man named — had just been released from the penitentiary. All his relatives being supporters of Mr. Eppes, he presumed to approach him and speak to him; and Mr. Eppes gave him his hand. In his speech Mr. Randolph thus alluded to this: "Why did you import a man to run against me—a man whom I have seen this very morning cheek by jowl with a penitentiary convict?"

Mr. Flournoy thought Mr. Randolph's capacity for business wonderful. He remembered distinctly hearing him state, in a public speech he made at Prince Edward Courthouse, that the estate which he inherited was mortgaged for "nineteen shillings and sixpence in the pound of its value." "Now," said he, "I hold in my pocket a receipt for the last payment, and I would not give it for a diploma from Hampden Sidney College and the Union Theological Seminary to boot."

Judge William Leigh and Mr. William Banks, a talented lawyer of Halifax, were once on a visit to Mr. Randolph. They used to make Roanoke their regular stopping-place on their way to the Charlotte court. It was during the time that Mr. Randolph was very much exercised on the subject of religion. Mr. Banks told Mr. Flournoy that one morning when they were at prayers, Mr. Randolph having read in his inimitable style a chapter from the Bible, and being in the midst of a

prayer, two little boys came stealthily downstairs on their way into the room. He stopped praying and, pointing to the boys, told them to go back. Since they did not get in in time, they should not come then, disturbing the congregation. The congregation was composed of Leigh and Banks!

Mr. Flourney relates a little incident which happened during the election of members to the convention of 1829, showing that Mr. Randolph knew almost everybody in his congressional district. All day long the voters had been arriving at Prince Edward Court-house, crying in a loud voice, as their names were entered, "Randolph, Leigh, Venable." At length a man came forward and voted for Banks, Bruce, and Carrington.

"Who is that?" inquired Mr. Randolph.

"Mr. Beasley," responded some one in the crowd.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Randolph; "the old one-eyed sleigh-maker who lives on Sandy Creek!"

This remark was made to deter others from casting their votes against him.

The Rev. John T. Clark said in the notes furnished to the writer:

My intercourse with Mr. Randolph, during the last two years of his life, exerted a permanent influence over me, and gave me great encouragement to persevere in my purpose to devote myself to the Christian ministry. Mr. Randolph and my father differed as widely as possible in their political opinions; and although for a short time the former sympathized with the Federalists in their opposition to the War of 1812, yet he never identified himself with their party. At the conclusion of the war he returned to his old political associates, while my father continued to the end of life a zealous and consistent Federalist. After his death Mr. Randolph was very considerate of my mother's situation and feelings, often sending her in the most delicate way some little rarity, like fish or fruit or preserves, and asking in return some little favor; and from his knowledge of her character and habits, he always asked something which he knew she would be glad to send, and which, from her reputation as an elegant housewife, he knew also would come to him with the nicest and most tempting preparation. In this way he made the interchange light and pleasant to both. But these attentions as well as his visits had become gradually less frequent, so that when I came home from school, although kind feelings existed, there was but little intercourse between the families. It was therefore with some surprise that one morning I received a small package of religious books from Mr.

Randolph, with a cordial invitation to come to see him. This I did immediately, and when I reached his house I met with the most hearty reception, and found that the reason he had sent for me was that he had heard of my purpose to "take orders," as he always spoke of my entering the ministry; and to encourage me in doing so, and to give me his advice as to my studies and course of reading. . . . He took me to his library and pointed out his favorite authors, at the same time making remarks and criticisms on them; occasionally reading, particularly from Milton, or quoting from South and Burke.

After going through his library in this way, he then offered me the use of any book he had, and urged upon me the acceptance as a present of several valuable theological works, saying that he was now old, and that they would be of no more use to him, and telling me how valuable they would be to me. Before my visit was over he became so much interested, and his religious feelings were so much aroused, that he took down a prayer-book, and both of us taking seats, he read the litany. At many of the petitions he would pause, and remarking on them, he directed me how to read them. On one petition in particular—"By thy agony and bloody sweat, by thy cross and passion, by thy precious death and burial, by thy glorious resurrection and ascension, and by the coming of the Holy Ghost, Good Lord, deliver us"—he commented at much length, telling in his own emphatic language—the *ardentia verba*, which he said himself was eloquence—how this wonderful petition always affected him; while it lifted his thoughts and heart to heaven, yet with what solemn and almost terrific feelings it filled his mind when he thus called over in prayer to God the account of our Saviour's sufferings for us. In this way he spent nearly the entire day, and before parting he reminded me that the "old church" needed propping, and he said I could do it.

The reader can easily understand how a young man would feel at such encouragement and advice from one so capable of giving them. From that time, for the two short years that he lived, whenever he was at Roanoke his house was always open to me, his library at my command, and he ever ready to talk with me and encourage and advise me. Never did he say an unkind word to me; but on the contrary, everything he said to me was kind and oftentimes complimentary. So that, whatever others may say of him, or whatever may have been his faults to others, I have no feelings towards him but of kindness and reverence.

These fragments of his life reinforce the vast amount of matter which has heretofore been published about Mr. Randolph, in showing that he was indeed "a phenomenon among men."

Powhatan Bouldin.

THE SCHISM.

IN the large parlor of a rich monastery, hung with old tapestries, in front of the monumental mantelpiece in carved granite, a repast is spread on a cloth of heavy guipure. On each side, facing each other, are two guests comfortably seated in large arm-chairs.

The one, very tall, heavily built, high-colored, with bald head and bushy eyebrows, is of a jovial character and sanguine temperament. He wears the costume of the Trinitarian order, and the five-pointed black satin bonnet. The other, entirely different from the first, small, scant, with a yellow skin, long gray hair, and sinewy, nervous hands, has every appearance of a bilious hypochondriac. He is dressed in the scarlet cassock of a cardinal, with the four-winged biretta.

The *déjeuner* is about over. All that remains on the table is a half-demolished pie giving forth a strong odor of spices, and a few half-empty bottles. These old bottles, on which time has laid robes of dust,—preserved intact by the respectful hand of the Brother Cellarman,—denote a repast of high taste, copiously and fastidiously washed down.

The cardinal, raising his glass, says, "I drink to my host, to my old friend of boyhood days, to Barnaby, the king of abbots."

"And I," replies the monk, "drink to the friend of my youth, to his Eminence Ignatius of Petrucci, to the future camerlingo!" And setting down his glass, which he has emptied at a draught, he continues with effusion: "My dear Ignatius, how kind of you to come over thus and spend a few days with me in my poor convent!"

"Poor convent! The deuce! One of the richest abbeys that exist—over a million of revenue! I do not pity you. The purple is not worth that much—far from it."

"Yes, but then you have the honors; you can aspire to the tiara."

"Oh! oh! aspire to the tiara! Dream of it, perhaps."

"You deserve it, Ignatius. Your eminent science, your diplomatic tact, your wide views, the austerity of your life, all point you out as the choice of the Conclave; while I, a petty, obscure abbot—"

"A petty abbot who by special authorization of St. Peter has the miter and the crozier. You rank as a bishop, with the title of 'Highness'; you are held in high esteem at the Vatican, where your merits are appreciated equally with mine, if not more so; and you add to all that the rarest of all virtues—modesty. Barnaby, if you are not satisfied you are hard to please. When we were ordained, both on the same day, we had the same ambitions. Starting from the same point, we have sought the same end,—by different paths, it is true, but without distancing each other,—and I do not see why we should not still have to-day the same dream."

"Ah, my dear Ignatius, always large-hearted! Could I complain to God of the share he has given me when he bestows a friend such as you? To think that when we were youngsters we used to fight over a bird's nest, about an apple! You used to call me a big coward!"

"It was because you had a free hand and sometimes abused your strength."

"That is true. But you knew how to revenge yourself on the sly. And at the seminary, with our theological discussions! How overbearing you were!"

"And you as stubborn as a mule."

"You admitted of no contradiction."

"You would not have yielded for an empire."

"And with all that, both convinced that our dignity was at stake! Dear me, how stupid youngsters are!—and there is no denying we were youngsters then. Do you remember our last quarrel, which caused so much scandal that we came very near being expelled?"

"Do I remember it! As if it were yesterday."

"T is true, you never forget anything."

"It seems to me that you do not either."

"Oh, I—that is different. I have leisure to think of the past; and then I cannot help telling you that I was humiliated, being in the right, at our Superior's declaring that I was wrong."

"You maintained an absurdity."

"An absurdity! That is to say, I had not

sufficient arguments. But since then I have gathered together proofs with which I could dumfound you."

"Ah! ah! I should like to see them."

"It is not difficult; just wait a minute."

While the monk passes into the library contiguous to the parlor, the cardinal, already very excited, spreading himself in his arm-chair as he would for a play, pushes away bottles and plates on the table so as to make room for the armful of volumes which Barnaby brings back and sets down in front of his adversary. Then, placing his seat opposite his friend, the monk begins to pass him the books, opened at the proper places. While the cardinal reads them Barnaby prepares others in advance, which he piles on the corner of the table, marking the pages with anything that comes nearest his hand—knives, forks, or spoons, which remain fixed in the edges of the folios.

At the same time the discussion begins, calmly enough; then it grows bitter, and becomes more and more vehement.

"Error! Heresy!" cries the cardinal, interrupting his reading every minute, while claspings his fingers as if to clutch the demon, and lifting up his arms with great gestures of exorcism.

The abbot, all the while piling up the books in confusion, and already very hot, retorts, "Incredulity! Bad faith! Despotism!" and, finally turning round his arm-chair, he jumps up, taking great strides, his face crimson, his calotte awry.

"So you deny the evidence, as usual?"

"Where is your evidence? You bring me a lot of rhapsodies gathered together by infamous falsifiers, or else suggested to imbeciles by Satan himself, and you believe it all to be gospel truth."

"I believe the fathers of the church."

"The fathers of the church—of the church which was only conceived after them! They could not, therefore, know anything about it, or else their writings are apocryphal."

"Apocryphal—the letter of my patron saint, Barnaby! Would you dare say so?"

"Yes, sir, apocryphal—or at least contested."

"Contested—the Epistle of Barnabas, the companion of St. Paul!"

"Yes, sir, and justly so, because it is in contradiction to the doctrine of St. Paul."

"Well, sir, St. Paul is not God himself."

"Nor your patron Barnabas either."

"He is nearer to him than your Ignatius Loyola, an intriguer."

"An intri—" The cardinal, becoming suddenly pale, and pushing back the table, draws himself up to the full height of his small person, and in a voice trembling with rage cries out: "Sir Abbot, mitered and croziered though you be, do not touch this giant! It is truly pitiable to see this bishop by indulgence attack one of the lights of the church, who, like a beacon enlightening the world for three centuries past, points out to the wayward the way to salvation."

"A light of the church? Ah! yes, like that one there, hanging on the wall, a blind lantern, fit only to guide conspirators in dark caverns."

"Quite the contrary. It is he who has fought against conspirators. Decidedly your Highness's ignorance has no bounds."

"Say the word, say it—I own it. I prefer to bray rather than to lie."

"But, unfortunate being, it is a falsehood you are maintaining; you are steeped in heresy; your Highness, if we listened to it, it would lead us straight into a new schism."

"A schism? So be it! At least your Eminence will find therein the joys of separation."

And the two adversaries, with one impulse, falling furiously into their arm-chairs, remain seated back to back without speaking another word.

Oh, gentlemen! Two venerated prelates—two friends! If an artist, lifting up the corner of a curtain, should see this scene, and then think of reproducing it, what a sad example you would set!

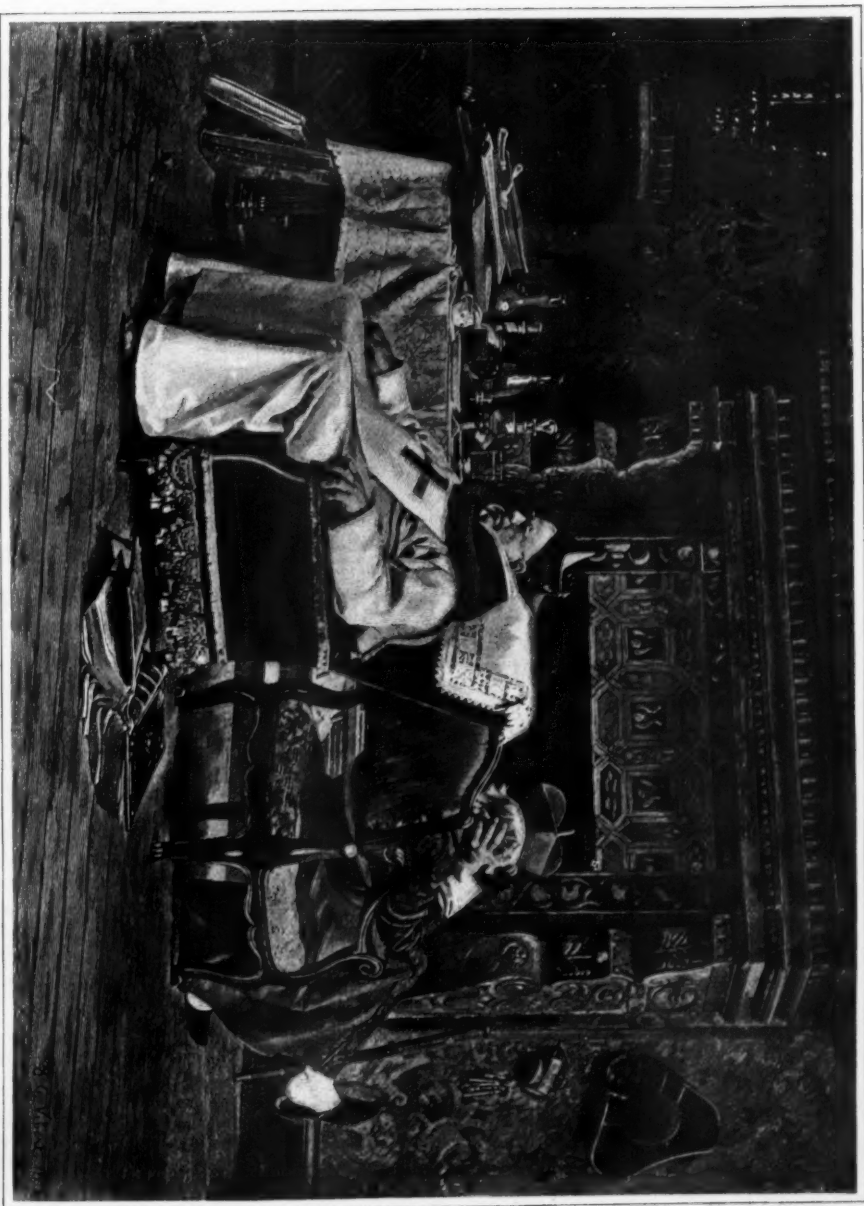
THE REPRIMAND.

THERE is not in all Andalusia anything so picturesque as the smart little town of— but why name it?

In this happy city lives a venerable abbé, learned, charitable, and as good a fellow as any of his compatriots. He nurses the sick, consoles the afflicted, settles all disputes, cures the vines, tastes the vintages; in fact,

he is expert in all things, and, what is unusual, is an expert consulted and listened to by all. And if you only knew where to go, you could no doubt find the good abbé still installed on his terrace, in a large tapestry chair, taking his chocolate, under the shade of a secular lilac-tree.

Hither come to him every day, each in



PAINTED BY A. S. WRIGHT.

THE SCHISM.

turn, the pleaders, the vine-dressers, and the pretty penitents appearing before their judges. (Judges is here written in the plural because, independently of the abbé, his cat Minos is present at all the hearings.) It should be owned that he sleeps nearly all the time; but that does not prevent him from rendering decisions worthy of Solomon. It happens thus. When the pleadings last long without any light being thrown on the debates, when the vines are attacked by an unknown disease, when the sins of penitents become too disquieting—in fact, every time the judge does not wish to compromise himself by pronouncing judgment, he turns toward the animal and says, «Well, what do you think of it, Minos?» Minos never replies. Then the abbé continues in solemn tones, «I am of the same opinion as Minos.» It is invariable, final, unanswerable. Every one knows that it is a dismissal, and accepts it under a form which is not mortifying as coming from an unthinking animal which is, moreover, asleep.

Thus Doña Pilar, being in turn on the bench with her daughter, was gesticulating, clasp- ing her hands, vociferating, reproaching, and making the terrace and the surrounding roofs resound with her bursts of anger—so much so that Minos opened his eyes for an instant.

«Yes, Monsieur l'Abbé,» she was saying, out of breath; «this is what she has done! And withal she appears so modest that one would absolve her without confession. Oh, before you she casts down her eyes, the sly one! She is too much afraid that you would read her sins in them, the bad girl! And she is my daughter—mine—Doña Pilar, whose piety is an example to the town! Monsieur l'Abbé, that child will drive me mad! Punish her; lock her up; she is wicked. Monsieur l'Abbé, I give her to you.»

During this violent diatribe the kind judge was trying to assume a severe countenance. He kept opening and shutting his snuff-box

and taking pinch after pinch, which always denoted with him a state of great perplexity. Several times during the long story of the pranks of Miss Maria he pursed up his lips and opened his eyes wide, uttering an «Oh! oh!» which he tried to express indignantly. Once, even, he had said, «It is serious—very serious.» But when Doña Pilar stopped at last he was compelled to speak out in a less laconic way, and that was even more serious.

He hesitated, taking a pinch of snuff. Then he said: «A penance? A penance? I must have one; I am trying to think of a chastisement in keeping with the sin—a punishment coming from God himself. Exactly! I just recall that a long time ago,—about twenty years, I believe,—a young culprit came and sat before me on that very bench, there, where you are. She was pretty, elegant, coquettish, as you were at sixteen, Doña Pilar.»

Doña Pilar, already a little puzzled by this opening speech, not knowing whether to smile or not, murmured, «Monsieur l'Abbé!»

«Besides, it is while looking at Maria that this recollection comes back to me; for she is so like my little sinner of old that I might almost think I was looking at her now. The same figure, the same modest and contrite air, the same little pout, and, what is strange, the same failing!»

Doña Pilar no longer wore a smile, but murmured with an imploring look, «Monsieur l'Abbé!»

He made a sign, as much as to say, «Fear not; I shall not name her,» and continued with severity: «It is sufficient that you know of whom I speak. I said to her at the time: «My child, if you continue you will drive your parents to despair. Fear, then, that heaven in its wrath may give you one day a daughter like yourself.» By threatening Maria to-day with a similar misfortune, do you not think it would be a sufficient penance, Doña Pilar? And you—what do you think, Minos?»

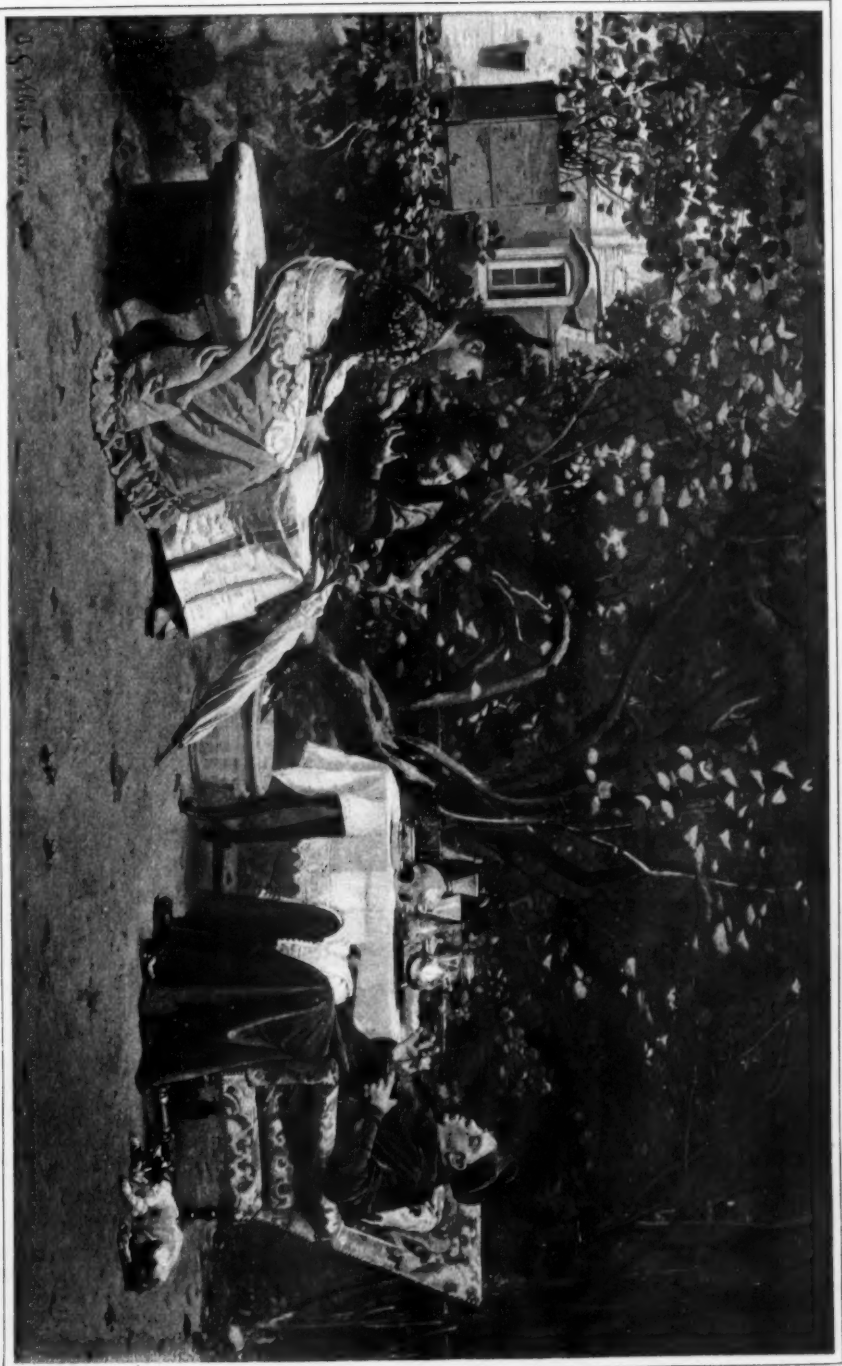
THE ROLL-CALL AFTER THE PILLAGE.

THEY had come from over the hills, like an irruption of barbarians, massacring and ravaging everything in their path.

An army composed of mercenary troops and militia raised in cities tried to stem the invasion, but, being overthrown in the first encounter, the broken battalions were soon routed after a semblance of combat, and a few soldiers alone, taking advantage of the confusion, were able to seek safety in flight.

As for the unfortunate militiamen, who had both honor and courage because they were fighting for the sake of their wives, their children, and their homes, they would not give way, and were soon outflanked, surrounded, crushed by numbers.

Then began the horrible butchery. The time-hardened soldiers, clad in armor, assassins by profession, fell upon this flock of almost defenseless citizens, like butchers in a



PAINTED BY A. G. VIMERT.

THE REPRIMAND.

slaughter-house, hacking and hewing, cleaving, slashing, running them through. Pikes, halberds, cutlasses, partizans, extinguished in blood the gleam of steel.

After this memorable battle the conquering brigands invaded the rural districts freely; their greedy bands descended into fertile valleys, spreading terror everywhere, and the entire region, having no defenders left, was given up to all the horrors of war.

As in the middle ages, when the famous bands of highwaymen, freebooters, cut-throats, and banditti infested the country, the roads were full of marauders with sinister faces,—footpads, tramps, pickpockets, thieves, plunderers,—all laden with spoils.

In the burned cities, leaguers, bullies, tilt-ers, black with smoke, covered with ashes and dust still clotted with blood, carrying steel and fire, wandered amid the rubbish, bounding like ferocious tigers, unsatiated demons, ever seeking fresh victories.

All the scum are in a merry mood; jovial fellows, gay old dotards, drunkards, toppers, debauchees, roasting flesh and fowl, knocking in wine-casks, feasting among the smoking ruins, and at nightfall as drunk as pigs, noisy, boasting, brawling. Already big black crows and vultures circle in clouds in the darkened sky, and in the furrows soaked with filth there springs up slowly the germ of the great scourge which will make this a wilderness—Pestilence!

Nevertheless, on all sides loud trumpet-blasts have sounded, and the officers are gathering their scattered troops to seek fresh exploits.

Here, in front of his assembled company, Captain Jean Truand, surnamed the Blood-thirsty, still tipsy, but straight in his saddle, astride a superb Spanish jennet, proceeds to muster his men, while over there the advance-guard is already on the march, carrying away the baggage and spoils.

The lieutenant, with muster-roll in hand, calls out, «Don Alvarez of Alcantara!»

«Present!» answers the head of the file, a tall fellow of proud and manly bearing. He carries on his shoulder a heavy *harquebus*, and at the waist, among the folds of a brilliant scarf, together with pistol, bullet-bag, and priming-horn, there is a duck hanging by the neck.

«Bravo!» says Jean Truand in a voice of thunder, husky through excesses. «The trophy is worthy of a grand seigneur. It is

on the water, it appears, that you seek your foes? One can see that you have served on the galleys of his Majesty.»

The soldier accepts the insult, unmoved in appearance; for an instant his wicked eye gleams, then dies out in the shadow of a frown. Answering back to the captain means death. They all know it, yet nobody dares to laugh. The lieutenant passes on to the next name.

«Fra Angelo!»

«Present!» says a thin and high-pitched voice from beneath the brim of a big felt hat, placed like a black extinguisher on a long, black body.

«Odsbud!» continued the same croaking voice: «*frater tenebrus*, are you so dazed by drink as to forget all prudence? When the devil turns hermit he takes care that the end of his tail does not hang below his robe, and your cloak shows up the muzzle of a blunderbuss which is not calculated to encourage a timid pilgrim.»

Fra Angelo, ordinarily, is not partial to jokes, but he does not flinch, and the roll-call continues: «Zamacois, the Biscayan!»

«Present!»

«Van Clootens!»

«Present!»

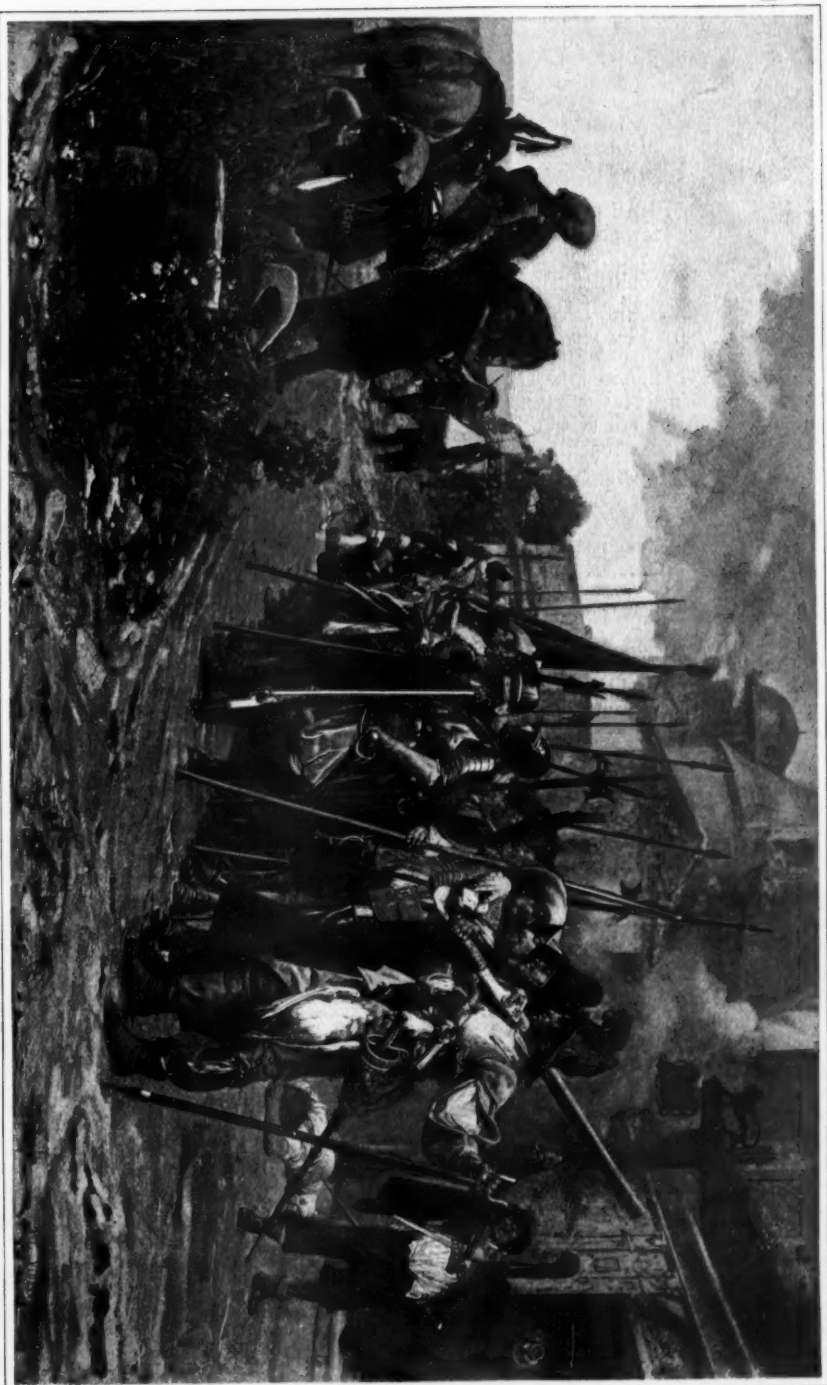
«Tourpendille! Tourpendille!»

A hand goes up in the rank, and there is heard, «Vacancy to the left,» while a few paces away a voice shouts out, «Tourpendille—dead drunk on the field of honor!»

Where do all these wandering adventurers, this assemblage of swaggerers dressed in cast-off clothing and incongruous armor, come from? No one knows. The type may reveal the race, the accent indicate the language, the name determine the country, the sword, like the Spanish broadsword, the Scotch claymore, the Swiss double-handed sword, the Italian rapier, may also fix the place of origin; but types are blended, accents are acquired or lost with time, names are borrowed, swords are stolen, and out of all these bandits there are few who know or would tell where they were born.

Yet all these outcasts, hired bravos, eager to serve their master, are in the pay of a powerful monarch. They march unfolding the royal standard in their front, and Clio, the muse of history, has just inscribed a fresh victory where the king's troops have covered themselves with glory!

J. G. Vibert.



PAINTED BY A. G. VIGNET.

THE ROLL-CALL AFTER THE PILLAGE.

THE ELDER DUMAS.



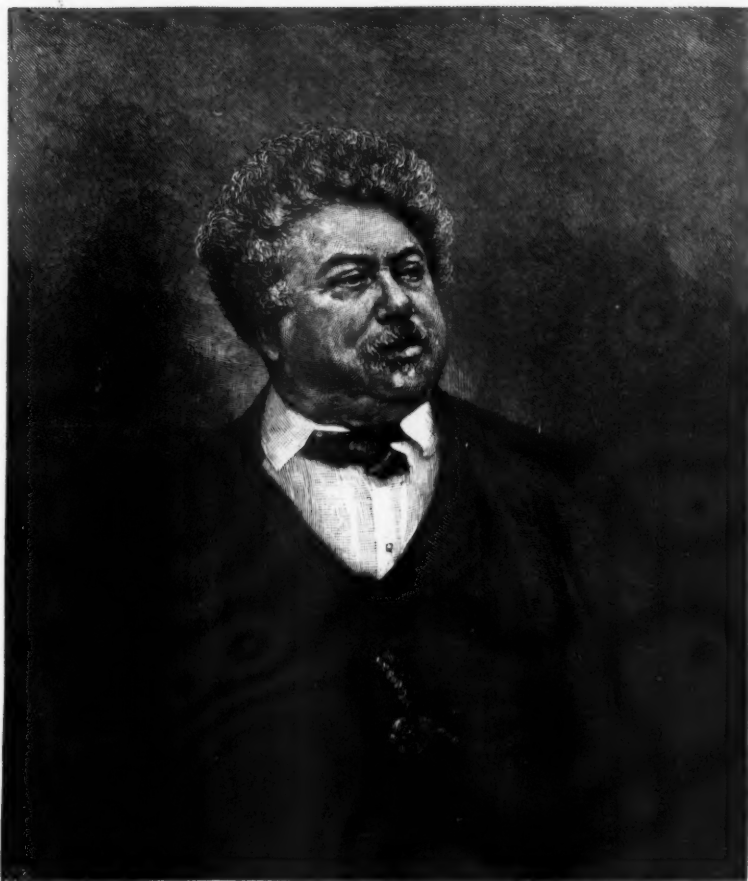
DUMAS the elder had not a few points of resemblance to Oliver Goldsmith. He could not help running into debt, giving alms largely to every one who demanded them without stopping to inquire whether the mendicant were an impostor or an honest man, being a prey to sharp dealers and parasites, and living from hand to mouth. He was also boastful, from a fear of being forgotten or underrated, though without a grain of envy in his genial soul; was fond of the excitement and adventures of the old-fashioned modes of traveling; and had an undying love for the place in which he spent his youth. Throughout his long and varied literary career he nursed the hope of ending his days in the forest-girdled town of Villers-Cotterets, in the ancient province of Valois, where he was born and reared. If ever the thought of saving any of his earnings traversed his brain, the father to it was his lifelong desire "to there return, and die at home at last." He often talked of buying, when he had the means, the house in the Rue de Lormier in which he was born as day dawned on a July morning, in the second year of this century. Villers-Cotterets was written on his heart, and reacted on most of his after-life impressions. When he revisited the town he was lionized by great and small, and found that boyish escapades and venial sins of adolescence were still held in kindly remembrance by the old folks. Dumas was a man of warm and ready sympathies, jovial of temperament, and sparkling with ready wit. His impressions were vivacious, the fountains were near his eyes, and after laughing and crying, or rather blubbering, for sheer joy at the welcome he received, he lent himself to convivial demonstrations, and delighted all who sat down with him at table by his high spirits and the brilliancy of his conversation.

The works of Dumas the elder teem with his early reminiscences. Some of them glow often with the local color of the sylvan neighborhood in which he was brought up. It was also his persistent wish to be buried in the pretty cemetery, more rustic than urban, of Villers-Cotterets. There he now lies beside

his father and mother, and near his daughter Mme. Petel, his grandfather the innkeeper Labouret, and a number of other relatives on the maternal side.

The genius of the race inhabiting the Valois is humane and gentle and temperate in its highest manifestations. La Ferté-Milon, where Racine was born, and Château-Thierry, the place of La Fontaine's nativity, are in the same region as Villers-Cotterets. The sobriety of intellect which is a Valoisian quality greatly toned down the African exuberance of Dumas. He had tropical prolificness, but the savor of his literary works was delicate and essentially French. He was always natural, animated, sparkling, and original, and took as much pleasure in narrating as his readers took in following his narratives. When we think of the historical period which opened just after his father, Comte Davy de la Pailleterie, son of the marquis of that title and Louise Dumas, a colored woman of Santo Domingo, enlisted under his mother's name, and the epic events in which he was an actor, we can understand why his son related the prodigious adventures of "Les Trois Mousquetaires" as if they were ordinary events. General Dumas was born in 1762, near Cape Rose, in Santo Domingo. Whether his mother was negro or mulatto is not known; but as the marquis was so greatly attached to her that the island became unendurable when he lost her, she had probably that gift of beauty which often distinguishes colored women. Their child grew up to be a remarkably handsome man, with straight features, eyes as soft as velvet, a brown skin, laughing mouth, white, even teeth, a strong neck, powerful chest and shoulders, and hands and feet of such aristocratic smallness that he could wear the gloves and slippers of a woman. He had French sensibility and bravery, which, with his herculean strength and address in using arms, made him redoubtable on the field of battle and as a duelist.

The disposition of General Dumas had many African sides. His heart was impetuous and warm, his will inconstant, and he seldom troubled himself about the future. Brought up without religion, all those devotional instincts which he inherited from the Dark Continent ran in the direction of



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM PHOTOGRAPH OF PORTRAIT BY DUSIFE.

BY PERMISSION OF BOUSSOD, VALADON & CO.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS THE ELDER.

the Republic when it was proclaimed, and placed him in opposition to Bonaparte in Egypt. The childish guilelessness of his character placed him at the mercy of intriguers, and disabled him from reaping the fruits of his military prowess, quickness, and divination. After being the Horatius Cocles of Napoleon's first two Italian campaigns, and foremost in the path of valor in Egypt, where he dared fanaticism by entering a mosque on horseback to put down a Mameluke revolt, he died a half-pay general at the age of forty-two, leaving an unpensioned widow, whose heritage was very slender, and two children, one of whom was a girl of ten and the other a boy of five, who never forgot his father, and kept his name from being forgotten. The African improvidence of the general was shown in his motto, « Dieu a donné; Dieu donnera, » and which the prodigal son indorsed. « God, having given, will go on giving, » was

a conclusion dictated by a fine heart. God has continued giving even to the third and fourth generations of the mulatto soldier's posterity.

There was nothing that had such a cordial action on the elder Dumas as to trace the interventions of a good Providence in his career, and particularly in the trifling circumstances on which the great events of his life hinged. His mother had the Valoisian character. She was simple, amiable, just, affectionate, and of a tender heart and soul. In foul weather as in fine, for the eighteen years which she spent at Villers-Cotterets after the general's death, she daily visited his grave. The son, when he was little, accompanied her, and became so attached to the cemetery that in the most brilliant time of his manhood he looked forward with satisfaction to the prospect of lying there himself. Mme. Dumas *mère* worshiped her son, and he returned her love with his whole heart, but was

too heedless and unforeseeing not to cause her often deep affliction. The worst heart-aches that he occasioned were involuntary. When he was eleven years old all the mothers in France were hostile to Bonaparte; but when most of them expressed their hatred in execrations, the general's widow only wept and sighed. Shortly after the retreat from Moscow she clasped Alexandre to her breast in a

Dumas's statue by Carrier-Belleuse stands in the Place de la Fontaine. This image rests on a granite pedestal. It represents Dumas standing, and clad in a loose overcoat such as he often wore in lieu of a dressing-gown. The collar of his shirt is open. When that garment was fastened at the neck his brain was not at ease, if he were working. The first thing he did, therefore, in sitting down to



ENGRAVED BY T. JOHNSON, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MULHIER.

REPRINTED FROM "THE CENTURY" FOR JANUARY, 1884.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS THE YOUNGER.

paroxysm of grief. "What ails you, mother?" he asked. "My poor dear child," she cried, "I am thinking that in five years that man who has taken so much from us and given us nothing will seize you and send you to be killed on a field of battle." "But," as the novelist in telling of this incident said, "God, in the fulfilment of his designs, needed the fall of Napoleon, and so forsaking him, the generation born at the beginning of the century was not delivered over to the cannon's maw."

write was to throw aside his cravat and to unbutton his shirt. A quill pen, with which he always wrote with copperplate regularity, but with few marks of punctuation, is in his right hand, and his left hand is placed on a pile of volumes, on the backs of which are inscribed the titles of his best works. The statue is just as Dumas looked when, more than twenty years ago, he stood up at the table of Gudin, the marine-painter, to return thanks for the justice which had been

done to a supper which he cooked. He said: «I am no orator [which was not the truth], because my pen has left my tongue so little to do. But if I could kiss you all for leaving nothing but empty dishes, I should gladly do so. However, as you are too numerous to be embraced, pray elect my gifted neighbor the Comtesse de Pepoli [Alboni] to be your proxy. If you do, I shall ask her to sing out my thanks in return for the fine appreciation you have shown of my culinary talents. . . .» Alboni received the kiss and sang the song.

The statue in the Place de la Fontaine was unveiled early in the summer of 1885 by Dumas the younger, of the success of whose cold, sharp analysis the author of «*Les Trois Mousquetaires*» was at first a little jealous. Perhaps jealousy is not the term to express his feeling. He rather felt like a person who, having given a brilliantly painted and gilded drum to a child, sees him break it up to ascertain whence the sound comes. Since Scheherazade entertained the Sultan during a thousand and one nights with her tales there had never been such a story-teller, in the best literary sense, as the elder Dumas. He had amused not only France, but the rest of the novel-reading world, for nearly a quarter of a century. The favor shown for his son's scalpel in 1852, when «*La Dame aux Camélias*» was a novelty, showed him that his intellectual play-toys were beginning to satiate the public palate, and that until a new class of readers sprung up they would be flung aside. When he got used to this painful idea he became inordinately proud of the vogue which the younger Dumas enjoyed.

When the son grew up, father and son hardly stood in a paternal and filial relation to each other. They were not wanting in affection, but the father was too much a man of instinct to compel respect, and the son was not prone to venerate anybody or anything except his mother, with whose hard, self-reliant character he was in sympathy. She was a Rouennaise, was married to a man who ill-used her, left him, came to Paris to support herself with her needle, and fell in with Dumas the elder when he was a clerk employed to address letters in the household of the Duc d'Orléans (afterward Louis Philippe). He had a salary of fifteen hundred francs a year from the future Citizen King, whose revenues from landed estates amounted to five million francs a year. The young woman earned a fairly good livelihood by contracting to sew for a ladies' outfitting shop. She was alone, and her good-natured neighbor inspired her

with sympathy. Being probably descended from some Gold Coast ancestor, he was polygamous, and did not seem alive to the social requirements of western Europe on the score of matrimony. He liked the fair sex, was inconstant in love, and jealous when he loved. The Rouennaise grass widow was intelligent, and seriously, indeed, heroically, discharged her duties to their son, who was born in 1824. When she discovered that her lover had a rich vein of literary genius she incited him to work with his pen as an author, and to form a style and complete his education by study.

The schooling of the elder Dumas had been given to him by an honest and antiquated priest, the Abbé Grégoire, who taught a score of boys history, Latin, and some Greek and arithmetic. The Sister Amée gave him writing-lessons, and he read whatever came in his way. A good-natured next-door neighbor, Mme. Darcourt, whose daughter Éléonore took compassion on the orphan boy and became his second mother, used, when they were both sewing in the long evenings, to let him amuse himself with an illustrated edition of Buffon. The pictures of beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles awoke curiosity, and while most other children of his age were in the primer he had got through the natural history. Notions of geography were derived from «*Robinson Crusoe*,» and ideas of sacred history and theology from a magnificent pictorial Bible at the château of M. Collard, an old friend of General Dumas. Demoustier's «*Lettres à Émilie*» on the Greek mythology, «*La Mythologie de la Jeunesse*,» odd volumes of «*The Arabian Nights*,» of Fénelon's works, and of Rollin's history, completed his store of erudition. His great teachers were nature and the hard conditions of life in which he was placed. They acted on a brain of singular vigor and assimilative capacity. Like Shakspeare, a part of his education was obtained as a clerk in a provincial attorney's office, from which he was turned out when not quite eighteen for making, without leave, an excursion to Paris and staying there three days.

Dumas felt that he had stuff in him which in the great city would bring him to the top, and was enchanted at his dismissal, although he did not know what to do for the barest livelihood. General Foy, an old friend of his father and the head of the advanced liberals in the Chamber, with whom the Duc d'Orléans (Louis Philippe) was intriguing against Charles X., was appealed to by the scapegrace. He asked that prince to do him the favor of giving employment to Dumas, who

was given the function of expeditionary clerk; that is to say, clerk to address letters which other secretaries wrote. Here he found his opening. The Palais Royal, where the Duc d'Orléans lived, was close to the Théâtre Français, and in the dull season tickets to see the plays there were often sent to the underlings of the ducal household. Dumas profited by them, and also by the theatrical relations of a young friend, De Leuven, who had had some success as a dramatic author, and whose example stimulated Dumas to try his hand at authorship. In this he was encouraged by his chum, who years later was manager of the Opéra Comique, and subsequently bequeathed a large fortune to Dumas the younger. There was also another factor in the shaping of Dumas's career. One of his fellow-clerks had been a good deal with the Duc d'Orléans in England, and was well versed in English literature, which he thought had then more vitality than French. He advised the undeveloped genius to study Scott and Shakspeare, but in the original language. By prodigious industry this was soon done. Those works opened a new world to the student, and set his mind in a state of violent fermentation. In his garret in the Place des Italiens his greatest expenditure was for the lamp-oil that he burned in familiarizing himself with the giants of English fiction, in whom he thought he had found models. In this he did himself injustice, for he never was a copyist. He and they had one common faculty: to every mummy that they found in history and chose to revive in a tale or drama they gave life. There is nothing more living than the male characters of Dumas. His women are more conventional; but they all give, nevertheless, the illusion of life. Their personality is stronger in his dramas than in his novels, and the most firmly portrayed are those who stood well out in history, such as Margaret of Valois, Anne of Austria, the Duchess of Guise, Queen Christina, Marie Antoinette, or simple, outspoken, kind-hearted village girls. Of his rustic types there are charming specimens in «La Tulipe Noire,» and Catherine, the farmer's daughter, in «Ange Pitou.» It was under the fresh impulsion of Scott and Shakspeare that he began to write for the stage. «La Reine Christine,» his maiden drama, was brought out at the Odéon, and «Henri III. et sa Cour» at the Français. They were produced before he was twenty-two. Thus Dumas was earlier afield than Victor Hugo as an author of historical and romantic plays. But though a poet in feeling and a writer of clear, graceful, and ani-

mated prose, he had not the accomplishment of verse. He was so rich in lovable qualities that he disarmed envy; but he could never command respect, and did not, therefore, take position as the initiator of a school. It may be said also that although he amused with an unflagging spirit, he did not unloose stormy passions or dive into the hidden recesses of the heart. With less driving force and staying power he would have had only a pretty talent; but with his sustained gaiety, invention, and unaffected literary graces he was unique. He was greatly afraid when he was dying that his fame would die with him; but as long as the French tongue lives and mankind wants easily digested and amusing books to read his works will be republished.

I did not meet the elder Dumas until he was on the wane, but was acquainted with him before he fell under the influence of Adah Isaacs Menken. When young, his hair was fair, then dark, but when I saw him it was gray, and in texture less woolly than the negro's. His lips were thick, and extended from ear to ear when he laughed, and his teeth were uneven and set apart from each other. He flattered himself that his nose was straight. It was, however, lumpy, with wide, strongly marked, and quivering nostrils. To the pride of life he was insensible. But he was a slave of the flesh, though in a fitful way; and the never-ending pressure of creditors obliged him to react against his conviviality. One saw that he was a force of nature and a child of nature. His small hands and feet, and his singularly acute though good-natured blue eyes, alone indicated blood derived from a long line of civilized Northern ancestors. There were traces of Africa in his speech. His laugh was a guffaw, but its hilarity was contagious. When a case of suffering was made known to him his face at once fell, and if he knew the sufferer the broad face contracted, and he howled until he had spent his grief. Mme. Dorval, whom he and Victor Hugo thought the greatest actress of her time, for emotional parts, used to call him her «bon chien» and her «gros chien.» In the hour of death she did not lay aside this term of endearment, which any one else would have resented. He was doggish in many respects, but of the generous, impulsive Newfoundland type.

The revolution of February, by transferring the drama from the stage to the streets, ruined the theaters of Paris, and among them Dumas's «Théâtre Historique.» Mme. Dorval, who was engaged in his troupe, had to seek provincial engagements. After a while she

went back to Paris to die. She was in poverty, and was tormented by the fear of being buried in the paupers' trench and separated from her grandchildren. She thought of her old friend, bankrupt Dumas, and a messenger from her found him at the Français directing the rehearsal of the «Testament of Cæsar.» He threw down his manuscript and went with all speed to the other side of the town, where she lodged. She told him she should die of despair if she could not have a private grave. It would cost seven hundred francs for five years. Dumas promised her that it should be as she wished, and when she expired went to seek the money for the grave. There were two hundred francs in his desk. Where in the world was he to get the rest? He ordered the coachman to drive to the Minister of Public Instruction, M. de Falloux, whom he did not know personally, and who was clerical and monarchical, while he was republican. «Excuse me, M. le Ministre,» he said when he was announced, «if an instinctive sympathy prompts me to request a service of you.» M. de Falloux bowed. «Mme. Dorval is dead, but in such poverty that her friends and admirers must give her a grave and pay for her funeral. I am both a friend and admirer and debtor, but am now in difficulties, so that I can pay only a third.» The minister handed his visitor a hundred-franc note. Hugo was next tried, and subscribed two hundred francs. Dumas overcame his repugnance to the Prince President, and went to call at the Élysée. Napoleon was as impecunious as the novelist, and made all sorts of promises and apologies. «What a fool I am!» thought Dumas. «Have I not the grand diamond star of the Order of Nischam, which the Sultan gave me when I was in Constantinople?» This token of the Grand Turk's favor was taken to the mont-de-piété to be pawned. Two thousand francs were advanced on it, out of which the owner took five hundred francs for immediate expenses and to stop the mouth of a dun. M. Camille Doucet represented the Ministry of the Fine Arts at the grave, and made a farewell speech. Dumas went in his turn to address the mourners, but his sobs prevented him. He could only pick a flower from a crown on the coffin, kiss it, and throw it into the open grave.

Dumas never found anybody to whom he could attach himself and whom he could revere as a master until he fell in with Garibaldi in Sicily. But the jealousy of the Neapolitan lazzaroni because the dictator gave him the unsalaried post of director of museums and a *palazzino* for a residence disgusted him with Italy and the Italians, and prompted him to go

back to Paris to resume neglected tasks. He was a poor courtier and a very sincere republican; but when he suddenly became a lion, and was raised by the Duc d'Orléans to the post of his librarian, he contracted a friendship for the Duc de Chartres. After 1830, when the son took his father's title and became prince royal, he and Dumas remained on terms of charming familiarity. The author's lodging was then in the Rue de Rivoli, facing the end of the Tuileries, in which the heir apparent and his wife resided. The two men used to signal to each other from their windows. No friend expressed such deep and consoling sympathy as the eldest son of Louis Philippe when Dumas's mother was struck down with paralysis and carried off. The blow was a severe one. It came in the midst of a theatrical rehearsal which presaged a triumph. For three days he was inert and morally prostrate. The day after the funeral he was busy preparing to make a journey.

Dumas does not seem at any time to have thought seriously of matrimony. Perhaps, had the Rouennaise seamstress been free to marry him, his relations with her would have been legalized and the current of his life would have run in a less zigzag channel. She was a person of rare constancy of purpose and dignity of character, living always by her work, and carefully watching over her son. When she and Dumas quarreled, the filiation of the younger Alexandre was «recognized» by the elder, a legal formality which gave him paternal rights and enabled the father to take him from his mother and place him as a boarder in the Collège Chaptal. But as the father's anger was evanescent and his heart soft and righteous, the maternal claims were not long denied. The woman urging them sought and obtained, to be near her child, the direction of the linen and the shirt-mending department in the college, and not only lived on her salary, but made provision to help her son forward when he grew up, and for her own old age. The son cherished her in her life and revered her memory. As he married a Russian lady of high rank, his mother would not live with him when he was rich and renowned until she felt she was dying. This was in 1868. The prodigal father, who hardly deserved the name of Dumas *père*, was then broken in health and falling into the state of permanent somnolency which took hold of him before his death. His daughter, Mme. Petel, with impulsive generosity, asked him to make her half-brother legitimate by marrying his mother *in extremis*, and this he did.

Dumas the younger saw through the flatterers and false friends who preyed on Dumas the elder, and the latter often hid them when he received a call from his son. When he was on the wane one of the parasites got fifty thousand francs out of him. This is how he did it. He called on the novelist, and in a melancholy tone related how, through undeserved misfortunes, he had lost his patrimony, and, indeed, all in the world except the clothes on his back and the watch in his pocket. He would be obliged to sell the chronometer at once. As it was a family relic, he thought of asking a glorious writer to buy it, for it would be painful to him to dispose of it to a grasping jeweler. «How much do you want?» asked Dumas, who was in no need of a watch. «Three hundred francs,» replied the caller. «That's nothing for it, but I shall be proud to think you own it.» On searching in his desk and pockets, the author found he had only five francs, which he handed to the distressed visitor, whom he told to call again in a few days and he would pay the rest. This was done, but the house was nearly bare of money. «Would a bill payable in a month do for you?» asked Dumas. «Certainly,» cried the young man, who was of Oriental race; «and I know a usurer who will discount it at a loss of only fifty francs.» The visitor was retiring when he was called back. «Since you know a money-lender who would discount my signature, could you get him to let me have one thousand francs for three months?» «Certainly,» «I see you are an intelligent fellow, and as I want a confidential secretary, perhaps you would like the place. You will have board and lodging, and not much to do beyond answering creditors and settling money affairs.» The vender of the watch accepted the offer. Interest and compound interest went on accumulating on the three hundred francs. Finally, on the day on which Dumas sold the copyright of all his works to Michel Lévy for twenty years, he gave the vender of the chronometer an order on that publisher for 300 francs plus 49,700 francs for accumulated compound interest. It is needless to add that the obliging person who took such high rates of usance was the secretary himself.

When he was for a summer at the Villa Catinat at Enghien, working morning, noon, and night for newspapers, publishers, and theaters, his house was an inn for amateur musicians. When one starved musician had appeased his hunger he told another of his luck, and that other passed on the tidings to another. Dumas did not enjoy the compan-

ionship of this mob. When credit was low and the cook had resigned, Dumas had often to prepare repasts himself. A great dish of his was rice with tomatoes, which he once improvised when the larder was nearly empty and about twenty musical parasites were waiting for *déjeuner* in the grounds of his villa. He had made a search for provisions, in the course of which he came upon a basket of tomatoes freshly culled in the garden, a bag of rice, and some ham. The tomatoes were quickly transformed into a scarlet gravy, in which the rice was then boiled. When it was dished it was garnished with rashers of the ham and hard-boiled eggs. There was excellent wine in the cellar, and the lake yielded some eels. In culinary matters Dumas's invention was as great as in writing novels. When he shot game or bought it, his cook always asked if he or she was to dress it. Dumas had often to break up his establishment and go traveling abroad to get rid of parasites who quartered themselves on him, and to keep out of a debtors' prison—an institution suppressed in France only toward the end of the Second Empire. But as soon as he was out of Paris he forgot all about his embarrassments. At his architectural folly of Monte Cristo, near St.-Germain-en-Laye, which he built at a cost of upward of 700,000 francs, and sold for 36,000 francs in 1848, Dumas had uninclosed grounds and gardens, which, with the house, afforded lodgings and entertainment not only to a host of Bohemian «sponges,» but to all the dogs, cats, and donkeys that chose to quarter themselves in the place. It was called by the neighbors «la maison de Bon Dieu.» There was a menagerie in the park; peopled by three apes; Jugurtha, the vulture, whose transport from Africa, whence Dumas fetched him, cost 40,000 francs (it would be too long to tell why); a big parrot called Duval; a macaw named Papa and another christened Everard; Lucullus, the golden pheasant; Cæsar, the game-cock; a pea-fowl and a guinea-fowl; Mysouf II., the Angora cat; and the Scotch pointer Pritchard. This dog was a character. He was fond of canine society, and used to sit in the road looking out for other dogs to invite them to keep him company at Monte Cristo. He was taken by his master to Ham to visit Louis Napoleon when a prisoner there. The latter wished to keep Pritchard, but counted without the intelligence of the animal in asking Dumas before his face to leave him behind. The pointer set up a howl so piteous that the governor of the prison withdrew the authorization he had given his captive to retain him.

Some of the dogs that Pritchard invited in stayed altogether; others remained only for a meal. One day Michel, the gardener, said to his employer, «Does monsieur know how many dogs there are in his property?» «No, Michel; I don't.» «Well, there are thirteen.» «An unlucky number. Take care that they don't all eat together, for if they did one would be sure to die in the year.» «Oh, it's not that that troubles me,» pursued Michel. «What is it, then?» «I'm thinking that all these brutes are able to devour in one day a whole ox, horns and all.» «You don't mean to say that they'd eat the horns?» «Oh, if monsieur takes the matter as a joke, I have nothing more to say.» «But I don't see any joke in it.» «Well, then, just let me lay the whip on twelve of them, and the house will be rid of them right away.» «Wait a bit, Michel. You see that all these dogs, in quartering themselves here, pay a compliment to the house. Give them a grand dinner to-morrow, and at the end of the dessert tell them to clear out. If they don't go, show severity.» Michel was withdrawing when Dumas relented. «Hold!» he cried. «You see, when the *bon Dieu* gives us riches, a fine house, and position, he also imposes charges upon us. Since the dogs—which, after all, are his creatures too—are in the house, I prefer that they stay. I don't believe that any one was yet ruined by what poor brutes ate. However, see that the number of thirteen is changed.» «Will monsieur let me turn one away, and then there will be only twelve?» «No; encourage Pritchard to invite another, which will bring them up to fourteen.» «But it will then be a pack.» «With all my heart, provided the dogs don't quarrel and go mad.» They never did bark and bite, but lived in fraternal kindness until Monte Cristo was sold. Dumas, before he left it, got thirteen friends to take as many dogs, and kept Pritchard, who died with him of old age.

Dumas could be pathetic only for a moment, and while describing an impression that wrung his own heart. If his facility of authorship had been less phenomenal he might have pondered more, dived deeper into the secret springs of human action, and become one of the greatest masters of fiction that ever lived. As it is, he is only a master entertainer. A convalescent whose brain is unequal to an effort of any kind, an idler on a wet day, a jaded

man of business, will find in most of Dumas's novels entertainment from beginning to end. His heroes were hereditary survivals of his father's military adventures and impressions subjectively produced. They are gay, venturesome, bereft of moral perceptions, yet in the main capital fellows and for the most part soldiers of the Revolution in the picturesque dress of the seventeenth-century cavaliers.

Dumas believed in apparitions, spirits, and unseen influences, but he respected otherworldliness too much to make them agents in his novels. He always believed that his father's spirit came, just after it had quitted the body, to say farewell to him in the house of a neighbor to which he was sent to pass the night. He felt warm breath on his face, and heard a voice say: «Alexandre, I have come to bid you adieu. Be a good boy and love your mother.» When his strength was sinking he told Mme. Petel that he felt the presence of both his parents, and that they were anxious for him to be done with life, he having exhausted everything that was worth living for. After the death of Adah Isaacs Menken in 1868, Dumas fell into a state of torpor, which went on increasing until he became chronically inert. The last year of his life was a continual sleep. One of his last remarks, on seeing a twenty-franc piece which had been taken out of his waistcoat pocket by his son, was: «How can they say I am a prodigal? I came to Paris with a napoleon in my pocket, and there it has been kept for nearly forty years.»

Dumas the elder had a mental nature that brought forth spontaneously and abundantly. He had the genius of strong dramatic situations, and there was a fine efflorescence of life in his characters. But it was not real life: it was something entirely evolved from the author's brain. He received his mental impetus from Scott, toyed with history, saw its pageantry, and penetrated into none of its philosophy. His works did not outlive him; that is to say,—except on the stage,—they do not interest this analytical generation. In literature nothing can bear the test of time that is not deeply thought as well as deeply felt and closely observed. Dumas did none of these three things. The man was much greater than his works, and he was a most interesting type of semi-tropical humanity and good-natured, genial savagery.

Emily Crawford.

A WINTER HOUSE-PARTY.



It was pleasant tidings to all concerned that a woman of fashion and consequence,yclept by her friends Mrs. «Algy» Bliss, had taken it into her good-natured head to open a big house she owned in the hill-country some hours out of town, warm it to summer heat, stock it with cates and comforts, servants and recent magazines, and ask twenty people to come there for a midwinter house-party.

The season of gaieties in town had just reached the happy point when the healthy boys and girls of this athletic generation, who are its chief supporters, felt themselves overdone with artificial pleasures. To most of them the real entertainment of life consists not in dancing,—that fade resource of outworn society,—but in golf, bicycling, riding, tobogganing, and the like, so that the prospect of a «Friday-to-Monday» out-of-doors was almost a requital for what they had undergone in the way of dinners, the opera, and balls. As for the semi-occasional chaperon included in Mrs. Algy's invitations, she could look forward to an oasis of good food and good company, with leave to go to bed early in the soothing silence of a wide amphitheater of hills, and to wake up late with no sound of vehicles rattling upon a stony street to distress her nerves.

Mrs. Algy's hospitality was therefore rewarded by unanimous acceptance, and prompt appearance at the tryst. Twenty-four hours of fun and frolic with Dame Nature in winter livery had put the party in the very best of spirits. They had come down for a skating contest upon a pretty sheet of crystal, girdled with tall woods and cheered by two mighty bonfires on the shore, which sent billowing smoke-wreaths high toward the heavens already streaked with the crimson of the sunset.

The point of meeting and departure for the skaters was a rustic tea-house near the edge of the lake, fitted inside with a picturesque jumble of Eastern draperies and screens and studio «effects» in general.

In a massive fireplace constructed of rocks, to which still clung the moss and lichens of the woods, a fire of logs of hickory was burning. Before it was spread a Turkish rug, and on this little island of gay color appeared a

tea-table, presided over by Mrs. Algy herself, well wrapped in becoming furs. Upon the good lady's handsome face was seen no mark of care surpassing her anxiety that everybody should have the right number of lumps of sugar in his tea. A pair of admirable footmen, moving about with cups, seemed to have been expressly provided by Providence to forestall Mrs. Algy's needs.

Standing by her hostess, one slender foot on the low wrought-iron fender, was a tall, distinguished-looking girl, with rather weary large blue eyes. One could see at a glance that she had been «out» for several seasons, and had not yet done with theories.

In a wicker chair drawn up to get the best part of the blaze sat a lady, also unmarried, no longer young, not pretty, but possessed of a certain decorative quality in attire. Miss Brenton was desirable to hostesses in that she was passed along their line burdened with the most recent budget of infinite nothings concerning the only people really worth hearing about—the members of their own set. At the present moment, while apparently stirring her tea, she was actually engaged in watching the effect upon her former school-mate, Gwendolyn Talcott, of a speech she had thought well enough of to reiterate.

«Yes, I had it—if not exactly in so many words—from the girl's own mother to-day. Pray how does it strike you, Gwendolyn?»

«How does any announcement of a new engagement strike any one? A little wonder, a little babble, and the thing glides down the stream,» said Miss Talcott, taking her foot from the fender, and beginning to pull on her jacket to go out.

«Let me help you with your sleeves, dear,» exclaimed Miss Brenton, jumping up to face Gwendolyn, as she effusively performed the proffered service.

«Is n't she rather young for him?» asked Mrs. Algy, who was never too much surprised by anything.

«Young!» exclaimed Miss Brenton, her eyes fixed upon Gwendolyn's face, while hovering officiously about her. «Bless me! dear Mrs. Bliss, do you forget that for a man time stands still between thirty and forty, and Brook is n't more than thirty-two? It's a dreadfully unfair distribution of things; for here Gwendolyn and I, at twenty-six, are already «old girls.» All the younger set call

us (Miss,) and get up and offer us seats when we come into the room. Besides, a man like Brook, who has seen everything, needs, when he marries, to be refreshed, amused, looked up to as an oracle. He does n't want a mature being with a mission behind his coffee-urn, but a little pink-and-white Dresden shepherdess like Gracie. Lucky Brook! He can be choosing still, while Gwen and I must wait to be picked up, and thank the picker—eh, Gwendolyn?»

Miss Talcott made no reply, but Mrs. Algy supplied the deficiency. She was conscious of a trifling mental discomfort that neither of the admirable footmen could remove.

«Then that accounts for it. My husband wired me this morning that Brook would probably come up with him this afternoon to stay over Sunday. And here I was wondering why he was so sociable all at once, when he has never before accepted one of my invitations. I think Mrs. Wotherspoon might have given a hint of this first to me instead of to you, Josephine. She said it was neuralgia that kept her at the house this afternoon.»

«Don't be severe on her, dear,» said Josephine Brenton, nimbly. «Think what a rise for the Wotherspoons to intermarry with the Brooks!»

«Gracie is my Clara's age,» pursued the matron; «and I should never have thought of Clara and Mr. Brook together. The child is pretty, of course, for any one who admires excessively fair hair and pink cheeks,»—the Misses Bliss were as brown as hot-cross buns, —«but I've often felt like telling poor Mrs. Wotherspoon that her daughter was overdressed, especially when I saw her come out just now in white cloth lined with rose-color. So theatrical, I think; don't you?»

«I heard Brook himself say last summer at Newport that the girl looked like a fashion-plate on rollers,» remarked Josephine. «But perhaps she will get over that second-rate taste when she marries Brook. Any rate, Mrs. Brook can dress as she pleases.»

«Should you think a white skating costume would be becoming to Clara?» asked Mrs. Bliss, a little anxiously.

«Clara's brown and crimson is so perfect,» answered Miss Brenton, loyally, while helping herself to another *pâté* sandwich; and Mrs. Bliss allowed herself to be convinced.

As the door on the lake side of the house opened at this moment to let in, on a burst of frosty air as stirring as the blare of a trumpet, a group of merry, chattering young people,—conspicuous among whom was the white-vestured maiden under recent discus-

sion,—Gwendolyn Talcott, her fur collar pulled up well about her cheeks, a little black veil drawn down over her eyes, started to pass out along the way by which they came.

«Oh! I wanted so much to talk to you about being secretary to our new Society for Inducing Citizens not to Strew Paper in the Streets,» interposed her hostess, with a sort of parenthetical breathlessness that was common to her.

«Another time,» said Gwendolyn. She longed to be out of the atmosphere in which she was beginning to believe the best part of her had been wrecked. Passing through the incoming crowd, she found a boy to put on her skates, and was soon alone with her thoughts, speeding swiftly over the farthest confines of the lake.

At eighteen she had been as lovely and blooming and impetuous a young creature as one would wish to see. Her father, well-born, indulgent, and of ample means, had placed her in uncontrolled possession of the reins of his establishment. All of his friends, and a new crop of her own, had speedily arisen to do her homage.

Had she been of a less masterful disposition, no doubt Miss Talcott would have married early, and at the present moment would have been filling a place in the ranks of young matrons elate with hackneyed joys. But at first she was intoxicated by her opportunity for power. Her scope to rule, to adjust, to dictate other people's affairs had proved too tempting. Gwendolyn had verily believed that her fine intuitions were entrusted to her for the use of humanity at large. No sacrifice of self, no exertion, was too great, so long as she could be informing her fellow-beings of what was best for them. By these efforts she dreamed of molding her own life into some new titanic form, at which women condemned to mediocrity might gaze, on its pedestal in the chilly corridors of the temple of Fame.

To such an exalted frame of mind suitors, naturally, were a jarring interruption. Those who presented themselves were refused by her with the gentle severity of one misunderstood. She told her father once, with heavenly magnanimity, that she was not angry with a man who had asked her to be his wife, but disappointed, because she had thought him possessed of a higher intelligence than the rest. This lover was Louis Brook; and three years later he had repeated his offer, with the same success.

In the interval Gwendolyn's boundless energy of character and her splendid health

had sent her upon a steeplechase after charity and philanthropy, which resulted, on the whole, in wasting a great deal of her time, and in confirming in wrong-doing many dependents upon society. She had many disappointments, and of disillusion not a few.

After that, Miss Talcott's intellect assumed sovereign control of her. In crowded gatherings for social interchange she pleased herself by fancying her own a lonely spirit, and as a consequence was often left alone in body. Every-day people soon tire of superiority, and forsake it as cheerfully as congregations do the clergyman after he has shut up his sermon-case for another week.

Still, Miss Talcott was not without her vogue, and as a figurehead of originality was put forward by her friends whenever a demand for that variety of womankind was made. People looked to her to arise if there was a visiting author or foreign *bel esprit* before whom it was deemed necessary to illustrate American culture.

The two people whom, during her years of experiments, Gwendolyn had most nearly admitted to her intimacy, were her father and Louis Brook. The first, because he was always cheerful, long-suffering, and brave enough to kiss her in the middle of one of her dissertations, and to go off down-town. The second, since nothing that had passed between them had robbed her of his friendship, or of his evident preference for her society. For six long years, in season and out, Brook had been in the habit of visiting her, walking with her, dropping in to dinner on Sunday evenings, writing her nice notes, and sending her new books and flowers. Except during the brief periods when he had lost his head and proposed, he had always preserved toward her the attitude of quiet receptivity of her ideal man. Two or three weeks before the present date he had gone across the continent on a matter of business, and until Mrs. Bliss had announced the fact Gwendolyn did not even know of his return eastward. As to his sentimental alliance with the prettiest debutante of the year, she had not dreamed of the like of that.

She recollected now that the pretty child had been making timid overtures to her since they had been thrown together here yesterday. She had several times caught Gracie's eyes fixed upon her face with a reverential expression, to which, however, Gwendolyn was rather too accustomed from young admirers to have made special note of it in this case. But, flying now over the glassy plain, as the evening shadows gathered upon

the valley, and in the opal of the sky shone a crescent moon, she felt a resentful rush of blood to her cheeks.

Brook's wife—this callow intelligence, this mere piece of prettiness! And her people his—worse and worse! It was inconceivable that he should allow himself to be dragged out of his element and landed upon that distinctly foreign shore. Brook, a calm, clear-sighted, refined, intellectual man, who could not, any more than herself, abide the venerated side of society; who had always shrunk from contact with the types of the Wotherspoon species; who was noted for his exclusion of "show" people from his intimacy—as well expect him to put on cap and bells and dance a fandango in the middle of a cotillon. The story was evidently one of Josephine's ingenuities of annoyance. Who as well as Gwendolyn could know the absurdity of it? Who as well understand that in reality Brook had been for years entirely content with the rôle she had apportioned him?

From the incredulous mood she passed into one of retrospect. For the first time in her life, perhaps, she thought more of Brook than of herself. Their experiences together, unrolled in memory, showed him wise, patient, forbearing with her, because his strength of character enabled him to be so. There had never, in her acquaintance, been a man so noble, so truly fit to share and guide an ambitious woman's life. If he had a fault, it was an indolence of manner that encouraged her own impetuosity; yet who would want to go through life with a man exactly like one's self? Oh, no; there was nobody like Brook!

Tossing her head, Gwendolyn laughed aloud. In her absorption she had not noticed that the lake was now free of skaters. One of the two men who were about to rake out the bonfires came to her, speaking civilly.

"I beg pardon, miss, but there's been some mistake, I think. The boy that was told to tell you when the last carriage was ready to start ran home to his supper, and they've all gone and left you. If you'll step inside the tea-house, of course Mrs. Bliss will be sending back for you presently. It would n't be more than half an hour to wait."

"Oh, it's no matter; I'll walk," she answered, with more suavity than the countryman had expected from this handsome, haughty young lady.

"No doubt you'll meet the trap, miss," he said, while unbuckling her skates. "If you like, I'll go with you."

But Gwendolyn would not hear of this. She reveled in the prospect of a solitary

tramp under the new moon and the sparkling planets that gemmed the steely sky. As she set off through the woods, her nostrils were greeted by faint, delicious scents of forest spicery, and the dead leaves underfoot gave forth a sound as pleasant to her ear as the tinkle of the streamlet that, in spots, escaped from its glittering prison and prattled of spring to come.

It was cold as the night drew on apace, but the air was dazzling clear. Was it rapid exercise or a new joy bounding in her bosom that exhilarated her so gloriously? Was the world really renewed in beauty, or had she just been born again into it? Her cares, her doubts, her fears, had fallen away; she felt gay and lightsome, and ready for any frolic enterprise. Catching a silvery thread of swift-running water from a spring on the hill above was a trough by the roadside; she bent over to taste of it, and could feel that her lips and her cheeks were glowing, but not with cold.

Through the dusk of the highroad she presently sighted approaching her the bright tip of a cigar. Something told her that Brook was coming, and for the first time in their intercourse she felt her heart leap up within her at his approach. As he greeted her in the old, familiar, quiet way, she became aware, as by a lightning flash, that for years he had been indispensable to the healthy happiness of her life.

"Of course, when I found out that you were left behind," he said, "I asked to be put out of the wagonette to walk back, on the probability that you would prefer setting out on foot to waiting. You see, I got to the tea-house just in time to return with the last party, and as soon as it was discovered you should have been with us, I quitted them. The carriage, however, will soon be upon us."

And, in effect, the carriage lamps were perceived in a moment, gleaming on the descent of a steep bit of hill ahead.

"How tiresome, when I had far rather walk!" she exclaimed, with almost the wilful intonation of a child.

She had let her hand rest in his, and Brook was struck by this unusual action, and by a joyous thrill in her voice. It somehow carried him back to the day when she had stood in a high white frock before a screen of the bouquets sent by her father's friends, and courtesied to half New York.

"There is really no good reason why we should take the carriage," he said, laughing. So the coachman was ordered to turn around, and the horses started briskly homeward.

Thus the two pedestrians had to themselves the silent, starlit world, the fields about them guarded by couchant hills, with here and there farm-house or cottage lights trembling out upon the slopes.

For a time Gwendolyn, her hands clasped in her muff, kept quietly in step with her companion in the road bordered by banks showing dim *chevaux-de-frise* of bare thorns and alder-bushes and dead mullein spears. She did not want to spoil the hour by trite questions about trains and time-tables and telegrams. On Brook, also, the spell of reticence had descended.

"How beautiful this is!" he said at length, in a voice that did not seem to her quite natural.

"And we are to have it for a whole day and evening yet, and part of another day still," she answered, almost exultingly.

"I always told you you should have lived in the country," he returned. "But, then, what would have become of your mission to help your fellow-beings? Though I suppose one fellow-being, if he were all you could get hold of, would be as big a jewel in your crown as a lot of them that came to you easily. Still, you could never have borne monotony."

"Oh, don't remind me of my mistakes!" she cried. "That is the way you have often ended by condemning me seriously when you began to say something quite light and airy."

"I have never intentionally condemned you—or judged you, as to that. You have been the one person of my acquaintance privileged to confuse my sense of—"

"I hope you are not going to add, right and wrong," she said, as he paused.

"Hardly that. But I think I might have saved you from some of the annoyances I let you run upon simply because you went at them with such splendid dash—such belief in your own infallibility—a sort of archangel's swoop through the ether, it seemed to me."

"What a vain, bruised mortal it generally was that you ran to help after her fall, and set to work preening her borrowed pinions! Ah, well, I have learned wisdom. Those days are over forever. Hereafter I am going to creep instead of swooping."

"This is not creeping, certainly. Your tread is so light and almost martial. It is delightful to me to think of you as vigorous and hopeful at a time in a young woman's experience when so many of them look pulled down and disheartened and uncertain."

Surprised by his tone, she turned quickly toward him. "That sounds like a valedictory."

Or are you making late amends for previous hard judgment?"

"No; but I, who have borne with you the strain of the fray, feel privileged to congratulate you upon approaching victory. I believe you are going to be happier hereafter. Something tells me you are to find your long-sought clue to life; and, believe me, I—even I—can rejoice in it."

"Even you? Why, what do you mean? If it were not you, I should say there is a tinge of bitterness in your voice. That is what I don't look for from you, who have spoiled me—perhaps."

"Perhaps; though I don't know that I would recall it if I could."

"At any rate, you have nothing with which to reproach yourself, and it is I who have suffered all," she said, with an attempt at lightness, half alarmed at the unwonted gravity of his manner.

"Suffered!" he burst forth, as if irresistibly. "Great heavens! I believe you don't know the meaning of the word! Suppose you had been condemned to serve one purpose with all your might for years, until long waiting for reward had rusted your heart's core. A hundred times I have said to myself, 'She is a woman who has cultivated herself to catch every echo of human woe and solace it, and yet she plays with mine.' And now you say, 'It is I who have suffered all!'"

Gwendolyn, although greatly perturbed, did not answer. She was gathering up her forces for the belated avowal she had determined presently to yield him—the avowal so richly deserved, that would make their past a blank and flood their future with delight. In the interval it was almost a luxury to hear herself thus denounced by him.

"Yes, a hundred times," he went on, "and oftener, I have left you, wounded to the quick. If there had been another Richmond in the field I'd have dropped out long ago; but I knew—I knew that I gave you the companionship no other man could offer, so I stifled my passion and resumed my patient attitude. Your dependence on me was my only requital. It was a poor part to play, I grant you; but for your sake I played it, and still you gave no sign. That you did feel my love and divine my hope I could not for a moment insult your intuition by doubting. I even believe you liked to feel it, and to know that, when you chose, at the lifting of a finger you could secure the pleasant emotion it would cause you."

"Oh! But that is cruel!" she exclaimed, between quick breaths.

"Cruel, perhaps. If it is unjust, God forgive me, for I have suffered much. Consider, Gwendolyn, it is six years of a man's life you have appropriated, and given him nothing in return. There has not been a crank from any other country, that brought a fad over to our shores, whose lot you would not have set yourself to ameliorate in preference to mine. I should n't have felt this to be a wrong, mark you, had I not believed that, deep down in the bottom of that veiled heart of yours, there was all along an intention to put me, some day, out of my misery by making me your husband. But even that illusion went at last, and the result—"

He stopped. She was trembling so violently that he extended his arm to steady her; then abruptly withdrew it, and instead laid her hand within his arm. When Gwendolyn felt she could control her voice, her words came out with a passionate flow and emphasis that astonished beyond measure the man who had thought he knew her better than any one.

"I see it all now. Oh, go on! Say more—say anything, if it is a relief to you. I suppose mine was one of those crimes the law does not reach; but God is my witness I did not mean to go so far. I think a girl can't always understand what a man may feel for her, even if she—I was vain, presumptuous, overbearing, if you please, but I was innocent of real harm—harm—to you—"

Could that, indeed, be Gwendolyn, so arch, so sad, so proud, so humble, so tender, so enchanting? She would not heed his movement as if to hold her back.

"It is true—all true—what you said just now. You saw right, you read my real self. Since I've known you there was never really a moment—"

"Inpity, Gwendolyn!" he exclaimed hoarsely.

They had reached the crest of a hill, and, over on the slope beyond, saw the great dark mass of the house facing them, light shining from every window. As she paused bewildered, he started away from her, making a gesture in its direction. Her arm, freed from his, dropped by her side, and they walked, speechless, to the gateway of the lodge, where a lamp revealed their faces to each other.

They exchanged one wretched glance, and in that moment something went out of his life, and out of hers, that was to come back no more.

Constance Cary Harrison.

THE PERILS OF SMALL TALK.



THE term «small talk» covers not merely the conversation of those who are supposed to lead the way in the regulation of what may be called polite speech—the flood of smart things and brilliant repartee, sprinkled with *bons mots*, and punctuated by the toe of a slipper or the end of a fan, as in other days by the tap on a jeweled snuff-box: it has a wider significance, and must be used to define the vapid and lazy speech of the world at large. If it were possible to report exactly the verbal intercourse of a small community, say for a day, and afterward to tabulate the different words and calculate their number, the result would probably be most curious, in showing not only the paucity of forms of expression, but the general intellectual atony which exists, except in a very limited direction. This scarcity of ideas and limitation of expression is of course most to be remarked in isolated localities where the happenings are of an ordinary kind. In such circles habitual salutations; unthinking inquiries as to health, which are repeated in the same form at nearly every meeting; inconsequential comments upon the weather, which are not always pertinent and are often grossly inappropriate; and other wordy exercises into which thought does not fully enter, form the basis of daily communication. One who is obliged to listen to the conversation of people in public conveyances, in places of entertainment, and in elevators, cannot fail to be impressed with this extremely limited use of words and the adoption of catch-phrases and slang, as well as with the vast amount of thought-saving expression, word repetition, and inapplicable phrasing employed.

While it is true that slang at times, as Buckle has said, becomes incorporated and eventually forms a part of the «active strength» of our language, it cannot be gainsaid that much evil is done during the preliminary stages of its introduction, and in its epidemic adoption it consists largely of what South calls «rabble-charming words» which make only an acoustic impression. The foreign words, too, that garnish the small talk of a certain class of people are so common and so much in demand as to require in most English dictionaries many pages for

their listing; and it is not unusual for persons who aspire to be what are known as «elegant conversationalists» to memorize, as a part of their social equipment, the phrases that have been so carefully selected for them by the lexicographer. There are, moreover, always one or two cant phrases that from time to time become fashionable and for the moment crowd out equally expressive and honest words of the native tongue. Some ear-pleasing expression is thus continually tossed about in the glib stream of chatter. The talker enjoys his new possession, and with the spirit that causes some people to repeat and coddle their own jokes, like a music-box playing the same tune over and over, the word or series of words eventually becomes so automatically and indiscriminately used that the speech-centers of the brain apparently act without inhibition or regulation, and undergo a species of local paroxysm, so that speech even becomes at times unconscious. In the ordinary talk of this sort figure largely habitual expressions betokening satisfaction, detestation, or some emotional condition, and these are the result of intellectual idleness or disease. Careless words of exclamation often give rise to absurd mistakes, as in the instance of the speaker who, in addressing a meeting of enthusiasts, exclaimed, «Thank God! I am an atheist.» Much of this laxity of speech is due to a condition of affairs which denotes that conversation has drifted into channels where the chattering meets with the least resistance; a part is explained by the desire to say something, no matter what, because the maintenance of silence implies stupidity or a failure to rise to the requirements of the occasion.

Dr. William James, in his admirable «Psychology» has called attention to the mental condition of the person who uses words which have no adequate connection with ideas, the sole purpose being to group them together in certain conventional ways, the form of expression alone being kept in mind; and he instances the exhorter who uses cant phrases for the purpose of producing desired oratorical effects. To this class belong the politician whose peroration is filled with florid and random figures of speech; the maid-servant who invariably «takes her pen in hand»; the stupid letter-writer who is well and expresses a dull hope as to the equal standing of health

of his correspondent; the gallant who has at the tip of his tongue a stock of repeated compliments; and persons whose intelligence or line of thought is limited—in short, all those whose speech is not silver, but leaden.

Speech is of course always the most important method of communication, embodying as it does the expression of ideas which are clothed in symbols and are the product primarily of visual, auditory, and other sensory perceptions and conceptions, and through the means of articulation and phonation are conveyed in a more or less impressive form and with greater or less facility. Eventually the extended vocabulary of the individual enters into conversation in a more or less automatic way, and it is only when it becomes hyper-automatic that a loss of control, with consequent disorder, ensues. There can be no doubt that the variety and number of word-images are proportionate to the intricacy and fullness of thought, although such thought may be at times disorderly. Moreover, the facility of expression and word selection is connected with certain anatomical variations of development of a demonstrable kind. According to Lombroso and others, in the brains of Gambetta, Wülfurt, and Huber the speech-centers (which are situated in the left third frontal convolution) were greatly developed; and this, in fact, is the case in men of genius generally, especially in those whose oratorical gifts and powers of expression are remarkable. In idiots and degenerates whose speech is limited the converse is true, and the emotional speech or unintelligent use of words is found. What has been known as "emotional speech" enters largely into small talk; it is only to a slight degree intellectual, and is apt to be reflex or automatic, and largely connected with gesticulation. A low grade is that used by animals to express their feelings, and which consists in certain noises adopted to give vent to feelings of pleasure, pain, or disappointment, and is characterized by a certain uniformity. Kussmaul has pointed out the fact that certain human exclamations, accompanied by appropriate motions of the mouth, are of this nature, indicating feeling without any very great intellectual participation. "Oh, my!" "Dear!" "Pooh!" "Ah!" "Tush!" and words of this kind, enter largely into the intercourse of many people. He whose pastime is small talk is prone to apply to his expressive needs the help of gesture, which usually lacks the coherency of the signs of the deaf-mute, or the elaborate movements of the clever mime, who actually

learns a written part and expresses it by appropriate gestures, the word-symbols being ever before the mind's eye. The speech of such a one is trivial, and he gradually grows to express his emotional exuberance in gestures which cloak the real paucity of thought-speech.

The indiscriminate use of adjectives and interjections which supply the place of words of delicate comparison is a vice which betokens the abolition or impairment of healthy thought-speech function, and in the disease known as aphasia is very marked. The activity of the acoustic reflex explains the fondness for loud-sounding words of ignorant people, who imitate others and adopt such words or phrases without any apparent knowledge of what they mean.

How much actual cerebral deterioration is the result of effortless speech must be a matter of speculation; of course mere loquacity is unattended by proper cerebral exercise or intellectual effort, and even if a variety of words be used, such are not the product of healthy cerebration. Those who see much of the insane recognize under certain conditions the significance of such volubility, for it is often the precursor of mania or other mental disturbances. It is rather the province of the writer to show the actual involution that accompanies an improper or careless use of the speech-centers in the apparently healthy person, than as an expression of brain-disease. A number of polysyllabic words are used to express the disturbances of speech that follow the misuse of the mental and mechanical apparatus concerned in its production. These include the transposition of words or syllables, the grammatical vices, or the exaggeration of emotional speech. Under some circumstances the resulting disorders may closely resemble those due to actual structural disease of the brain, attended by disorganization of the speech-centers; but usually the perversion is functional, though obstinate, and bears the same relation to organic speech-defects that hysteria or other functional nervous conditions do to real disease. Some of this morbid derangement, when there is hyper-automatism, resembles certain well-known forms of "cramp" due to the repetition of such acts as writing, or those of a limited kind among artisans or musicians, where a small group of muscles is the seat of spasm; and these forms are designated as writers' cramp, telegraphers' cramp, violinists' cramp, etc. Under such circumstances there is usually little participation of thought in the oft-repeated act,

which becomes habitual, and the directing power is of an unconscious kind. The so-called «baby-talk» of silly people, the form of trivial conversation which consists in the use of diminutives and is employed especially by young lovers or by those who for the first time stray into the devious and flowery paths of matrimony, are examples of this defect which supplants the vigorous and wholesome expression of genuine feeling. This condition of affairs may sometimes amount to more than a mere eccentricity, and indicates a real failure upon the part of the individual to keep his word-symbols well in mind and in order.

«Thematic paraphasia» is the term applied to express the sudden digression by those whose minds are dominated by hobbies, and whose storehouse of ideas is almost empty except for one assertive train of thought which makes itself felt in a way to surprise the listener. These defects and others which are unmentioned do not prove an advance beyond the limits of ordinary mental health, but may simply indicate the formation of careless and often incurable habits; in other words, they need not be pathological, yet to those who witness the influence of bad habits of other kinds in the production of local disease they are alarming: possibility often becomes probability, and an actual mental involution may be detected. The continued disuse of a limb by a hysterical person results in a real paralysis or contraction, or something worse; the persistence of an improper muscular habit may end in actual abolition of function; so, too, the misuse of the speech-organs may engender grave disorders. If the effort be not made to clothe thought in proper language, it will be at the expense of the former; for words not only form «the link between the object and the memory of it,» but thoughts unassociated with words very soon die away from the memory.

What, then, is the remedy? The cultivation of deliberation and originality, and the *encouragement of occasional silence*. To do this is sometimes difficult, for it implies the mending of long-existing habits, and in some measure the very loss of individuality; for many of us are apt to take refuge in conversation behind phrases and tricks of speech that have served us well in the past. Good listening is conducive to expressive speech, and the words that are formed from violent impressions are not those betokening the exercise of clear thought.

When bad habits of speech do not mirror thought or more or less deliberate cerebration, there may be a distinct intellectual weakness approaching the dignity of disease; so, too, the conjugation of strong verbs with a weak inflection may constitute a depraved condition. The attempt to speak without sufficient attention to the subject-matter results in paraphasia where the sentence is transposed. In other words, this is often the result of an attempt of the person to keep his mind upon more than one thing at the same time; as, for instance, the embarrassed speech resulting from a piano-player's efforts to answer questions while he is playing, or the delightful scene in the first act of the «Professor's Love Story,» which is so well acted by Mr. Willard. The perfunctory consolation of the tired clergyman, the careless repetition of the question by the bored doctor, and the curious blunders of all those whose speech is that of the lips and not of the heart or brain, may be, and often are, examples of paraphasia, and from time immemorial have furnished material for Joseph Miller and others, whose witticisms have been recalled at the expense of worthy professional men.

The exercise of understanding and reason in restraining the feelings does more than anything else to form intelligent speech. The selection of good and simple English words of the most pregnant expressiveness will do much to keep the thought-speech centers in order. How far the use of slang is defensible is a matter of speculation. There is a constant injection into our language of terse expressions, many of which take their origin in the gutters and jails. So-called «Americanisms» not only find a place in the most serious utterances of statesmen and jurists and clergymen, but they are embalmed in kinds of literature where they would least be expected. Often they are utterly devoid of philological character, and at best they are adopted because they are phonetic or associated with some contemporaneous occurrence. It is to be deplored that in this country, as well as elsewhere, there is such a difference of character between the written thought and the conversation. The technical exactness of expression which is found in some of the best things we read shows that the supposed culture has not always molded the inner man. An instance of this is the disappointment we often feel in listening to the small talk of one who perhaps has hitherto been our literary idol.

Allan McLane Hamilton.



A NEW HOME IN THE ARID BELT.

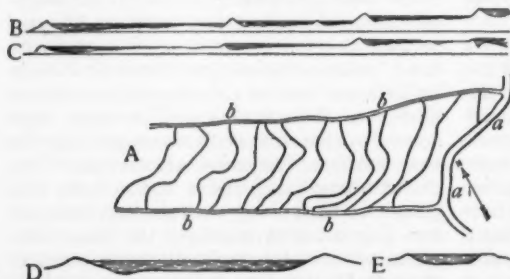
WAYS AND MEANS IN ARID AMERICA.

THE best crop ever grown on the trans-Mississippi plains sprung from wheat which perished ungathered in the parching winds of a rainless summer; and the most valuable grist ever ground in that locality came from a mill projected, but never built. To explain this paradox is to record the most dramatic incident of an evolutionary process which revealed the extraordinary possibilities of an apparently worthless region, and established industrial forms, unique in Anglo-Saxon experience, as the foundation of economic life in half a continent.

The summer of 1878 was a phenomenal season throughout the strip of prairie country lying between the region of assured rainfall and the foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. The rains were abundant and well distributed, justifying the hopes of interested prophets who had long predicted that the rain-belt would move westward with population. The tide of settlement still pressed eagerly upon the open lands of Kansas and her sister States in the broad Mississippi basin. Nothing but the alluring promise of regular crops in the hitherto debatable ground of the western counties was needed to induce the rapid division of the old stock range into thousands of quarter-section farms, each with its

home and its mortgage. This promise was supplied by the rainy season of 1878, and settlers came in swarms. It was the halcyon day of the town promoter and the builder of paper railroads. Under the strange spell of the "boom," born of the fleet of prairie-schooners which glided in from the East, and magnified by the exhilarating influence of Western air and sunshine, impossible undertakings were inaugurated in every direction. Agriculture was to be the foundation of a new civilization which had driven first the buffalo, and later the steer, before its irresistible advance. The spirit of the people was well illustrated by the earnest appeal of an impetuous enthusiast who declared, at a meeting of his townsmen called to consider the urgent necessity of providing a new outlet for the anticipated fruits of the soil: "I will guarantee to build that railroad myself—if I can only raise money enough to file the articles of incorporation!"

In Finney County, near the western border of Kansas, thousands of acres were planted to wheat, and it seemed the sanest of projects to build a grist-mill to grind the crop. This was undertaken near the Arkansas River by enterprising merchants in the neighboring community of Garden City; but the new institution began and ended with a mill-race. Before the building and machinery were required, the wheat crop had surrendered to dry air and hot winds. The semi-arid character of the great plains west of the hundredth meridian, long known to stockmen and Indians, but denied by greedy land agents and discredited by eager and hopeful settlers, had again asserted itself with unmistakable emphasis. Not an acre of the crop was harvested. The prairie-schooners set sail and steered for other parts. Towns dwindled to mere hamlets. All the nebulous industrial, educational, and railroad projects suddenly descended



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER. FROM REPORT OF THE SENATE COMMITTEE ON THE IRRIGATION AND RECLAMATION OF ARID LANDS.

METHOD OF IRRIGATION BY FLOODING.

A, plan showing the marking off of lands into plots or "checks" by ridges thrown up along the contour lines; a, main canal; b, distributing ditches; B, section of two-foot contour checks; C, section of one-foot contour checks; D, cross-section of canal; E, cross-section of ditch.

from the sublime to the ridiculous. And yet the blighted seed was destined to bear another and far more fateful crop, and the forgotten mill-race on the banks of the Arkansas to grind a grist that would prove historic.

RISE OF IRRIGATION ON THE PLAINS.

A FEW settlers remained to rake amid the ashes of their ruined hopes. Among them was a man who had learned the methods of irrigation while living in California and Colorado. It happened that his land adjoined the abandoned mill-race, and he readily obtained the right to turn the water upon a part of his farm. The result, though not surprising to the practised irrigator, was a revelation to his thoroughly disheartened neighbors.

The soil which had produced nothing in the previous summer responded to the new method of cultivation with enormous crops of all varieties of products. In quality they surpassed anything previously grown in that region. As these facts became known a new hope arose, like a star in the night, against the dark background of past discouragements. The Garden City « experiment » became the Mecca of students of irrigation throughout the wide region devastated by the drought. The ruined crop of the previous year, and the useless mill-race, gave birth to an influence which in fifteen years has assumed far-reaching proportions. This influence, by revealing the need of irrigation in a territory which had hitherto depended entirely upon the rainfall, extended the known limits of arid America hundreds of miles to the eastward and more than one thousand miles north and south, thus adding to the empire of irrigation all the western portions of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Texas, together with eastern Colorado. In this vast district it has begun to revolutionize both the industrial and social life of the people. It has compelled the attention of legislatures, created new laws and administrative systems in several States, wrung a few meager appropriations from Congress, and set on foot various industrial and educational undertakings. The problems of the semi-arid region are peculiarly its own, differing materially from those of the desert States west of the Continental Divide. The

movement which has wrought these momentous changes alike in public sentiment and in methods of industry has found its warmest championship in Kansas, where it has been reduced to perfect organization through the instrumentality of press and platform. Throughout the semi-arid region, but particularly in Kansas, there are effective State, county, and township associations urging the adoption of irrigation as the price of prosperity, and extending, by means of conventions and



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

FROM TRANSACTIONS OF DENVER SOCIETY OF CIVIL ENGINEERS, 1886.

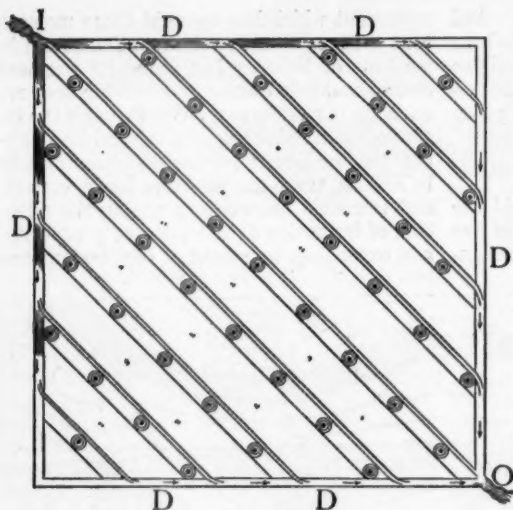
METHOD OF IRRIGATION BY DIAGONAL FURROWS.

C, C, main canal; L, lateral canal; g, gate; — = plow furrows.

popular literature, the common knowledge of its practical aspects.

HARNESSING THE WIND.

THE original mill-race was quickly extended and enlarged to the proportions of an irrigation canal. Foreign capital was enlisted, and other irrigation works were constructed along the Arkansas. But this river takes its rise in Colorado, and in that State enterprise was busy with the diversion of its waters. In the absence of any regulation of interstate streams by national authority, the Colorado irrigators absorbed all the water flowing during the irrigation season, leaving the canals of western Kansas as dry as her prairies. The investment of an English company in extensive works costing upward of a million dollars was practically destroyed by this unexpected turn of affairs. There were several similar losses



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

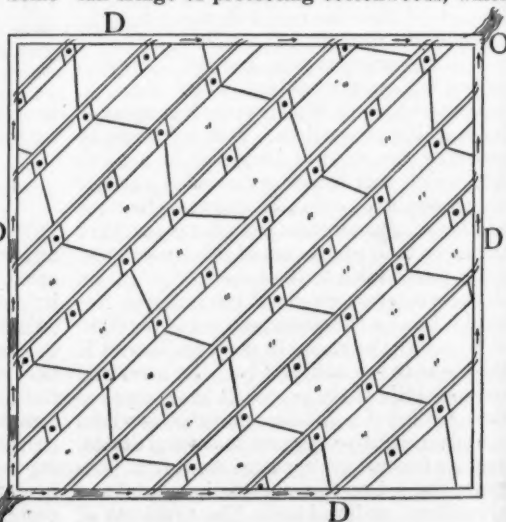
PROFESSOR BLOUNT'S METHOD OF IRRIGATION.

● tree with encircling furrows; I, inlet; O, outlet; D, ditches; — = furrows.

of less magnitude. It was at this stage that a noted wag remarked of some of the Western rivers that «they are a mile wide and an inch thick—they have a large circulation, but very little influence.» The observation is justified by surface appearances, but it is a case where all does not appear upon the surface. The great plains receive the enormous drainage of the Rocky Mountain watershed. Some of it goes to waste in floods and some is lost in evaporation, but vast quantities of water go into the ground and largely follow the gravelly courses of the streams. In the Dakotas and in Texas these earth waters seek the surface in great artesian outpourings. When the Kansas irrigators found themselves deprived of their surface supplies they sought the underflow, and in the process of finding and utilizing it developed an entirely unique and very promising mode of irrigation. Here at last they approach the final solution of their problem.

Thenew experiment, like the former one, was first made at Garden City, within sight of the historic mill-race. It was found that in the Arkansas valley water could be obtained by shallow wells ranging in depth from eight to twenty feet. This is raised by hundreds of windmills into hundreds of small reservoirs constructed at the highest point of each farm. The

uniform eastward slope of the plains is seven feet to the mile. The indefatigable Kansas wind keeps the mills in active operation, and the reservoirs are always full of water, which is drawn off as it is required for purposes of irrigation. These small individual pumping-plants have certain advantages over the canal systems which prevail elsewhere. The irrigator has no entangling alliances with companies or coöperative associations, and is able to manage the water-supply without deferring to the convenience of others or yielding obedience to rules and regulations essential to the orderly administration of systems which supply large numbers of consumers. The original cost of such a plant, exclusive of the farmer's own labor in constructing his reservoirs and ditches, is two hundred dollars, and the plant suffices for ten acres. The farmer thus pays twenty dollars per acre for a perpetual guaranty of sufficient «rain» to produce bountiful crops; but to this cost must be added two dollars per acre as the annual price of maintaining the system. Farming under these conditions is limited to small areas, and intensive methods of cultivation become imperative. The result has been the evolution of a multitude of five-, ten-, and twenty-acre farms, each surrounded by its tall fringe of protecting cottonwoods, which



DRAWN BY D. B. KEELER.

NEW MEXICO METHOD OF FURROW IRRIGATION.

● tree with surrounding furrows; — = furrows from ditches; I, inlet; O, outlet; D, ditches.



PUMPS AND RESERVOIR, GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

inclose grounds variously planted to orchard, field, and garden. These methods present a closer parallel to European agriculture than anything else found in this country, while the numerous windmills suggest comparison with Holland. Nowhere are there sharper contrasts than that which is presented by these green and fruitful farms gleaming like islands of verdure upon the brown bosom of the far-stretching plains which have been seared by the hot breath of rainless winds. The uses of the artificial reservoirs are not limited to irrigation; they are usually stocked with fish, which multiply with surprising rapidity and enable the farmer to include this item of home produce in his bill of fare every day in the year. These fish are very tame, and in some cases are actually trained to respond to the ringing of the dinner-bell, coming in scurrying shoals to fight for crumbs of bread thrown upon the water. The reservoirs also yield a profitable crop of ice in winter.

The windmill irrigation plant is mostly confined to Kansas, from whose necessities it grew. It is impossible at present to define its limitations. Its most enthusiastic friends assert that it is applicable to the broad uplands as well as to the river-bottoms, and Kansas has recently provided a State commission and an appropriation to make a thorough test of this possibility. The measure of the water-supply is the measure of valuable agricultural land in the semi-arid region. In



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

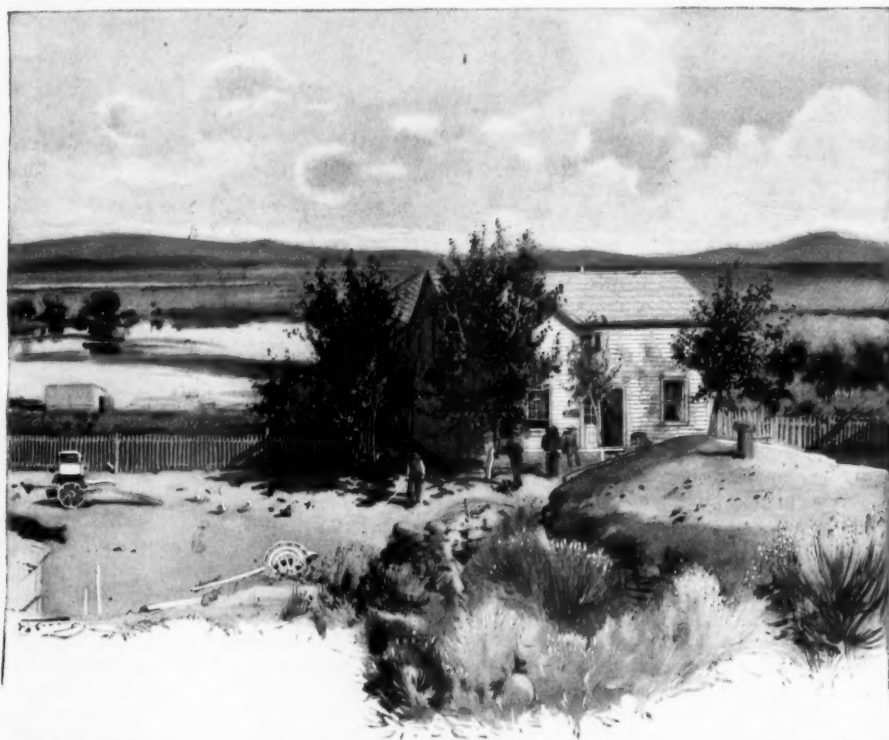
CABBAGE FIELD, GARDEN CITY, KANSAS.

Dakota water is obtained from wide artesian basins, while Nebraska is reasonably supplied with surface streams; but everywhere throughout this region the underground waters will be brought up by pumping-plants when this can be economically done. Thousands of settlers who have faced starvation in many a dry year await with deep interest the full development of these possibilities. Their interest is shared by thousands of investors in Eastern States and foreign countries, who own mortgage debentures issued upon these dry farms. The aggregate sum of these mortgages is tens of millions of dollars. In 1890 only fifteen hundred farms were irrigated in this district, but the results of the movement have been chiefly developed during the last five years. The next national census will reveal an enormous increase of the industry on the plains.

The development of this source of supply,

however, important and interesting as it is, does not in the least abate the demand for national action looking to the wise regulation of interstate streams. The salvation of great investments, and the extension of the irrigable area to the rich upland prairies, which cannot be economically irrigated by wells, demand that the flood-waters of such rivers shall be conserved and equitably divided between States to which they naturally belong. This matter will involve one of the larger problems of the near future. But while irrigation in the semi-arid region possesses strong elements of

was repressed as scarcely better than a traitorous «libel» on the country. Irrigation, at first thought, seems like a somewhat sorry expedient to remedy the shortcomings of the weather clerk, and is quite generally regarded as a crude Western device of merely local interest. These impressions completely reverse the facts of the matter. Irrigation is a perfectly natural and familiar process. The man who waters his plat of grass, and the woman who waters her dooryard pansies, are irrigators in a rude and humble way. The citizen who grumbles at the sight of withered lawns



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A SMALL FARM IN THE SEMI-ARID REGION.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

dramatic interest, it is not there that the real industrial life of arid America can best be studied.

THE ART OF MANAGING «THE RAIN.»

IRRIGATION as a practicable art is generally misunderstood in localities where it is never applied. Even in parts of the West where it is sorely needed the prejudice against it was formerly so strong that its advocacy

in a public park during a dry summer years for irrigation without knowing it. The Western farmer who has learned to irrigate thinks it would be quite as illogical for him to leave the watering of his potato-patch to the caprice of the clouds as for the housewife to defer her wash-day until she could catch rain-water in her tubs. A generation which has harnessed the lightning should see nothing incongruous in the ancient process of storing the rain and distributing it to meet



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

ALFALFA, A WONDERFUL FORAGE-PLANT.

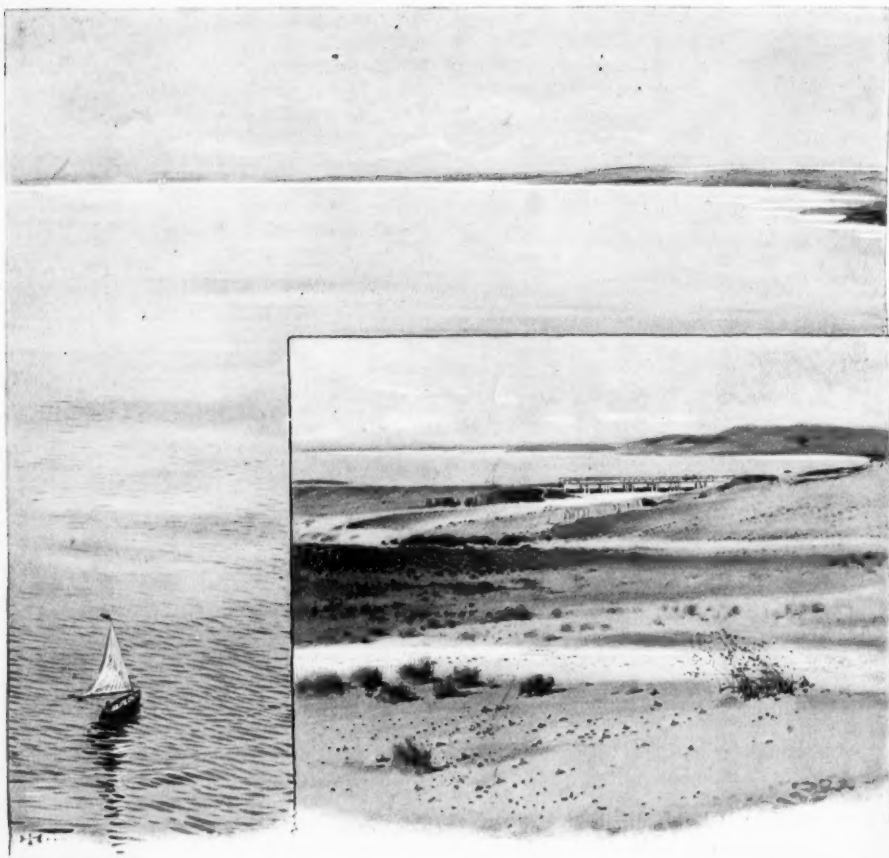
the varying needs of plants which nourish human life.

But although irrigation is both ancient and universal, the Anglo-Saxon never dealt with it in a large way until the last half-century, when he found it to be the indispensable condition of settlement in large portions of western America, Australia, and South Africa. Through all the centuries of the past the art has been the exclusive possession of Indian, Latin, and Mongolian races. Its earliest modern traces in this country are found in the small gardens of the mission fathers of southern California. They brought the method from Mexico and taught it to the Indians. But the real cradle of American irrigation as a practicable industry is Utah. A treasured historical painting in Salt Lake City shows the pioneers of 1847 in the act of turning the waters of the mountain stream now known as City Creek upon the alkaline desert. This picture commemorates the opening scene in the new industrial drama of arid America.

In the hands of the Indians and Mexicans of the Southwest irrigation was a stagnant art, but the white population has studied it with the same enthusiasm which it bestows upon electricity and new mining processes. The lower races merely knew that if crops were expected to grow on dry land they must be

artificially watered. They proceeded to pour on the water by the rudest method. The Anglo-Saxon demanded to know why crops required water, and how and when it could best be supplied to meet their diverse needs. He has sought this knowledge through the medium of agricultural colleges, experimental farms, and neighborhood associations. He has thus approached by gradual steps true scientific methods, which are producing results unknown before in any part of the world.

The earliest method of irrigation is known as "flooding," and is generally applied by means of shallow basins. A plot of ground near the river or ditch from which water is to be drawn is inclosed by low embankments called checks. These checks are multiplied until the whole field is covered. The water is then drawn into the highest basin, permitted to stand until the ground is thoroughly soaked, and then drawn off by a small gate into the next basin. This process is repeated until the entire field is irrigated. This is the system practised on the Nile, where the basins sometimes cover several square miles each, while in the West they are often no more than four hundred feet square. There is both a crude and a skilful way to accomplish the operation of flooding, and there is a wide difference in the results obtained by the two



DRAWN BY HARRY PENN.

LAKE McMILLAN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

LAKE McMILLAN, SHOWING THE PECOS VALLEY DAM.

methods. The Indian and Mexican irrigators, in their ignorance and laziness, seldom attempt to grade the surface of the ground. They permit water to remain in stagnant pools where there are depressions, while high places stand out as dusty islands for generations. All except very sandy soils bake in the hot sunshine after being flooded, and the crude way to remedy the matter is to turn on more water. Water in excess is an injury, and both the soil and the crops resent this method of treatment. The skilful irrigator grades the soil to an even slope of about one inch to every hundred inches, filling depressions and leveling high places. He «rushes» the water over the plot as rapidly as possible, and when the ground has dried sufficiently cultivates the soil thoroughly, thus allowing the air to penetrate it. The best irrigators have abandoned the check system altogether,

and have invented better methods of flooding the crops. Cereals and grasses must always be irrigated by flooding, but the check system seems likely to remain only in the land of Spanish speech and tradition where it was born. In Colorado wheat and grass are generally irrigated by a system of shallow plow-furrows run diagonally across a field. The water is turned from these upon the ground, and permitted to spread out into a hundred small rills, following the contour of the land. Some farmers bestow great pains upon this method, and succeed in wetting the ground very thoroughly. Another method of flooding fields is now much used in connection with alfalfa, a wonderful forage-plant extensively cultivated throughout the arid region. This produces three crops a year in the North and six crops in the South, and is not only eaten by stock, but by poultry and swine. To find

the best method of watering this valuable crop has been the object of careful study and experiment in the West. It is now accomplished by means of shallow indentations or creases which are not as large as furrows, but accomplish the same purpose. These are made by a simple implement at intervals of about twelve inches. They effect a very thorough and even wetting of the ground.

THE HIGHEST TYPE OF IRRIGATION.

THE scientific side of irrigation is to be studied rather in connection with the culture of fruit and vegetables than with field crops. It is here that the English-speaking irrigators of the West have produced their best results. California has accomplished more than any other locality, but nothing was learned even there until the man from the North had sup-

frequently to the injury rather than the benefit of crops. But in southern California water is gold, and is sought for in mountain tunnels and in the beds of streams. A thing so dearly obtained is not to be carelessly wasted before it reaches the place of use. Hence steep and narrow ditches, cemented on the bottom, or steel pipes and wooden flumes are employed.

This precious water is applied to the soil by means of small furrows run between the trees or rows of vegetables. The ground has first been evenly graded on the face of each slope. The aim of the skilful irrigator is to allow the water to saturate the ground evenly in each direction, so as to reach the roots of the tree or plant. The stream is small, and creeps slowly down the furrow to the end of the orchard, where any surplus is absorbed by a strip of alfalfa, which acts like a sponge. The land is kept thoroughly cultivated, and



DRAWN BY HARRY PENN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

HOME-BUILDING IN THE PECOS VALLEY: THREE NEW SETTLERS ALONG THE CANAL.

planted the Spanish irrigator. The ideal climatic conditions of southern California attracted both wealth and intelligence into its irrigation industry. Scarcity of water and high land values operated to promote the study of ideal methods. Where water is abundant it is carried in open ditches, and little thought is given to the items of seepage through the soil and loss by evaporation. Under such conditions water is lavishly used,

in the best orchards no weed or spear of grass is ever seen; the water is too costly to waste in the nourishment of weeds. Moreover, it is desired to leave the soil open to the action of air and sunshine. Nowhere in the world is so much care given to the aëration of the soil as in the irrigated orchards and gardens of the West. Too much water reduces the temperature of the soil, sometimes develops hard-pan, and more frequently brings alkali to the sur-

face. For these reasons modern science has enforced the economical use of water, reversing the crude Mexican custom of prodigal wastefulness. The success of the furrow method depends somewhat upon the texture of the soil, and there are places where it cannot be used at all. Such localities are not considered favorable for fruit-culture.

Of late years in California the application of water by furrows has been brought to a marvelous degree of perfection. What is known as the «Redlands system» is the best type of irrigation methods known in the world. Under this system a small wooden

less skies, with a system of controlling the moisture as effective as this, may be said to have mastered the forces of nature. The quality of the fruit has improved immensely since the California methods were perfected. Every fruit-grower realizes that the profit in his business comes mostly from the first grade of fruit. Scientific irrigation makes it possible for him largely to increase the percentage of the best fruit, and the difference which this makes in the earning capacity of his acres is surprising.

Other methods of furrow irrigation have been devised which are scarcely less perfect

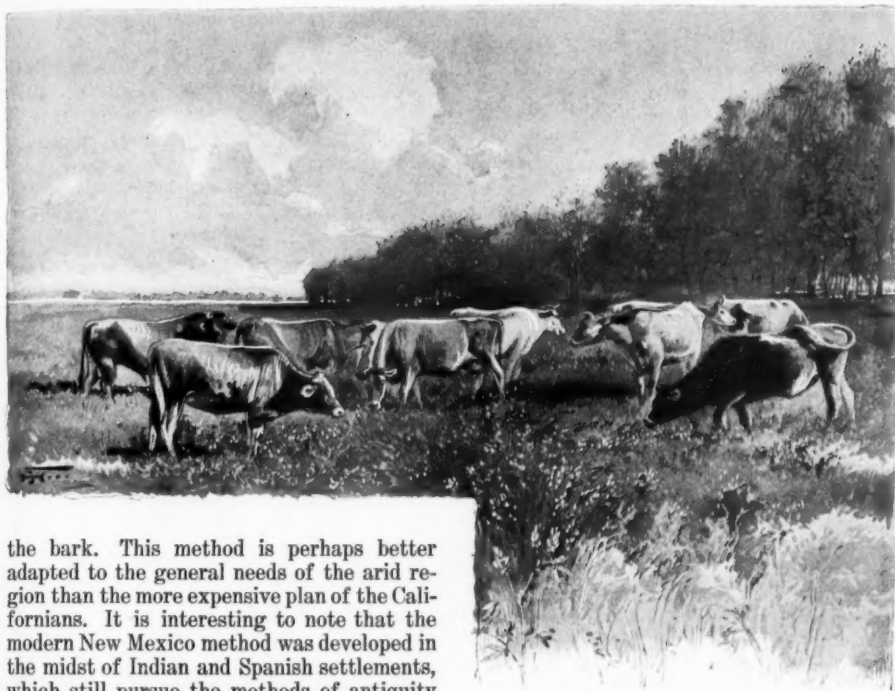


FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

A SHADY ROAD, NEAR ROSWELL, PECOS VALLEY.

flume or box is placed at the head of the orchard. An opening is made opposite each furrow, and through this the water flows in the desired quantity, being operated by a small gate or slide. The aperture regulates the flow of water accurately, and the system is so simple that, after it is once adjusted, a child can operate it. The farmer who grows his crops on a fertile soil, under almost cloud-

than those used in the California orange districts. One of the best of these is the result of the labors and experiments of Professor A. E. Blount of the Agricultural College at Las Cruces, New Mexico, and is illustrated in an accompanying diagram. In this case the water is carried in small open ditches, and the furrows are extended in circles around each tree, but the water is never allowed to touch



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FAT CATTLE IN AN ALFALFA FIELD, PECOS VALLEY.

the bark. This method is perhaps better adapted to the general needs of the arid region than the more expensive plan of the Californians. It is interesting to note that the modern New Mexico method was developed in the midst of Indian and Spanish settlements, which still pursue the methods of antiquity without the slightest abatement of any of their evils.

The full significance of the industrial customs of arid America can be seen only upon comparison with the familiar agricultural methods of Eastern States. Under the old conditions no attempt is made even to study the relation of moisture to plant life. Such study would be wasted, since the watering of trees is left entirely to nature. Rains come or do not come, according as the season is wet or dry. There are years of drought and years of flood. Of the many differences between the agriculture of the irrigated and the rain-belt regions, two of the most important may be noted. Of these the most conspicuous is the difference which results in the size of the farm unit. Even in regions where the rainfall is most reliable and abundant the farmer knows he must reckon with an element of uncertainty. The result is that he operates a large farm in order to reduce the chances of complete failure. Statistics show a tendency in the Middle States to the enlargement of the farm unit. On the other hand, experience is constantly diminishing the average size of the farm in the arid region. The crops are not only absolutely sure, but from two to four times as large per acre as where the de-

pendence is on the rainfall. The second important difference is seen in the quality of products. Interesting comparisons were made at the World's Fair in 1893 between certain kinds of apples raised during the same year in the Hudson River valley of New York and the Snake River valley of Idaho. The published conclusions of eminent pomologists, notably of Professor Bailey of Cornell University, showed that the same apple grew twice as large on irrigated Western lands as it did in the East. In the matter of flavor and appearance the irrigated apple also excelled. It is very likely that the difference was not entirely due to the artificial application of water, but that considerable credit should be given to the intensive methods of cultivation inseparably associated with irrigation and with the very small farm unit which it induces.

It is undeniably true that it costs more labor and money to prepare a given amount of land for cultivation by irrigation than it costs elsewhere. There is also the cost of water right and a perpetual charge for maintenance. But the advantages far outweigh the added expense and labor.

THE LABORER'S REWARD.

THE first object of industry is to get a living, which is represented by food, shelter, and clothing. Beyond the living lies the hope of a competence. The millions engaged in the industries of Eastern cities and towns, from which the life of the new West has been largely recruited, are mostly employed under the wage system, and between seventy and eighty per cent. of them live in rented houses. In a measure their means of livelihood is beyond their control, since it may be affected by economic, financial, and political disturbances with which they have nothing to do. Fully seventy per cent. of the wage received by the average working man and woman is expended for actual living necessities. It is in comparison with the industrial life of urban communities in the East that the men who labor with their hands in the irrigated fields of the West should be studied.

The Western laborer is his own employer. He is also his own landlord. These two facts constitute ideal independence; but there is also a practical side in his case. From his ten or twenty acres, insured against failure by flood or drought, first by aridity and then by irrigation, he can systematically produce almost every item of food which his family consumes. The laborer who works for another expends the greater portion of his wage for these essentials. The laborer who works for himself is surer to have his table supplied; and, moreover, he may enjoy far more variety, and of a better quality. Consider an actual bill of fare which is neither very simple nor very elaborate:

Black Bean Soup.

Salmon with Egg Sauce.

Roast Turkey with Dressing, Giblet Sauce.
Onions, Squash, Celery, and Baked Potatoes.
Currant Jelly.

Cucumber and Tomato Salad. Cheese.

Biscuit Glacé.

Sponge Cake.

Watermelon.

Coffee.

Western rivers and lakes abound in fish which can be had without cost; salmon are abundant in the streams of the Pacific coast. This list could be almost indefinitely extended and varied, and yet it would be found that nothing which is required for the most generous table, except tea, coffee, and spices, need be sought outside of the small republic ruled by the sovereign irrigator. The Mormon

farmers of Utah owe their prosperity to this system of individual independence. Their present leader, President Wilfred Woodruff, has lived for forty-eight years upon a twenty-acre farm conducted on just these lines. His acre and a quarter of wheat goes to the toll mill and comes back in the shape of flour. His five acres of alfalfa supports the horses and Jersey cows, and contributes to the support of poultry and swine. The vegetable gardens and orchards complete the list of productions necessary to good family living. And there is no year when prices are so low that the surplus of the farm cannot be exchanged at the store for such articles of clothing as are required, while in average years there is a comfortable surplus, with something to be credited to the savings account. It may be said that the same results are yielded by the agricultural industry elsewhere, and there is a measure of truth in the statement; but it cannot be done with equal certainty nor upon an equal area without irrigation.

ASSOCIATIVE INDUSTRIES.

IN the industrial life of arid America there is abundant evidence of a strong tendency to seek progress along associative lines. This tendency is first observed in the manner of building and managing canals. The most important works in Colorado, Utah, and Arizona were built by the common labor of settlers, and managed as coöperative institutions. This statement is measurably true of all other localities, since the "farmers' ditch" is everywhere in evidence. But more important than this is the trend of irrigation legislation in the same direction. The California District Law was designed to bring all works, old as well as new, into this class. The actual operation of the law has been attended by failures and disappointments, but nevertheless the legislation has been practically duplicated in several other States. Where public lands were opened to settlement under the congressional grant of 1894, giving each of the States one million acres upon condition that they be reclaimed, the same condition of public ownership of works was imposed.

The next important development of the associative tendency is seen in the recent wide extension of fruit exchanges. These grew out of the abuses of the commission system in California. There were times when producers not only received no return from a consignment of fruit, but were also invited to pay the freight. As the consumer on the other side of the continent had apparently failed to re-



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

A PIAZZA SCENE IN ARID AMERICA.

ceive the benefit of this handsome reduction in the first cost of the product, the producers formed associations and took the business into their own hands. These exchanges provide funds for necessary advances upon the crops; gather, cure, and store the fruit; and send out their agents to deal with jobbers. In a word, they have created a machinery of their own to take the place of the commission system. The new plan seems destined, in time, to have the field to itself. Creameries are operated in the same way, and one community of Nevada farmers has gone to the length of maintaining its own store in San Francisco and selling its product direct to consumers at retail.

One of the most interesting associative colonies was that of Anaheim, known as the

«mother colony,» in southern California. This was founded by a party of German mechanics in San Francisco. They united their small savings, sent out a committee to select a location, and, when they had found it, despatched the first group of colonists to build the canal. When this was accomplished the land was laid out in small farms, with a village in the center, and variously planted to garden, orchard, and field crops. While the original party developed the colony, their associates continued to work at their trades in San Francisco, applying their savings to the colony fund. At the end of two years the village lots and farms were distributed by lot, each colonist then becoming an individual proprietor. The plan was entirely successful, and demonstrated the possibility of uniting the



DRAWN BY ORSON LOWELL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

FRESNO RAISIN INDUSTRY.

capital of a considerable number of individuals in an undertaking to which no one of them was equal alone. The famous colony of Riverside developed its water-supply in much the same way.

A still more striking evidence of the dominance of the associative idea among the settlers of irrigated lands is seen in the plan of a colony which settled in southern Idaho as recently as 1894. These colonists had observed that the mining-camps of that region were littered with tin cans, the labels of which bore evidence of the prosperity of distant industries. They also learned that the condensed milk used in that locality came from New Jersey, the creamery butter from Minnesota, the starch from Maine, and the bacon principally from Chicago. As the raw materials of these products are all easily grown in Idaho, the colonists determined to provide the simple industrial plants required to manufacture the raw material into marketable form. They added to the price of their

land ten dollars per acre, and thereby raised a capital of \$50,000, which was somewhat increased by the sale of business property in the village. This capital provided a creamery, cannery, fruit-evaporator, starch-factory, pork-packing establishment, and cold-storage plant. Taken in connection with their diversified farms, these little industries constituted, in an industrial sense, a symmetrical community.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF IRRIGATION.

To state the number of millions of acres now under water in the West conveys but the vaguest idea of the real significance of irrigation achievement. It suggests, rather, the incident of an Eastern visitor who, upon being told that a certain valuable tract of land was «all under water» (by which «under irrigation» was meant), anxiously inquired whether there was no means by which the water could be drawn off. In 1890, according to the census figures, not far from a quarter of a million people were getting their living directly from irrigated land, while the total population of the region was between four and five millions. A brief sketch of what has been

done in several widely separated localities will furnish a good idea of the nature of the achievements of the past few years.

One of the most forbidding deserts in the United States was that which formerly flanked the course of the Rio Pecos on the border of the Staked Plains, in the extreme southeastern quarter of New Mexico. Six years ago this region was a good type of the wildest barbarism of the frontier. Its brown herbage furnished scanty pasturage for lean range stock, and its remoteness from civilization invited the presence of the most reckless class of outlaws. But into this forsaken valley, a few years since, went daring enterprise, with its faith and its millions. The flood waters of the Pecos were impounded in great reservoirs and led by a thousand miles of distributors over the parched soil. A railroad was extended up the valley from the Texas Pacific line, first ninety miles, then two hundred miles, then a long distance farther northward, until it met other valuable connections. In the heart of the valley towns were founded, and churches, school-houses, and business blocks erected, while upon the heights above the river handsome private residences sprang up like magic. After the canals and the railroad came settlers, and gradually the desert gave place to the deep green of alfalfa fields, to orchards, and to gardens. Perhaps there is no other instance in the world where so great a transformation was ever effected in so brief a space of time.

Irrigation is the explanation, but irrigation was backed by the most generous and daring investment. Five million dollars were expended in five years, and the potentiality of irrigation when applied to arid soil was relied upon to return it with increase. In this instance the savagery of the desert did not yield to the gentle influences of civilization without a struggle. Unexpected problems were encountered, but the people of the valley are now able to make marvelous exhibits of the various products of the soil at their annual fairs. The irrigated Pecos valley already presents a wonderful contrast to the barren wilderness which it succeeded.

Nevada has the least population of all the States in the Union, and is the only one west of the Alleghanies which has ever shown a record of decreasing population. It is appropriately called the «Sage-brush State,» but few who have crossed it in summer have forgotten three green and beautiful pictures which they beheld from the car window. The train comes out of a whirl of alkaline dust to pause for a few minutes at Humboldt. Here are gushing fountains, green fields where cattle stand knee-deep in grass, tall trees which whisper in the summer breeze, and the fragrance of blooming flowers. Humboldt is nothing but a railroad station set in the midst of a few acres of cultivated ground and watered from a convenient spring, but it is none the less an effective example of the success of irrigation. The picture is repeated



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

A CHANGE OF BASE.

on a larger scale at Lovelock, where several hundred acres are in cultivation; and when the Truckee meadows in western Nevada are reached, the industry is seen to assume important proportions. But one must leave the main line of the Central Pacific to see the most striking results of irrigation in this State, which is at once so small and so great. The Carson River flows through a long valley nestling between the shoulders of the Sierra. The work of reclamation began there with the influx to California in 1849, and the industry then established has long outlived the stirring times which gave it birth. The old trail through the mountains is grass-grown, and the melancholy taverns by the roadside are gray and decrepit, but the Carson valley still smiles with its crops of grass and grain. Even the passing of Virginia City's glory and the decline of silver-mining have not visibly affected the fortunes of these thrifty German farmers, who now find their chief profit in cattle and dairy products. There are few more beautiful agricultural valleys than this.

On the other side of the Sierra lies the great central valley of California—the valley of the San Joaquin. This is not the California of the tourist and health-seeker, nor of the ideal irrigation methods which have been described. Nevertheless it was the scene of a most dramatic industrial evolution under the influence of irrigation. Until comparatively recent years this great valley was considered fit only for cattle and the production of light crops of wheat in certain favored localities. It was a woman who discovered that the soil and climate were suited to the production of raisins equal to those of Spain. Then, with incredible swiftness, the rivers were turned upon the land, the range divided into thousands of small farms, and the lowing of cattle gave place to the voices of men. Fresno County was the scene of the greatest activity, and its population increased with phenomenal rapidity. An interesting phase of this evolution in the San Joaquin valley was the division of great private estates, one of which contained 400,000 acres, into multitudes of small farms. California awoke to the real significance of the new movement when the census of 1890 revealed the fact that the entire gain in its agricultural population stood to the credit of irrigating counties. The water-supply of this greatest of Western valleys has been made forever secure by the wise forest reservations accomplished under the administration of President Harrison (a policy elsewhere continued by President

Cleveland); for it is in the forests of the Sierra that the winter snowfall is stored against the needs of scorching summers. The influence of these beneficent reservations, when fully developed by an effective administrative policy (of which there is now most pressing need), will extend to the remotest generation.

The evidences of the triumph of irrigation might be multiplied by reference to the history of a hundred valleys of arid America. There is a wide difference between the agriculture, and especially the horticulture, of the Salt River valley of Arizona and of the Yellowstone valley of Montana. The one produces oranges, figs, and pomegranates, and the other only the hardest fruits. The same conditions influence the size of the farm and the methods of applying water, but the fact remains that without irrigation neither Arizona nor Montana would have any agriculture worthy of the name, while with irrigation both support prosperous farming populations which may be vastly multiplied. Striking differences of conditions are sometimes observed within the limits of a single State. Such is the case in Colorado. The eastern slope partakes of the nature of the great plains. Farms are comparatively large and principally devoted to the production of hay and grain, hogs and cattle. The western slope has a different soil and climate, and has developed in recent years a remarkable fruit industry on ten-acre farms. At the town of Grand Junction, where the Grand River meets the Gunnison in the heart of a mighty desert, ten thousand people gather upon a festival day in each September and celebrate the triumph of their industry. This festival is called «Peach Day.» In like manner Rocky Ford and Greeley, on the eastern side of the mountains, celebrate respectively «Melon Day» and «Potato Day.» On these occasions the representative product of the neighborhood is freely distributed to the multitude. Idaho and Washington have also gained largely by irrigation in the last few years, and are in the full tide of interesting colonial developments. There the small farm rules, and prunes, peaches, apples, and hops are the favorite crops; but the greatest of these is the prune.

In Wyoming irrigation struggled for some years with an obstacle more formidable than aridity. This was the organized stock interest which flourished on the public lands, wastefully using the public streams to produce crops of natural hay and to water great herds of cattle. While many of the leaders of this industry were of liberal and progressive mind, and freely conceded that they had neither a



DRAWN BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

«PEACH DAY.»

moral nor a legal right to stand in the way of progress, an aggressive and troublesome minority insisted that cattle were worth more than men to Wyoming. The final conflict came in the «Rustlers' War» of 1892, with its ignominious and crushing defeat of the cattle-men and their hired outlaws from Texas. With that fiasco the barriers of opposition fell once and for all, and the irrigation sentiment has since dominated the State. Reclamation and settlement in Wyoming and similar localities elsewhere have never really menaced the stock industry, but have rather indicated the necessity of its reorganization upon a more democratic basis. There will be more cattle in the aggregate, but distributed among a multitude of small owners living in the irrigated valleys. There they will raise the diversified products essential to their support, and great crops of winter fodder for cattle, while the adjacent uplands will serve for summer pasture. This process has begun, and it results in the elevation of the character of the men and of their industry alike.

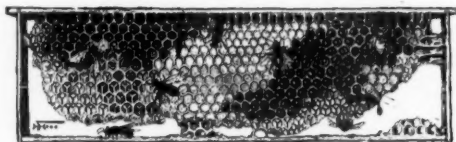
THE REPUBLIC OF IRRIGATION.

THE essence of the industrial life of arid America is its democracy. It is founded upon

the economic independence of the family unit. It reverses the percentages of landownership and tenantry which prevail among the industrial workers of great cities and factory towns. Within its own territory, at least, it tends largely to abolish the wage-earning system and to develop a great class of people who work directly for themselves. This body of self-employers receive all the fruit of their labor. They take it from the soil and consume it upon their tables, or receive it in payment for their surplus products, or it is deposited to their credit in the enhanced values accruing to their property—a bank that never breaks.

As this class rises in numerical importance with the inevitable expansion of the national population, it will project new and potent influences into American politics, industry, and society. The tendency of these influences is already clearly apparent. They contend for a higher standard of living for average people. They seek it in a more general landownership, in the industrial independence of communities, in commercial association, in social brotherhood. These aspirations, though born of the new environment of arid America, closely conform to the growing spirit of the age.

William E. Smythe.



VANDERDECKEN.

THERE, beyond the Cape of Storms,
Where the breaker's voice of thunder
Roars when ships are rent asunder,
Through a fog of ghostly forms,—

Writhing furies, flying far,
Tempest-tossed and tempest-driven,
Mist of sea and light of heaven
Mingled in eternal war,—

Sailing always without gain,
Leagues on leagues, as sailors reckon,
Flies the undying Vanderdecken,
Toiling, powerless to attain.

When the austral tempests rave,
And the sea-god's mighty sledges
Pound the ragged rocks and ledges,
Safe he rides the crested wave.

Vainly waits the hidden reef:
Borne by Odin, the undaunted,
Over boiling seas enchanted,
Ever sails this man of grief.

Swifter than the swallow's flight
Down the arching seas he plunges,
Where th' antarctic fog expunges
All things from the chart of sight.



DRAWN BY HENRY B. SNELL.

« TEMPEST-TOSSED AND TEMPEST-DRIVEN.»

There the winds his course reverse—
Vain is sea-craft to befriend him;
Heaven has not a breath to lend him
To escape its haunting curse.

Back he speeds o'er India's brine,
Till, on lazy sampans lying,
Asians laugh to see him flying
On their far horizon's line.

When on deck and frozen shroud
Loud the driven hailstones rattle
Like quick musketry in battle,—
Cloud that vanishes in cloud,—

Men catch glimpses of the sail,
Ages old, and rent and hoary,
Of that quaint old ship of story,
And cry, «Vanderdecken, hail!»

Oft the shipwrecked sailor hears,
Through dense fogs, the old blasphemer,
Like some weird, delirious dreamer,
Thundering orders down the years;

Or discerns a ship go by,
From his failing vision speeding,
Whence this answer greets his pleading:
«Help thou need'st not; thou canst die!»

Mocking Vanderdecken's rage,
Maelstroms yawn and seas roar after—
Tempests, with discordant laughter,
Hurl him on from age to age.

Heaven has ta'en him at his word,
And his hope and his ambition,
Failing always of fruition,
Make the curse his curse incurred.

THUS this legend, quaint and old,
Sailor-wrought and bard-repeated,
Of the deathless, the defeated,
In defeat still over-bold,

Teaches how the sick soul flies,
By its errors spurred and jaded,
Even when lust and greed have faded
With ambition's painted lies.

Benjamin S. Parker.



DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«ABOVE THEIR HEADS THE BRANCHES TWINED.» (SEE PAGE 764.)

TOM GROGAN.

BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH,

Author of «Colonel Carter of Cartersville,» «A Gentleman Vagabond,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLES S. REINHART.



DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

XIII.

MR. QUIGG DRAWS A PLAN.

THE burning of Tom's stable had hardly become an old story when another sensation followed. This was caused by the following item, printed in the local paper, the «News»:

«Mr. William McGaw, eldest son of Mr. Daniel McGaw, our worthy fellow-townsmen, was brought before Justice Rowan yesterday, charged with arson upon affidavits sworn to by James Finnegan and Carl Nilsson.»

Nothing for months had produced so fierce a heat as this simple announcement—not even the little pile of shavings saturated with the contents of the mysterious can. Nor was the joy in the Grogan household over the rescued stables half as great as was the satisfaction of McGaw and his faction when Billy proved an alibi—an unquestioned alibi, Justice Rowan decided, upon hearing his father's testimony, corroborated by that of Crimmins, which proved beyond doubt that he was sound asleep in his father's house when the alarm of fire was given.

As to Cully's testimony, the justice said it had no weight whatever. «Anybody could get kerosene on his clothes;» and young McGaw's explanation of his being out with a can of oil at one o'clock in the morning, «just for fun,» fully accounted for the odor. Cully was indignant, but he said nothing until he reached home. There, for pop's benefit, he summed up this miscarriage of justice as follows:

«De fire-bug got off de sticky paper—see? —'cause de snoozer on de bench guv him a pull. It wuz a put-up job, pop—dat 's what 't wuz. Wait 'll I find de can what he 'trew away—den I 'll hev him stone dead, jedge or no jedge.»

Tom was not surprised at Rowan's decision. She could have foretold the result before the trial began. Had Judge Bowker tried the boy, Billy might now have been behind bars. Nothing «pulled» Bowker except the law and the right. She cared little, however. She was glad the boy was free. She always believed in giving every one another chance, and she felt that Billy was not alone to blame; she knew who had been behind him.

Billy's acquittal sent a comforting thrill through another resident of Rockville. This was no other than Mr. Dennis Quigg, Walking Delegate, and confidential adviser of McGaw, who realized that while the fire was only one point in the game against Tom, the acquittal of Billy was positive evidence of the strength of the Union's influence with the bench. This was of much more importance.

Upon learning the decision of the court in full, Mr. Quigg held a private consultation with himself. Now that Crimmins had covered his tracks so successfully, and all traces of the fire-bug had been lost, he concluded that it would be entirely safe for him to make a reconnaissance in the vicinity of the enemy's camp, ascertain how badly Tom had been crippled, and whether her loss would prevent her signing the contract the following night. Mr. Quigg was accordingly detailed by the committee for this work. He accepted the mission, the more willingly because he wanted to settle certain affairs of his own. Jennie had avoided him lately,—why he could not tell,—and he determined, before delivering to his employers any scraps of information he might gather about Tom, to know exactly what his own chances were with the girl.

He could slip over to the house while Tom was in the city, and leave before she returned.

On his way, the next day, he robbed a fence of a mass of lilacs, breaking off the leaves as he walked. When he reached the door of the big stable he stopped for a moment, glanced cautiously in, and then, making a mental note of the surroundings, followed the path to the porch.

Pop opened the door. He knew Quigg only by sight—an unpleasant sight, he thought, as he looked into his hesitating, wavering eyes.

"It 's a bad fire ye had, Mr. Mullins," said Quigg, seating himself in the rocker, the blossoms half strangled in his grasp.

"Yis, purty bad, but small loss, thank God!" said pop, quietly. He did not intend to give Mr. Quigg any information that might comfort him.

"Were ye insured?" asked Quigg, in a cautious tone.

"Oh, yis, ivery pinny, so Mary tells me."

Quigg caught his breath. The rumor in the village was the other way. Here he became aware of the mangled flowers and of his own purpose.

"I brought some flowers over for Miss Jennie," said Quigg, looking out of the window as he spoke. "Is she in?"

"Yis; I 'll call her." Gentle and apparently harmless as gran'pop was, men like Quigg somehow never looked him steadily in the eye.

"I was tellin' Mr. Mullins I brought ye over some flowers," said Quigg, turning to Jennie as she entered, and handing her the bunch as if they had been a pair of shoes.

"You 're very kind, Mr. Quigg," said the girl, laying them on the table, and still standing.

"I heard your brother Patsy was near smothered till Dutchy got him out. Was ye there?"

Jennie bit her lip and her heart quickened. Carl's sobriquet in the village, coming from such lips, sent the hot blood to her cheeks.

"Yes, Mr. Nilsson saved his life," she answered slowly, with girlish dignity, a backward rush filling her heart as she remembered Carl staggering out of the burning stable, Patsy held close to his breast.

"The fellers in Rockville say ye think it was set afire. I see Justice Rowan turned Billy McGaw loose. Do ye suspect anybody else? Some says a tramp crawled in and up-set his pipe."

This lie was coined on the spot and issued immediately to see if it would pass.

"Mother says she knows who did it, and it 'll all come out in time. Cully found the can this morning," said Jennie, leaning against the table. Quigg was still in his chair.

Quigg's jaw fell. That was just like Crimmins. Why did n't the fool get the stuff in a bottle and then break it?

Mr. Quigg took another tack. His talk drifted to the dance down at the Town Hall, and the meeting last Sunday after church; he asked Jennie if she 'd go to the "sociable" they were going to have at No. 4 Truck-house; and when she said she could n't—that her mother did n't want her to go out, etc.—Quigg moved his chair closer, with the remark that the old woman was always putting her oar in and spoiling things; the way she was going on with the Union would ruin her; she 'd better join in with the boys, and be done with it; they 'd down her yet if she did n't.

"I hope nothing will happen to mother, Mr. Quigg," said Jennie, in an anxious tone, as she sank into a chair.

Quigg misunderstood the movement, and moved his own closer.

"There won't nothin' happen any more, Jennie, if you 'll do as I say."

It was the first time he had ever called her by her name. She could not understand how he dared. She wished Carl would come in.

"Will you do it?" asked Quigg, eagerly, his coarse face and bloodshot eyes turned toward her.

Jennie did not raise her head. Her cheeks were burning. Quigg went on:

"I 've been keepin' company with ye, Jennie, all winter, and the fellers is givin' me about it. You know I 'm solid with the Union and can help yer mother, and if ye 'll let me speak to Father McCluskey next Sunday—"

The girl sprang from her chair.

"I won't have you talk that way to me, Dennis Quigg! I never said a word to you, and you know it." Her mother's spirit was now flashing in her eyes. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself to come here—and—"

Then she broke down.

Another woman would have managed it differently, perhaps,—by a laugh, a smile of contempt, or a frigid refusal. This mere child, stung to the quick by Quigg's insult, had only her tears in defense. The Walking Delegate turned his head and looked out of the window. Then he caught up his hat and without a word to the sobbing girl hastily left the room.

Tom was just entering the lower gate.

Quigg saw her and tried to dodge behind the tool-house, but it was too late, so he faced her. Tom's keen eye caught the sly movement and the quickly altered expression. Some new trickery was in the air, she knew; she detected it in every line of Quigg's face. What was McGaw up to now? she asked herself. Was he after Carl and the men, or getting ready to burn the other stable?

"Good morning, Mr. Quigg. Ain't ye lost?" she asked coldly.

"Oh, no," said Quigg, with a forced laugh. "I come over to see if I could help about the fire."

It was the first thing that came into his head; he had hoped to pass with only a nod of greeting.

"Did ye?" replied Tom, thoughtfully. She saw he had lied, but she led him on. "What kind of help did ye think of givin'? The insurance company will pay the money, the two horses is buried, an' we begin diggin' post-holes for a new stable in the mornin'. Perhaps ye were thinkin' of lendin' a hand yerself. If ye did, I can put ye alongside of Carl; one shovel might do for both of ye."

Quigg colored and laughed uneasily. Somebody must have told her how Carl had threatened him with uplified shovel when he tried to coax the Swede away.

"No, I'm not diggin' these days; but I've got a pull wid the insurance adjuster, and might git an extra allowance for yer." This was cut from whole cloth. He had never known an adjuster in his life.

"What's that?" asked Tom, still looking square at him, Quigg squirming under her glance like a worm on a pin.

"Well, the company can't tell how much feed was in the bins, and tools, and sech like," he said, with another laugh.

A laugh is always a safe parry when a pair of clear gray search-light eyes are cutting into one like a rapier.

"An' yer idea is for me to git paid for stuff that was n't burned up, is it?"

"Well, that's as how the adjuster says. Sometimes he sees it an' sometimes he don't—that's where the pull comes in."

Tom put her arms akimbo, her favorite attitude when her anger began to rise.

"Oh, I see! The pull is in bribin' the adjuster, as ye call him, so he can cheat the company."

Quigg shrugged his shoulders; that part of the transaction was a mere trifle. What were companies made for but to be cheated?

Tom stood for a minute looking him all over.

"Dennis Quigg," she said slowly, weighing each word, her eyes riveted on his face, "ye're a very sharp young man; ye're so very sharp that I wonder ye've gone so long without cuttin' yerself. But one thing I tell ye, an' that is, if ye keep on the way ye're a-goin' ye'll land where you belong, and that's up the river in a potato-bug suit of clothes. Turn yer head this way, Quigg. Did ye niver in yer whole life think there was somethin' worth the havin' in bein' honest an' clean an' square, an' holdin' yer head up like a man, instead of skulkin' round like a thief? What ye're up to this mornin' I don't know yet, but I want to tell ye it's the wrong time o' day for ye to make calls, and the night's not much better, unless ye're particularly invited."

Quigg smothered a curse and turned on his heel toward the village.

When he reached O'Leary's, Dempsey of the Executive Committee met him at the door. He and McGaw had spent the whole morning in devising plans to keep Tom out of the board-room. Quigg's report was not reassuring. She would be paid her insurance money, he said, and would certainly be at the meeting that night.

The three adjourned to the room over the bar. McGaw began pacing the floor, his long arms hooked behind his back. He had passed a sleepless night, and every hour now added to his anxiety. His face was a dull gray yellow, and his eyes were sunken. Now and then he would tug at his collar nervously. As he walked he clutched his fingers, burying the nails in the palms, the red hair on his wrists bristling like spiders' legs. Dempsey sat at the table watching him calmly out of the corner of his eye.

After a pause Quigg leaned over, his lips close to Dempsey's ear. Then he drew a plan on a scrap of paper. It marked the location of the door in Tom's stable, and that of a path which ran across lots and was concealed from her house by a low fence. Dempsey studied it a moment, nodding at Quigg's whispered explanations, and passed it to McGaw, repeating Quigg's words. McGaw stopped and bent his head. Then a dull gleam flashed out of his smoldering eyes. The lines of his face hardened and his jaw tightened. For some minutes he stood irresolute, gazing vacantly through the window over the budding trees. Then he turned sharply, swallowed a brimming glass of raw whisky, and left the room.

When the sound of his footsteps had died away, Dempsey looked at Quigg meaningly and gave a low laugh.

XIV.

BLOSSOM WEEK.

It was "blossom-week," and every garden and hedge flaunted its flowers in the soft air. All about was the perfume of flowers, the odor of fresh grass, and that peculiar earthy smell of new-made garden beds but lately sprinkled. Behind the hill overlooking the harbor the sun was just sinking into the sea. Some sentinel cedars guarding its crest stood out in clear relief against the golden light. About their tops, in wide circles, swooped a flock of crows.

Gran'pop and Tom sat on the front porch, their chairs touching, his hand on hers. She had changed her dress for a new one. The dress was of brown cloth, and had been made in the village—tight where it should be loose, and loose where it should be tight. She had put it on, she told pop, to make a creditable appearance before the board that night.

Jennie was flitting in and out between the sitting-room and the garden, her hands full of blossoms, filling the china jars on the mantel. Patsy was flat on his back on the small patch of green surrounding the porch, playing circus-elephant with Stumpy, who stood over him with leveled head.

Up the hill, but a few yards away, Cully was grazing the big gray—the old horse munching tufts of fresh, sweet grass sprinkled with dandelions, Cully walking beside him or stopping now and then to lift his fore leg and make critical examination of his hoof for possible tender places.

There was nothing the matter with the gray; the old horse was still sound: but it satisfied the young fellow to be assured, and it satisfied, too, a certain yearning tenderness in his heart toward his old chum. At times he would pat the gray's neck, smoothing his ragged, half-worn mane, and addressing him all the while with words of endearment expressed in a slang utterly without meaning except to these two.

Suddenly Jennie's cheek flushed. Carl was coming up the path. The young Swede was bareheaded, the short blond curls glistening in the light; his throat was bare too, so that one could see the big muscles in his neck. Jennie always liked him with his throat bare; it reminded her of a hero she once saw in a play, who stormed a fort and rescued all the starving women.

"Da brown horse seek; batta come to stabble an' see him," Carl said, going direct to the porch, where he stood in front of Tom, resting one hand on his hip, his eyes never

wandering from her face. He knew where Jennie was, but he never looked.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Tom, her thoughts far away at the moment. "I don't know; he no eat da oats en da box."

"Will he drink?" said Tom, awakening to the importance of the information.

"Yas; 'mos' two buckets."

"It's fever he's got," she said, turning to pop. "I thought that yisterday noon when I seen him a-workin'. All right, Carl; I'll be down before I go to the board meetin'. An' see here, Carl; ye'd better git ready to go wid me. I'll start in a couple o' hours. Will it suit ye, gran'pop, if Carl goes with me?"—patting her father's shoulder. "If ye keep on a-worritin' I'll hev to hire a cop to follow me round."

Carl lingered for a moment on the steps. Perhaps Tom had some further orders; perhaps, too, Jennie would come out again. Involuntarily his eye wandered toward the open door, and then he turned to go. Jennie's heart sprang up in her throat. She had seen from behind the curtains the shade of disappointment that crossed her lover's face. She could suffer herself, but she could not see Carl unhappy. In an instant she was beside her mother. Anything to keep Carl—she did not care what.

"Oh, Carl, will you bring the ladder so I can reach the long branches?" she called out. Her quick wit helping her with a subterfuge.

Carl turned and glanced at Tom. He felt the look in her face and could read her thoughts.

If Tom had heard she never moved; her eyes were still on the hill where the crows were flying, black silhouettes against the yellow sky, her thoughts on Carl and Jennie. This affair must end in some way, she said to herself. Why had she not sent him away long before? How could she do it now when, by his rare pluck, he had saved Patsy?

"No, Jennie; there won't be time. Carl must get ready to—" Tom began firmly.

Pop laid his hand on hers.

"There's plinty o' toime, Mary. Ye'll git the ladder behint the kitchen door, Carl. I hed it ther' mesilf this mornin'."

Carl found the ladder, steadied it against the tree, and guided Jennie's little feet till they reached the topmost round, holding on to her skirts so that she should not fall. Above their heads the branches twined and interlaced, shedding their sweetest blossoms over their happy upturned faces. The old man's eyes lightened as he watched them for some

moments; then, turning to Tom, his voice full of tenderness, he said:

«Carl's a foine lad, Mary; ye'll do no betther for Jinnie.»

Tom did not answer; her eyes were still beyond the cedars on the hill.

«Did I shtop ye an' break yer heart whin ye wint off wid yer own Tom? What wuz he but an honest lad thet loved ye, an' he wid not a pinny in his pocket but the fare that brought ye both to the new country.»

Tom's eyes filled. She could not see the cedars now. All the hill was swimming in light.

«Oi hey watched Carl sence he fust come, Mary. It's a good mither som'er's as has lost a foine b'y. W'u'd n't ye be lonely yersilf ef ye'd come here wid nobody to touch yer hand?»

Tom shivered and covered her face. Who was more lonely than she—she who had hungered for the same companionship that she was denying Jennie; she who had longed for somebody to stand between her and the world, some hand to touch, some arm to lean on; she who must play the man always—the man and the mother too!

Pop went on, stroking her strong, firm hand with his stiff, shriveled fingers. He never looked at her; his face, too, was turned toward the dying sun.

«Do ye remimber the day ye left me in the ould country, Mary, wid yer own Tom; an' how I walked wid ye to the turnin' of the road? It wuz spring thin, an' the hedges all white wid blossoms. Look at thim two over there, Mary, wid their arms full o' flowers. Don't be breakin' their hearts, child.»

Tom turned and slipped her arm around the old man's neck, her head sinking on his shoulder. The tears were under her eyelids; her heart was bursting; only her pride sustained her. Then in a half-whispered voice, like a child telling its troubles, she said:

«Ye don't know—ye don't know, gran'pop. The dear God knows it's not on account of meself. It's Tom I'm thinkin' of night an' day—me Tom, me Tom. She's his child as well as mine. If he could only help me! He wanted such great things for Jennie. Don't speak to me again about it, father dear; it hurts me.»

The old man rose from his chair and walked slowly into the house. It was always so. It was always what Tom would have thought. All their talks had ended in that way. Why should a half-crazy cripple like her husband, shut up in a hospital, be consulted by anybody?

When the light faded and the trees grew indistinct in the gloom, she still sat where pop had left her. Soon the shadows fell in the little valley, and the hill beyond the cedars lost itself in the deepening haze that now crept in from the tranquil sea.

Carl's voice calling to Cully to take in the gray roused her to consciousness. She pushed back her chair, stood for an instant watching Carl romping with Patsy, and then walked slowly toward the stable.

By the time she reached the water-trough her old manner had returned. Her step became once more elastic and firm; her strong will asserted itself. She had work to do, and at once. In two hours the board would meet. She needed all her energies and resources. The lovers must wait; she could not decide any question for them now.

As she passed the stable window a man in a black cap raised his head cautiously above the low fence and shrank back into the shadow.

Tom threw open the door and felt along the sill for the lantern and matches. They were not in their accustomed place. The figure crouched, ran noiselessly toward the rear entrance, and crept in behind the stall. Tom laid her hand on the haunches of the brown horse and began rolling back his blanket. The man raised himself slowly until his arm reached over the stall. Then came a quick, sudden swing of a hammer, a dull, sodden, echoless blow, and Tom fell heavily beneath the horse's feet.

When Cully led the big gray into his stall he stepped into a pool of blood.

XV.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

At the appointed hour the Board of Trustees met in the hall over the post-office. The usual loungers filled the room—members of the Union, and others who counted on a piece of the highway pie when it was cut. Dempsey, Crimmins, and Quigg sat outside the rail, against the wall. They were waiting for McGaw, who had not been seen since the afternoon.

The president was in his accustomed place. The three gentlemen of leisure, the Scotch horse-doctor, and the other trustees occupied their several chairs. The roll had been called, and every man had answered to his name. The occasion being one of much importance, a full board was required. Not a whisper concerning the bloody tragedy a mile away had yet reached the room.

As the minute-hand passed the hour of nine

Dempsey became uneasy. He started every time a newcomer mounted the stairs. Where was McGaw? No one had seen him since he swallowed the tumblerful of whisky and disappeared from O'Leary's a few hours before.

The president rapped for order, and announced that the board was ready to sign the contract with Thomas Grogan for the hauling and delivery of the broken stone required for public highways.

There was no response.

"Is Mrs. Grogan here?" asked the president, looking over the room and waiting for a reply.

"Is any one here who represents her?" he repeated, after a pause, rising in his seat as he spoke.

No one answered. The only sound heard in the room was that of the heavy step of a man mounting the stairs.

"Is there any one here who can speak for Mrs. Thomas Grogan?" called the president again, in a louder voice.

"I can," said the man with the heavy tread, who proved to be the foreman at the brewery. "She won't live till mornin'; one of her horses kicked her and broke her skull."

"Broke her skull! My God! man, how do you know?" demanded the president, his voice trembling with excitement.

Every man's face was now turned toward the newcomer; a momentary thrill of horror ran through the assemblage.

"I heard it at the druggist's. One of her boys was over for medicine. Dr. Mason sewed up her head. He was driving by, on his way to Quarantine, when it happened."

"What Dr. Mason?" asked a trustee, eager for details.

"The same man what used to be at Quarantine seven years ago. He's app'inted again."

Dempsey caught up his hat and hurriedly left the room, followed by Quigg and Crimmins. McGaw, he said to himself, as he ran down-stairs, must be blind drunk, not to come to the meeting. "—him! What if he gives everything away!" he added aloud.

"This news is awful," said the president. "I am very sorry for Mrs. Grogan and her children—she's a fine woman. It is a serious matter, too, for the village. The highway work ought to commence at once; the roads need it. We may now have to advertise again. That would delay everything for a month."

"Well, there's other bids," said another trustee,—one of the gentlemen of leisure,—ignoring the president's sympathy, and alert for a possible slice on his own account.

"What's the matter with McGaw's proposal? There's not much difference in the price. Perhaps he would come down to the Grogan figure. Is Mr. McGaw here, or anybody who can speak for him?"

Justice Rowan sat against the wall. The over-zealous trustee had exactly expressed his own wishes and anxieties. He wanted McGaw's chances settled at once. If they failed, there was Rowan's own brother who might come in for the work, the justice sharing of course in the profits.

"In the absence of me client," said Rowan, looking about the room, and drawing in his breath with an important air, "I suppose I can ripresent him. I think, however, that if your honorable board will go on with the other business before you, Mr. McGaw will be on hand in half an hour himself. In the mean time I will look him up myself."

"I move," said the Scotch horse-doctor, in a voice that showed how deeply he had been affected, "that the whole matter be laid on the table for a week, until we know for certain whether Mrs. Grogan is killed or not. I can hardly credit it. It is very seldom that a horse kicks a woman."

Nobody having seconded this motion, the chair did not put it. The fact was that every man was afraid to move. The majority of the trustees, who favored McGaw, were in the dark as to what effect her death would have upon the bids. The law might require re-advertising and hence a new competition, and perhaps somebody much worse than Tom might turn up and take the work—somebody living outside of the village. Then none of them would get a finger in the pie. Worse than all, the cutting of it might have to be referred to the corporation counsel, Judge Bowker. What his opinion might be was past finding out. He was beyond the reach of "pulls," and followed the law to the letter.

The minority—a minority of two, the president and the Scotch horse-doctor—began to distrust the spirit of McGaw's adherents. It looked to the president as if a "deal" were in the air.

The horse-doctor, practical, sober-minded, sensible Scotchman as he was, had old-fashioned ideas of honesty and fair play. He had liked Tom from the first time he saw her; he had looked after her stables professionally; and he did not intend to see her, dead or alive, thrown out, without making a fight for her.

"I move," said he, "that the president appoint a committee of this board to jump into the nearest wagon, drive to Mrs. Grogan's, and find out whether she is still alive. If she's

dead, that settles it; but if she's alive, I will protest against anything being done about this matter for ten days. It won't take twenty minutes to find out; meantime we can take up the unfinished business of the last meeting."

One of the gentlemen of leisure seconded this motion; it was carried unanimously, and this gentleman of leisure himself was appointed courier, and left the room in a hurry. He had hardly reached the street when he was back again, followed closely by Dempsey, Quigg, Crimmins, Justice Rowan, and, last of all, fumbling with his hat, deathly pale, and entirely sober—Dan McGaw.

"There's no use of my going," said the courier trustee, taking his seat. "Grogan won't live an hour, if she ain't dead now. She had a sick horse that wanted looking after, and she went into the stable without a light, and he let drive, and broke her skull. She's got a gash the length of your hand—was n't that it, Mr. McGaw?"

McGaw nodded his head.

"Yes; that's about it," he said. The voice seemed to come from his stomach, it was so hollow.

"Did you see her, Mr. McGaw?" asked the Scotchman in a positive tone.

"How c'u'd I be a-seein' her whin I been in New Yorruk 'mos' all day? D'ye think I'm runnin' roun' to ivery stable in the place? I wuz a-comin' 'cross lots whin I heard it. They says the horse had blin' staggers."

"How do you know, then?" asked the Scotchman, suspiciously. "Who told you the horse kicked her?"

"Well, I dunno; I think it wuz some un—"

Dempsey looked at him and knit his brow. McGaw stopped.

"Don't you know enough of a horse to know he could n't kick with blind staggers?" insisted the Scotchman.

McGaw did not answer.

"Does anybody know any of the facts connected with this dreadful accident to poor Mrs. Grogan?" asked the president. "Have you heard anything, Mr. Quigg?"

Mr. Quigg had heard absolutely nothing, and had not seen Mrs. Grogan for months. Mr. Crimmins was equally ignorant, and so were several other gentlemen. Here a voice came from the back of the room.

"I met Dr. Mason, sir, an hour ago, after he had attended Tom Grogan. He was on his way to Quarantine in his buggy. He said he left her insensible after dressin' the wound. He thought she might not live till mornin'."

"May I ask your name, sir?" asked the president in a courteous tone.

"Peter Lathers. I am yardmaster at the U. S. Lighthouse Depot."

The title, and the calm way in which Lathers spoke, convinced the president and the room. Everybody realized that Tom's life hung by a thread. The Scotchman still had a lingering doubt. He also wished to clear up the blind-staggers theory.

"Did he say how she was hurt?" asked the Scotchman.

"Yes. He said he was a-drivin' by when they picked her up, and he was dead sure that somebody had hid in the stable and knocked her on the head with a club."

McGaw steadied himself with his hand grasping the back of a chair; the sweat was rolling from his face. He seemed afraid to look up, lest some other eye might catch his own and read his thoughts. If he had only seen Lathers come in!

Lathers's announcement, coupled with the horse-doctor's well-known knowledge of equine diseases discrediting the blind-staggers theory, produced a profound sensation. Heads were put together, and low whispers were heard. Dempsey, Quigg, and Crimmins did not move a muscle.

The horse-doctor again broke the silence.

"There seems to be no question, gentlemen, that the poor woman is badly hurt; but she is alive yet, and while she breathes we have no right to take this work from her. It's not decent to serve a woman so; and I think, too, it's illegal. I again move that the whole matter be laid upon the table."

This motion was not put, nobody seconding it.

Then Justice Rowan rose. The speech of the justice was seasoned with a brogue as delicate in flavor as the garlic in a Spanish salad—hardly perceptible, but still there.

"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Honorable Board of Village Trustees," said the justice, throwing back his coat. The elaborate opening compelled attention at once. Such courtesies were too seldom heard in their deliberations, thought the members, as they lay back in their chairs to listen.

"No wan can be moore pained than meself that so estimable a woman as Mrs. Grogan—a woman who fills so honorably her every station in life—should at this moment be stricken down either by the hand of an assassin or the hoof of a horse. Such acts in a law-abidin' community like Rockville bring with them the deepest detestation and the profoundest sympathy. No wan, I am sure, is more touched by her misfortune than me worthy friend Mr. Daniel McGaw, who by this

direct interposition of Providence is foored into the position of being compelled to assert his rights befoore your honorable body, with full assurance that there is no tribunal in the land to which he could apply which would lind a more willing ear.»

It was this sort of thing that made Rowan popular.

«But, gentlemen,»—here the justice curry-combed his front hair with his fingers—greasy, jet-black hair, worn long, as befitted his position,—«this is not a question of sympathy, but a question of law. Your honorable boord advertised some time since for certain supplies needed for the growth and development of this most important of the villages of Staten Island. In this call it was most positively and clearly stated that the contract was to be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder who gave the proper bonds. Two risponses were made to this call, wan by Mrs. Grogan, acting on behalf of her husband,—well known to be a hopeless cripple in wan of the many charitable instiitootions of our noble State,—and the other by our distinguished fellow-townsmen Mr. Daniel McGaw, whom I have the honor to ripresent. With that strict sinse of justice which has always characterized the decisions of this honorable boord, the contract was promptly awarded to Thomas Grogan, he being the lowest bidder; and my client, Daniel McGaw,—honest Daniel McGaw I should call him if his prisence did not deter me,—stood wan side in obadience to the will of the people and the laws of the State, and accepted his defate with that calmness which always distinguishes the hard-workin' sons of toil, who are not only the bone and sinoo of our land, but its honor and proide. But, gentlemen,»—here he combed his hair again, and then laid his hand lightly in the bulging lapels of his now half-buttoned coat,—«there were other conditions accompanying these proposals; to wit, that within tin days from said openin' the successful bidder should appear befoore this honorable body, and then and there duly affix his signatoor to the aforesaid contracts, already prepared by the attoorney of this boord, my honored associate, Judge Bowker. Now, gentlemen, I ask you to look at the clock, whose calm face, like a rising moon, presides over the deliberations of this boord, and note the passin' hour; and then I ask you to cast your eyes over this vast assemblage and see if Thomas Grogan, or any wan ripresenting him or her, or who in any way is connicted with him or her, is within the confines of this noble hall, to execute the mandates of this distinguished boord.

Can it be believed for an instant that if Mrs. Grogan, acting for her partly dismimbered husband, Mr. Thomas Grogan, had intinded to sign this contract, she would not have despatched on the wings of the wind some Mercury, fleet of foot, to infarm this boord of her desire for postponement? I demand in the interests of justice that the contract be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder who



DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«NOW, GENTLEMEN, I ASK YOU TO LOOK AT THE CLOCK.»

is ready to sign the contract with proper bonds, whether that bidder is Grogan, McGaw, Jones, Robinson, or Smith.»

There was a burst of applause and great stamping of feet; the tide of sympathy had turned. Rowan had perhaps won a few more votes. This pleased him more than his hope of cutting the contract pie. McGaw began to regain some of his color and lose some of his nervousness. Rowan's speech had quieted him.

The president gravely rapped for order. It was wonderful how much backbone and dignity and self-respect the justice's remarks had injected into the nine trustees—no, eight, for the Scotchman fully shared Cully's view of the orator's powers.

The Scotchman was on his feet in an instant.

"I have listened," he said, "to the talk that Justice Rowan has given us. It's very fine and tonguey, but it smothers up the facts. You can't rob this woman—"

"Question! question!" came from half a dozen throats.

"What's your pleasure, gentlemen?" asked the president, pounding with his gavel.

"I move," said the courier member, "that the contract be awarded to Mr. Daniel McGaw as the lowest bidder, provided he can sign the contract to-night with proper bonds."

Four members seconded it.

"Is Mr. McGaw's bondsman present?" asked the president, rising.

Justice Rowan rose, and bowed with the air of a foreign banker accepting a government loan.

"I have that honor, Mr. President. I am willing to back Mr. McGaw to the extent of my humble possessions, which are ample, I trust, for the purposes of this contract"—looking around with an air of entire confidence.

"Gentlemen, are you ready for the question?" asked the president.

At this instant there was a slight commotion at the end of the hall. Half a dozen men nearest the door left their seats and crowded to the top of the staircase. Then came a voice outside: "Fall back; don't block up the door! Get back there!" The excitement was so great that the proceedings of the board were stopped.

Then the throng parted. Daniel McGaw twisted his head, turned ghastly white, and would have fallen from his chair but for Dempsey. The crowd at the stairs stood still. An ominous silence suddenly prevailed.

Advancing through the door with slow, measured tread, her long cloak reaching to her feet; erect, calm, fearless; her face as white as chalk; her lips compressed, stifling the agony of every step; her eyes deep-sunken, black-rimmed, burning like coals; her brow bound with a blood-stained handkerchief that barely hid the bandages beneath, came Tom.

The deathly hush was unbroken. The men fell back with white, scared faces to let her pass. McGaw cowered in his chair. Dempsey's eyes glistened, a half-sigh of relief escaping him. Rowan had not moved; the apparition stunned him.

On she came, her eyes fixed on the president, till she reached the table. Then she steadied herself for a moment, took a roll of

papers from her dress, and sank slowly into a chair.

No one spoke. The crowd pressed closer. Those outside the rail mounted the benches and chairs, craning their necks. Every eye was fixed upon her.

Slowly and carefully she unrolled the contract, spreading it out before her, picked up a pen from the table, and without a word wrote her name. Then she rose firmly, and walked steadily to the door.

Just then a man entered within the rail and took her seat.

It was her bondsman, Mr. Crane.

XVI.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Two days after Tom had signed the highway contract, Babcock sat in his private office in New York, opening his mail. In the outside room were half a dozen employees—engineers and others—awaiting their instructions.

The fine spring weather had started work in every direction, including the second section of the sea-wall at the depot, where the divers were preparing the bottom for the layers of concrete. Tom's carts had hauled the stone.

Tucked into the pile of letters heaped before him, Babcock's quick eye caught the corner of a telegram. It read as follows:

Mother hurt. Wants you immediately.
Please come. JENNIE GROGAN.

For an instant he sat motionless, gazing at the yellow slip. Then he sprang to his feet. Catching his unopened correspondence, he thrust the letters into his pocket, and with a few hurried instructions to his men started for the ferry. Once on the boat, he began pacing the deck. "Tom hurt!" he repeated to himself. "Tom hurt? How—when—what could have hurt her?" He had seen her at the sea-wall, only three days before, rosy-cheeked, magnificent in health and strength. What had happened? At the St. George landing he jumped into a hack, hurrying the cabman.

Jennie was watching for him at the garden gate. She said her mother was in the sitting-room, and gran'pop was with her. As they walked up the path she recounted rapidly the events of the past two days.

Tom lay on the lounge by the window, under the flowering plants. She was apparently asleep. Across her forehead, covering

the temples, two narrow bandages bound up her wound. At Babcock's step she opened her eyes, her bruised, discolored face breaking into a smile. Then, noting his evident anxiety, she threw the shawl from her shoulders and sat up.

"No, don't look so. It's nothin'; I'll be all right in a day or two. I've been hurted before, but not so bad as this. I would n't have troubled ye, but Mr. Crane has gone West. It was kind and friendly o' ye to come; I knew ye would."

Babcock shook Tom's hand, nodding to pop, and sank into a chair. The shock of her appearance had completely unnerved him.

"Jennie has told me about it," he said in a tender, sympathetic tone. "Who was mean enough to serve you in this way, Tom?" He called her Tom now as the others did.

"Well, I don't know. It may have been the horse, but I hardly think it. All I remember is a-layin' me hand on his back. When I come to I was flat on the lounge. They had fixed me up, and Dr. Mason had gone off. Carl and Cully searched the place, but nothin' could be found. Cully says he heard somebody a-runnin' on the other side of the fence, but ye can't tell. Nobody keeps their heads in times like that."

"Have you been in bed ever since?" Babcock asked.

"In bed! God rest ye! I was down to the board meetin' two hours after, wid Mr. Crane, and signed the contract. Jennie and all of 'em wouldn't have it, and cried and went on, but I braved 'em all. I knew I had to go if I died for it. Mr. Crane had his buggy, so I did n't have to walk. The stairs was the worst. Once inside, I was all right. I only had to sign, and come out again; it did n't take a minute. Mr. Crane stayed and fixed it wid the trustees, an' I come home wid Carl and Jennie." Then, turning to her father, she said, "Gran'pop, will you and Jennie go into the kitchen for a while? I've some private business wid Mr. Babcock."

When they were gone her whole manner changed. She buried her face for a moment in the pillow, covering her cheek with her hands; then, turning to Babcock, she said:

"Now, me friend, will ye lock the door?"

For some minutes she looked out of the window, through the curtains and nasturtiums, then, in a low, broken voice, she said:

"I'm in great trouble. Will ye help me?"

"Help you, Tom? You know I will, and with anything I've got. What is it?" he asked, regaining his chair and drawing it closer.

"Has no one iver tol' ye about me Tom?" she asked, looking at him from under her eyebrows.

"No; except that he was hurt and you could n't bring him home."

"An' ye have heard nothin' more?"

"No," said Babcock, wondering at her anxious manner.

"Ye know that since he went away I've done the work meself, standin' out as he would have done in the cold an' wet, an' workin' for the children wid nobody to help me but these two hands."

Babcock nodded. He knew how true it was.

"Ye've wondered many a time, maybe, that I niver brought him home an' had him round wid me other poor cripple, Patsy—they two together." Her voice fell almost to a whisper.

"Or ye thought, maybe, it was mean and cruel in me that I kep' him a burden on the State, when I was able to care for him meself. Well, ye'll think so no more."

Babcock began to see now why he had been sent for. His heart went out to her all the more.

"Tom, is your husband dead?" he asked, with a quiver in his voice.

She never took her eyes from his face. Few people were ever tender with her; they never seemed to think she needed it. She read this man's sincerity and sympathy in his eyes; then she answered slowly:

"He is, Mr. Babcock."

"When did he die? Was it last night, Tom?"

"Listen to me fust, an' then I'll tell ye. Ye must know that when me Tom was hurted, seven years ago, we had a small place, an' only two horses, an' them war n't paid for; an' we had the haulin' at the brewery, an' that was about all we did have. When Tom had been sick a month—it was the time the bucket fell an' broke his rib—the new contract at the brewery was let for the year, an' Schwartz give it to us, a-thinkin' that Tom'd be round ag'in, an' niver carin', so's his work was done, an' I doin' it, me bein' big an' strong, as I always was. Me Tom got worse an' worse, an' one day Dr. Mason stopped an' said if I brought him to Bellevue Hospital, where he had just been appointed, he'd fix up his rib so he could breathe easier, and maybe he'd get well. Well, I hung on an' on, thinkin' he'd get better,—poor fellow, he did n't want to go,—but one night, about dark, I took the big gray an' put him to the cart, an' bedded it down wid straw; an' I wrapped me Tom up in

two blankits an' carried him down-stairs in me own arms, an' driv slow to the ferry."

She hesitated for a moment, leaned her bruised head on her hand, and then went on:

"When I got to Bellevue, over by the river, it was near ten o'clock at night. Nobody stopped me or iver looked into me bundle of straw where me poor boy lay; an' I rung the bell, an' they came out, an' got him up into the ward, an' laid him on the bed. Dr. Mason was on night duty, an' come an' looked at him, an' said I must come over the next day; an' I kissed me poor Tom, an' left him tucked in, promisin' to be back early in the mornin'.

word to anybody but Jennie. I've niver told pop yit. Nobody else would have cared; we was strangers here. The next mornin' I took Jennie,—she was a child then,—an' we wint over to the city, an' I got what money I had, an' the doctors helped, an' we buried him; nobody but just us two, Jennie an' me walkin' behint the wagon, his poor body in the box. Whin I come home I wanted to die, but I said nothin'. I was afraid Schwartz would take the work away if he knew it was only a woman who was a-doin' it wid no man round, an' so I kep' on; an' whin the neighbors asked about him bein' in a 'sylum an' out of his head, an' a cripple an' all that, God forgive me, I let it



DRAWN BY C. S. REINHART.

«TOM, IS YOUR HUSBAND DEAD?»

I had got only as far as the gate on the street whin one of the men came a-runnin' after me, an' before I could get me arms under me Tom again—he was dead."

"And all this seven years ago, Tom?" said Babcock in astonishment, sinking back in his chair.

Tom bowed her head. The tears were trickling through her fingers and falling on the coarse shawl.

"Yis; seven years ago this June." She paused for a moment, as if the scene was passing before her in every detail, and then went on: "Whin I came home I niver said a

go at that; an' whin they asked me how he was I'd say he was better, or more comfortable, or easier; an' so he was, thank God! bein' in heaven."

She roused herself wearily, and wiped her eyes with the back of her hand. Babcock sat motionless. It was impossible to believe that the heartbroken woman before him was the fearless Amazon he had known.

"Since that I've kep' the promise to me Tom that I made on me knees beside his bed the night I lifted him in me arms to take him down-stairs—that I'd keep his name clean, an' do by it as he would hev done himself, an'

bring up the children, an' hold the roof over their heads. An' now they say I dar' n't be called by Tom's name, nor sign it neither, an' they're a-goin' to take me contract away for puttin' his name at the bottom of it, just as I've put it on every other bit o' paper I've touched ink to these seven years since he left me.»

«Why, Tom, this is nonsense. Who says so?» said Babcock earnestly, glad of any change of feeling to break the current of her thoughts.

«Dan McGaw an' Rowan says so.»

«What's McGaw got to do with it? He's out of the fight.»

«Oh, ye don't know some men, Mr. Babcock. McGaw 'll never stop fightin' while I live. Maybe I ought n't to tell ye,—I've niver told anybody,—but whin my Tom lay sick upstairs, McGaw come in one night, an' his own wife bedridden, an' sat down in this very room,—it was our kitchen then,—an' he says, (If your man don't git well, ye 'll be broke.) He said some more things, an' tried to make love to me, but I would n't let on I took his meanin'. An' I says to him, (Dan McGaw, if I live twelve months, Tom Grogan 'll be a richer man than he is now.) I was a-sittin' right here when I said it, wid a rag carpet on this floor. Then all me trouble wid him began; he's done everything to beat me since, an' now maybe, after all, he 'll down me. It all come up yisterday through McGaw meetin' Dr. Mason and askin' him about me Tom; an' whin the doctor told him Tom was dead seven years, McGaw runs to Justice Rowan wid the story, an' now they say I can't sign a dead man's name. Judge Bowker has the papers, an' it's all to be settled to-morrow.»

«But they can't take your contract away,» said Babcock, indignantly, «no matter what Rowan says.»

«Oh, it's not that—it's not that. That's not what hurts me. I can git another contract. That's not what breaks me heart. But if they take me Tom's name from me, an' say I can't be Tom Grogan any more; if they say I can't sign it to me letters an' have it wid me night an' day—the name I've loved an' that I've worked for, the name I've kep' clean for him—me Tom that loved me, an' never lied or was mean—me Tom that I promised, an'—an'—»

All the woman in her overcame her now. Sinking to her knees, she threw her arms and head on the lounge, and burst into tears. This strong nature which had defied storm and cold, braved the roughest men, fearing no

living thing, broke down completely when this idol of her heart was shattered.

Babcock rested his head on his hand, and looked on in silence. Here was something, it seemed to him, too sacred for him to touch even with his sympathy.

«Tom,» he said, when she grew more quiet, «what do you want me to do?»

«I don't know that ye can do anything,» she said in a quivering voice, lifting her head, her eyes still wet. «Perhaps nobody can. But I thought maybe ye 'd go wid me to Judge Bowker in the mornin'. Rowan an' all of 'em 'll be there, an' I'm no match for these lawyers. Perhaps ye 'd speak to the judge for me.»

Babcock held out his hand.

«I knew ye would, an' I thank ye,» said Tom, drying her eyes. «Now unlock the door, an' let 'em in. They worry so. Gran'pop has n't slep' a night since I was hurted, an' Jennie goes round cryin' all the time, sayin' they 'll be a-killin' me next.»

Then, rising to her feet, she called out in a cheery voice, as Babcock opened the door, «Come in, Jennie; come in, gran'pop. It's all over, child. Mr. Babcock's a-goin' wid me in the mornin'. Niver fear; we 'll down 'em all yit.»

XVII.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

WHEN Judge Bowker entered his office adjoining the bank, Justice Rowan had already arrived. So had McGaw, Dempsey, Crimmins, Quigg, the president of the board, and one or two of the trustees. The judge had sent for McGaw and the president, and they had notified the others.

Tom and Babcock sat by the window, she listless and weary, he alert and watchful for the slightest point in her favor. Tom had on her brown dress, washed clean of the blood-stains, and the silk hood, which better concealed the bruises. All her old fire and energy seemed gone. It was not from the shock of her wound,—her splendid constitution was fast healing that,—but from this deeper hurt, this last thrust of McGaw's, which seemed to have broken her indomitable spirit.

To rob her of the right to sign her husband's name would have made little difference to many a woman. To Tom it was like robbing her of her life. When she worked on the docks she would brace herself, and whisper to her heart, «I am doing what Tom did, poor fellow, many a day for me»; when she dominated her men, it was Tom's strength that ran

through her veins; when she would sign her checks or receipt the bills or open the letters, all in his name, it was her Tom's work she was doing, while he was in heaven looking at her. To take away all this would be to take away her very breath.

Babcock, although he did not betray his misgivings, was greatly worried over the outcome of McGaw's latest scheme. He wished in his secret heart that Tom had signed her own name to the contract. He was afraid so punctilious a man as the judge might decide against her. He had never seen the man; he knew only that no other judge in his district had so high a reputation for technical rulings.

When the judge entered—a small, gray-haired, keen-eyed man in a black suit, with gold spectacles, spotless linen, and clean-shaven face—Babcock's fears were confirmed. This man, he felt, would be legally exact no matter who suffered by his decision.

Rowan opened the case, the judge listening attentively, looking over his glasses. Rowan recounted the details of the advertisement, the opening of the bids, the award of the contract, the signing of "Thomas Grogan" in the presence of the full board, and the discovery by his "honored client that no such man existed, had not existed for years, and did not now exist."

"Dead, your Honor"—throwing out his chest impressively, his voice swelling—"dead in his grave these seven years, this *Mr. Thomas Grogan*; and yet this woman has the bald and impudent effrontery to—"

"That will do, Mr. Rowan."

Police justices did not count much with Judge Bowker, and then he never permitted any one to abuse a woman in his presence.

"The point you make is that Mrs. Grogan had no right to sign her name to a contract made out in the name of her dead husband."

"I do, your Honor," said Rowan, resuming his seat.

"Why did you sign it?" asked Judge Bowker, turning to Tom.

She looked at Babcock. He nodded assent, and then she answered:

"I always signed it so since he left me."

There was a pleading, tender pathos in her words that startled Babcock. He could hardly believe the voice to be Tom's.

The judge looked at her with a quick, penetrating glance, which broadened into an expression of kindly interest when he read her entire honesty in her face. Then he turned to the president of the board.

"When you awarded this contract, whom

did you expect to do the work, Mrs. Grogan or her husband?"

"Mrs. Grogan, of course. She has done her own work for years."

The judge tapped his chair with his pencil. The taps could be heard all over the room. Most men kept quiet in Bowker's presence, even men like Rowan. For some moments his Honor bent over the desk and carefully examined the signed contract spread out before him; then he pushed it back, and glanced about the room.

"Is Mr. Crane, the bondsman, present?"

"Mr. Crane has gone West, sir," said Babcock, rising. "I represent Mrs. Grogan in this matter."

"Did Mr. Crane sign this bond knowing that Mrs. Grogan would haul the stone?"

"He did; and I can add that all her checks, receipts, and correspondence are signed in the same way, and have been for years. She is known everywhere as Tom Grogan. She has never had any other name—in her business."

"Who else objects to this award?" said the judge, calmly.

Rowan sprang to his feet. The judge looked at him.

"Please sit down, Justice Rowan. I said (who *else*) I have heard you." He knew Rowan.

McGaw had been whispering to Dempsey. He had never once looked at Tom. His extreme nervousness of a few days ago—starting almost at the sound of his own footstep—had given place to a certain air of bravado, now that everybody in the village believed the horse had kicked her.

Dempsey jumped from his chair.

"I'm opposed to it, yer Honor, an' so is all me fri'nds here. This woman has been invited into the Union, and treats us as if we was dogs. She—"

"Are you a bidder for this work?" asked the judge.

"No, sir; but the Union has rights, and—"

"Please take your seat; only bidders can be heard now."

"But who's to stand up for the rights of the laborin' man if—"

"You can, if you choose; but not here. This is a question of evidence."

After some moments of thought the judge turned to the president of the board, and said in a measured, deliberate voice:

"This signature, in my opinion, is a proper one. No fraud is charged, and under the testimony none was intended. The law gives Mrs. Grogan the right to use any title she chooses in conducting her business—her hus-

band's name, or any other. The contract must stand as it is."

Tom had listened with eyes dilating, every nerve in her body at highest tension. Her contempt for Rowan in his abuse of her; her anger against Dempsey at his insults; her pride and gratitude to Babcock as he stood up to defend her; her fears for the outcome, as she listened to the calm, judicial voice of the judge,—each producing a different sensation of heat and cold,—were all forgotten in the wild rush of joy that surged through her as the judge's words fell upon her ear. She shed no tears, as other women might have done. Every fiber of her being seemed to be turned to steel. She was herself again—she, Tom Grogan!—firm on her own feet, with her big arms ready to obey her, and her head as clear as a bell, master of herself, master of her rights, master of everything about her. And, above all, master of the dear name of her Tom that nothing could take from her—not even the law!

With this tightening of her will power there quivered through her a sense of her own wrongs—the wrongs she had endured for years, the wrongs that had so nearly wrecked her life.

Then, forgetting the judge, the office, the still solemnity of the place,—even Babcock, who looked on in amazement at her fury,—she walked straight up to McGaw, blocking his exit to the street door.

"Dan McGaw, there's a word I've got for ye before ye lave this place, an' I'm a-goin' to say it to ye now before ivery man in this room."

McGaw shrank back in alarm. Her movement had been so quick he could not speak.

"You an' I have known each other since the time I nursed yer wife when yer boy Jack was born, an' pulled her through when she was near dyin' from a kick ye give her. Ye began yer dirty work on me one night when me Tom lay sick, an' I threw ye out o' me kitchen; an' since that time ye've—"

"Here! I ain't a-goin' ter stand here an' listen ter yer. Git out o' me way, or I'll—"

Tom stepped closer, her eyes flashing, every word ringing clear.

"Stand still, an' hear what I've got to say to ye, or I'll make a statement to the judge right here that 'll put ye where ye won't move for years. Look at this"—drawing back her hood, and showing the bandaged scar.

McGaw seemed to shrivel up; the crowd stood still in amazement.

"I thought ye would. Now, I'll go on. Since that night in me kitchen ye've tried to

ruin me in every other way ye could. Ye've set these dead-beats Crimmins an' Quigg on to me to coax away me men; ye've stirred up the Union; ye burned me stable—"

"Ye lie! It's a tramp did it," snarled McGaw.

"Ye better keep still till I get through, Dan McGaw. I've got the can that helt the ker'sene, an' I know where yer boy Billy bought it, an' who set him up to it," she added, looking straight at Crimmins. "He might 'a' been a dacent boy but for you an' him."

The situation became intense. Even the judge, who had tried to stop the attack, listened eagerly.

"Ye've been a sneak an' a coward to serve a woman so who never harmed ye. Now I give ye fair warnin', an' I want two or three other men in this room to listen: if this don't stop, ye'll all be behint bars where ye belong.—I mean you too, Mr. Dempsey. As for you, Dan McGaw, if it war n't for yer wife Kate, who's a dacent woman, ye'd go to-day. Now, one thing more, an' I'll let ye go. Mr. Crane has turned over to me yer chattel mortgage that's past due, to do with as I pl'ase. You'll send to me in the mornin' two of yer horses to take the places of those ye burned up, an' if they're not in my stable by siven o'clock I'll be round yer way 'bout nine with the sheriff."

Once outside in the sunlight, she became herself again. The outburst had cleared her soul like a thunder-clap. She felt as free as air. The secret that had weighed her down for years was off her mind. What she had whispered to her own heart she could now proclaim from the housetops. Even the law protected her.

Babcock walked beside her, silent and grave. She seemed to him like some Joan with flaming sword. Her magnificent courage, her dominant personality, her generous magnanimity, astounded him.

When they reached the turn in the road that led to her own house, her eyes fell upon Jennie and Carl. They had walked down behind them, and were waiting under the trees.

"There's one thing more ye can do for me, me friend," she said, turning to Babcock. "All the old things Tom an' I did together I can do by meself; but it's new things like Carl an' Jennie that trouble me—the new things I can't ask him about. Do ye see them two yonder? Am I free to do for 'em as I would? No; ye need n't answer. I see it in yer face. Come here, child; I want ye. Give me yer hand."

For an instant she stood looking into their faces, her eyes brimming. Then she took Jennie's hand, slipped it into Carl's, and laying her big, strong palm over the two, said slowly:

"Now go home, both o' ye, to the house that 'll shelter ye, pl'ase God, as long as ye live."

Tom's predictions were fulfilled. Six months later Crimmins was sent to Sing Sing and young Billy McGaw to Elmira Reformatory. It was the grocer's label on the empty kero-

sene-can—the label and Quigg's volunteered testimony—that convinced the jury. The night of the trial Dan McGaw fell from a ferryboat, and was drowned.

When Tom heard the news she buttoned on her ulster and went straight to McGaw's house. His widow sat on a broken chair in an almost empty room.

"Don't cry, Katy," said Tom, bending over her. "I'm sorry for Billy; but ye've one thing left, an' that 's yer boy Jack. Let me take him—I 'll make a man of him."

THE END.

F. Hopkinson Smith.



ON AN AUTHOR'S CHOICE OF COMPANY.

ONCE and again, it would seem, a man is born into the world belated. Strayed out of a past age, he comes among us like an alien, lives removed and singular, and dies a stranger. There was a touch of this strangeness in Charles Lamb. Much as he was loved and befriended, he was not much understood; for he drew aloof in his studies, affected a "self-pleasing quaintness" in his style, took no pains to hit the taste of his day, wandered at sweet liberty in an age which could scarcely have bred such another. "Hang the age!" he cried. "I will write for antiquity." And he did. He wrote as if it were still Shakspeare's day; made the authors of that spacious time his constant companions and study; and deliberately became himself "the last of the Elizabethans." When a new book came out, he said, he always read an old one.

The case ought, surely, to put us occasionally upon reflecting. May an author not, in some degree, by choosing his literary company, choose also his literary character, and so, when he comes to write, write himself back to his masters? May he not, by examining his own tastes and yielding himself obedient to his natural affinities, join what congenial group of writers he will? The question can be argued very strongly in the affirmative, and that not alone because of Charles Lamb's case. It might be said that Lamb was antique only in the forms of his speech, that he managed very cleverly to hit the taste of his age in

the substance of what he wrote, for all the phraseology had so strong a flavor of quaintness and was not at all in the mode of the day. It would not be easy to prove that; but it really does not matter whether it is true or not. In his tastes, certainly, Lamb was an old author, not a new one; a "modern antique," as Hood called him. He wrote for his own age, of course, because there was no other age at hand to write for, and the age he liked best was past and gone; but he wrote what he fancied the great generations gone by would have liked, and what, as it has turned out in the generosity of fortune, subsequent ages have warmly loved and reverently canonized him for writing, as if there were a casual taste that belongs to a day and generation, and also a permanent taste which is without date, and he had hit the latter.

Great authors are not often men of fashion. Fashion is always a harness and restraint, whether it be fashion in dress or fashion in vice or fashion in literary art, in thought and expression; and a man who is bound by it is caught and formed in a fleeting mode. The great writers are always innovators; for they are always frank, natural, and downright, and frankness and naturalness always disturb, when they do not wholly break down, the fixed and complacent order of fashion. No genuine man can be deliberately in the fashion, indeed, in what he says, if he have any movement of thought or individuality in him. He remembers what Aristotle says, or, if he does not, his own pride and manliness fill him with the thought instead. The very same action that

is noble if done for the satisfaction of one's own sense of right or purpose of self-development, said the Stagirite, may, if done to satisfy others, become menial and slavish. «It is the object of any action or study that is all-important,» and if the author's chief object be to please he is condemned already. The true spirit of authorship is a spirit of liberty which scorns the slave's trick of imitation. It is a masterful spirit of conquest within the sphere of ideas and of artistic form—an impulse of empire and origination.

Of course a man may choose, if he will, to be less than a free author. He may become a reporter; for there is such a thing as reporting for books as well as reporting for newspapers, and there have been reporters so amazingly clever that their very aptness and wit constitute them a sort of immortals. You have proof of this in Horace Walpole, at whose hands gossip and compliment receive a sort of apotheosis. Such men hold the secret of a kind of alchemy by which things trivial and temporary may be transmuted into literature. But they are only inspired reporters, after all; and while a man was wishing, he might wish to be more, and climb to better company.

Every man must of course, whether he will or no, feel the spirit of the age in which he lives and thinks and does his work; and the mere contact will direct and form him more or less. But to wish to serve the spirit of the age at any sacrifice of individual naturalness or conviction, however small, is to harbor the germ of a destroying disease. Every man who writes ought to write for immortality, even though he be of the multitude that die at their graves; and the standards of immortality are of no single age. There are many qualities and causes that give permanency to a book, but universal vogue during the author's lifetime is not one of them. Many authors now immortal have enjoyed the applause of their own generations; many authors now universally admired will, let us hope, pass on to an easy immortality. The praise of your own day is no absolute disqualification; but it may be if it be given for qualities which your friends are the first to admire, for 't is likely they will also be the last to admire them. There is a greater thing than the spirit of the age, and that is the spirit of the ages. It is present in your own day; it is even dominant then, with a sort of accumulated power and mastery. If you can strike it, you will strike, as it were, into the upper air of your own time, where the forces are which run from age to age. Lower down,

where you breathe, is the more inconstant air of opinion, inhaled, exhaled, from day to day—the variant currents, the forces that will carry you, not forward, but hither and thither.

We write nowadays a great deal with our eyes circumspectly upon the tastes of our neighbors, but very little with our attention bent upon our own natural, self-speaking thoughts and the very truth of the matter whereof we are discoursing. Now and again, it is true, we are startled to find how the age relishes still an old-fashioned romance, if written with a new-fashioned vigor and directness; how quaint and simple and lovely things, as well as what is altogether modern and analytic and painful, bring our most judicious friends crowding, purses in hand, to the book-stalls; and for a while we are puzzled to see worn-out styles and past modes revived. But we do not let these things seriously disturb our study of prevailing fashions. These books of adventure are not at all, we assure ourselves, in the true spirit of the age, with its realistic knowledge of what men really do and think and purpose, and the taste for them must be only for the moment or in jest. We need not let our surprise at occasional flurries and variations in the literary market cloud or discredit our analysis of the real taste of the day, or suffer ourselves to be betrayed into writing romances, however much we might rejoice to be delivered from the drudgery of sociological study, and made free to go afield with our imaginations upon a joyous search for hidden treasure or knightly adventure.

And yet it is quite likely, after all, that the present age is transient. Past ages have been. It is probable that the objects and interests now so near us, looming so dominant in all the foreground of our day, will sometime be shifted and lose their place in the perspective. That has happened with the near objects and exaggerated interests of other days, so violently sometimes as to submerge and thrust out of sight whole libraries of books. It will not do to reckon upon the persistence of new things. 'T were best to give them time to make trial of the seasons. The old things of art and taste and thought are the permanent things. We know that they are because they have lasted long enough to grow old; and we deem it safe to assess the spirit of the age by the same test. No age adds a great deal to what it received from the age that went before it, no time gets an air all its own. The same atmosphere holds from age to age; it is only the little movements of the air that are new. Fleeting

cross-winds venture abroad in the intervals when the trades do not blow, the which if a man wait for he may lose his voyage.

No man who has anything to say need stop and bethink himself whom he may please or displease in the saying of it. He has but one day to write in, and that is his own. He need not fear that he will too much ignore it. He will address the men he knows when he writes, whether he be conscious of it or not; he may dismiss all fear on that score, and use his liberty to the utmost. There are some things that can have no antiquity and must ever be without date, and genuineness and spirit are of their number. A man who has these must ever be "timely," and at the same time fit to last, if he can get his qualities into what he writes. He may freely read, too, what he will that is congenial, and form himself by companionships that are chosen simply because they are to his taste; that is, if he be genuine and in very truth a man of independent spirit. Lamb would have written "for antiquity" with a vengeance had his taste for the quaint writers of an elder day been an affectation, or the authors he liked men themselves affected and ephemeral. No age this side antiquity would ever have vouchsafed him a glance or a thought. But it was not an affectation, and the men he preferred were as genuine and as spirited as he was. He was simply obeying an affinity and taking cheer after his own kind. A man born into the real patriciate of letters may take his pleasure in what company he will without taint or loss of caste; may go confidently abroad in the free world of books and choose his comradeships without fear of offense.

More than that, there is no other way in which he can form himself, if he would have his power transcend a single age. He belittles himself who takes from the world no more than he can get from the speech of his own generation. The only advantage of books over speech is that they may hold from generation to generation, and reach, not a small group merely, but a multitude of men; and a man who writes without being a man of letters is curtailed of his heritage. It is in this world of old and new that he must form himself if he would in the end belong to it and increase its bulk of treasure. If he has conned the new theories of society, but knows nothing of Burke; the new notions about fiction, and has not read his Scott and his Richardson; the new criminology, and wots nothing of the old human nature; the new religions, and has never felt the power and sanctity of the old, it is much the same as if he had read

Ibsen and Maeterlinck, and had never opened Shakspere. How is he to know wholesome air from foul, good company from bad, visions from nightmares? He has framed himself for the great art and handicraft of letters only when he has taken all the human parts of literature as if they were without date, and schooled himself in a catholic sanity of taste and judgment.

Then he may very safely choose what company his own work shall be done in—in what manner, and under what masters. He cannot choose amiss for himself or for his generation if he choose like a man, without light whim or weak affectation; not like one who chooses a costume, but like one who chooses a soul. What is it, let him ask himself, that renders a bit of writing a "piece of literature"? It is reality. A "wood-note wild," sung unpremeditated and out of the heart; a description written as if with an undimmed and seeing eye upon the very object described; an exposition that lays bare the very soul of the matter; a motive truly revealed; anger that is righteous and justly spoken; mirth that has its sources pure; phrases to find the heart of a thing, and a heart seen in things for the phrases to find; an unaffected meaning set out in language that is its own—such are the realities of literature. Nothing else is of the kin. Phrases used for their own sake; borrowed meanings which the borrower does not truly care for; an affected manner; an acquired style; a hollow reason; words that are not fit; things which do not live when spoken—these are its falsities, which die in the handling.

The very top breed of what is unreal is begotten by imitation. Imitators succeed sometimes, and flourish, even while a breath may last; but "imitate and be damned" is the inexorable threat and prophecy of fate with regard to the permanent fortunes of literature. That has been notorious this long time past. It is more worth noting, lest some should not have observed it, that there are other and subtler ways of producing what is unreal. There are the mixed kinds of writing, for example. Argument is real if it come vital from the mind; narrative is real if the thing told have life and the narrator unaffectedly see it while he speaks; but to narrate and argue in the same breath is naught. Take, for instance, the familiar example of the early history of Rome. Make up your mind what was the truth of the matter, and then, out of the facts as you have disentangled them, construct a firmly touched narrative, and the thing you create is real, has the confidence and consistency of life. But

mix the narrative with critical comment upon other writers and their variant versions of the tale, show by a nice elaboration of argument the whole conjectural basis of the story, set your reader the double task of doubting and accepting, rejecting and constructing, and at once you have touched the whole matter with unreality. The narrative by itself might have had an objective validity; the argument by itself an intellectual firmness, sagacity, vigor, that would have sufficed to make and keep it potent; but together they confound each other, destroy each other's atmosphere, make a double miscarriage. The story is rendered unlikely, and the argument obscure. This is the taint which has touched all our recent historical writing. The critical discussion and assessment of the sources of information, which used to be a thing for the private mind of the writer, now so encroach upon the open text that the story, for the sake of which we would believe the whole thing was undertaken, is oftentimes fain to sink away into the foot-notes. The process has ceased to be either pure exegesis or straightforward narrative, and history has ceased to be literature.

Nor is this our only sort of mixed writing. Our novels have become sociological studies, our poems vehicles of criticism, our sermons political manifestos. We have confounded all processes in a common use, and do not know what we would be at. We can find no better use for Pegasus than to carry our vulgar burdens, no higher key for song than questionings and complainings. Fancy pulls in harness with intellectual doubt; enthusiasm walks apologetically alongside science. We try to make our very dreams engines of social reform. It is a parlous state of things for literature, and it is high time authors should take heed what company they keep. The trouble is, they all want to be "in society," overwhelmed with invitations from the publishers, well known and talked about at the clubs, named every day in the newspapers, photographed for the news-stalls; and it is so hard to distinguish between fashion and form, costume and substance, convention and truth, the things that show well and the things that last well, so hard to draw away from the writers that are new and talked about and note those who are old and walk apart, to distinguish the tones which are merely loud from the tones that are genuine, to get far enough away from the press and the hubbub to see and judge the movements of the crowd.

Some will do it. Choice spirits will arise and make conquest of us, not "in society," but with what will seem a sort of outlawry.

The great growths of literature spring up in the open, where the air is free and they can be a law unto themselves. The law of life, here as elsewhere, is the law of nourishment: with what was the earth laden, and the atmosphere? Literatures are renewed, as they are originated, by uncontrived impulses of nature, as if the sap moved unbidden in the mind. Once conceive the matter so, and Lamb's quaint saying assumes a sort of gentle majesty. A man should "write for antiquity" as a tree grows into the ancient air—this old air that has moved upon the face of the world ever since the day of creation, which has set the law of life to all things, which has nurtured the forests and won the flowers to their perfection, which has fed men's lungs with life, sped their craft, borne abroad their songs and their cries, blown their forges to flame, and buoyed up whatever they have contrived. 'Tis a common medium, though a various life; and the figure may serve the author for instruction.

The breeding of authors is no doubt a very occult thing, and no man can set the rules of it; but at least the sort of "amplifier" in which they are best brought to maturity is known. Writers have liked to speak of the Republic of Letters, as if to mark their freedom and equality; but there is a better phrase, namely, the Community of Letters; for that means intercourse and comradeship and a life in common. Some take up their abode in it as if they had made no search for a place to dwell in, but had come into the freedom of it by blood and birthright. Others buy the freedom with a great price, and seek out all the sights and privileges of the place with an eager thoroughness and curiosity. Still others win their way into it with a certain grace and aptitude, next best to the ease and dignity of being born to the right. But for all it is a bonny place to be. Its comradeships are a liberal education. Some, indeed, even there, live apart; but most run always in the marketplace to know what all the rest have said. Some keep special company, while others keep none at all. But all feel the atmosphere and life of the place in their several degrees.

No doubt there are national groups, and Shakspeare is king among the English, as Homer is among the Greeks, and sober Dante among his gay countrymen. But their thoughts all have in common, though speech divide them; and sovereignty does not exclude comradeship or embarrass freedom. No doubt there is many a wilful, ungoverned fellow endured there without question, and many a churlish cynic, because he possesses that

patent of genuineness and of a wit which strikes for the heart of things, which, without further test, secures citizenship in that free company. What a gift of tongues is there, and of prophecy! What strains of good talk, what counsel of good judgment, what cheer of good tales, what sanctity of silent thought! The sight-seers who pass through from day to day, the press of voluble men at the gates, the affectation of citizenship by mere sojourners, the folly of those who bring new styles or affect old ones, the procession of the generations, disturb the calm of that serene community not a whit. They will entertain a man a whole decade, if he happen to stay so long, though they know all the while he can have no permanent place among them.

T would be a vast gain to have the laws of that community better known than they are. Even the first principles of its constitution are singularly unfamiliar. It is not a community of writers, but a community of letters. One gets admission, not because he writes,—write he never so cleverly, like a gentleman and a man of wit,—but because he is literate, a true initiate into the secret craft and mystery of letters. What that secret is a man may know, even though he cannot practise or appropriate it. If a man can see the permanent element in things,—the true sources of laughter, the real fountains of tears, the motives that strike along the main lines of conduct, the acts which display the veritable characters of men, the trifles that are significant, the details that make the mass,—if he know these things, and can also choose words with a like knowledge of their power to illuminate and reveal, give color to the eye and passion to the thought, the secret is his, and an entrance to that immortal communion.

It may be that some learn the mystery of that insight without tutors; but most must put themselves under governors and earn their initiation. While a man lives, at any rate, he can keep the company of the masters whose words contain the mystery and open it to those who can see almost with every accent; and in such company it may at last be revealed to him—so plainly that he may, if he will, still linger in such comradeship when he is dead.

It would seem that there are two tests which admit to that company, and that they are conclusive. The one is, Are you individual? the other, Are you conversable? «I beg pardon,» said a grave wag, coming face to face with a small person of most consequential air, and putting glass to eye in

calm scrutiny—«I beg pardon; but are you anybody in particular?» Such is very much the form of initiation into the permanent communion of the realm of letters. Tell them, No, but that you have done much better—you have caught the tone of a great age, studied taste, divined opportunity, courted and won a vast public, been most timely and most famous, and you shall be pained to find them laughing in your face. Tell them you are earnest, sincere, consecrate to a cause, an apostle and reformer, and they will still ask you, «But are you anybody in particular?» They will mean, «Were you your own man in what you thought, and not a puppet? Did you speak with an individual note and distinction that marked you able to think as well as to speak—to be yourself in thoughts and in words also?» «Very well, then; you are welcome enough.»

«That is, if you be also conversable.» It is plain enough what they mean by that, too. They mean, if you have spoken in such speech and spirit as can be understood from age to age, and not in the pet terms and separate spirit of a single day and generation. Can the old authors understand you, that you would associate with them? Will men be able to take your meaning in the differing days to come? Or is it perishable matter of the day that you deal in—little controversies that carry no lasting principle at their heart; experimental theories of life and science, put forth for their novelty and with no test of their worth; pictures, in which fashion looms very large, but human nature shows very small; things that please everybody, but instruct no one; mere fancies that are an end in themselves? Be you never so clever an artist in words and in ideas, if they be not the words that wear and mean the same thing, and that a thing intelligible, from age to age, and ideas that shall hold valid and luminous in whatever day or company, you may clamor at the gate till your lungs fail and get never an answer.

For that to which you seek admission is a veritable «community.» In it you must be able to be, and to remain, conversable. How are you to test your preparation meanwhile, unless you look to your comradeships now while yet it is time to learn? Frequent the company in which you may learn the speech and the manner which are fit to last. Take to heart the admirable example you shall see set you there of using speech and manner to speak your real thought and be genuinely and simply yourself.

Woodrow Wilson.

ENTER THE EARL OF TYNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CAT AND THE CHERUB."



Mr. Howard Delafield turned from Seventy-blank street into the avenue, a sleigh with scarlet plumes and a crystal dasher rushed past him and drew up in front of the Garston house.

The Earl of Tyne alighted, and the footman had hardly touched the bell before the door opened and the earl went in. Mr. Delafield, on foot, paused for an instant in the middle of a step, and then kept on past the Garston house, as if that had not been his destination. He decided to return in half an hour, and, if the sleigh was gone, ring the bell—to find, probably, that Mildred had left for a ride with the earl and her grandmother. If so, Mr. Delafield would have to explain his late delinquencies on another day. It seemed a month since he had seen Mildred; but he was not quite loath to delay what now he knew he should say. He had been heavy-hearted all the way, and the rich spectacle of the earl and of the glistening sleigh and its men and jingling steeds made Delafield sick.

But when he came back the sleigh was gone. Miss Garston had not ridden off with the earl. She was in; and she greeted Delafield coolly, and led the way to the oak room, where a log fire crackled on the hearth.

"I don't understand," she began, turning in the fuller light; but her tone altered a shade. "Are you ill? Could n't you come?"

"I'm all right," he said, with a weary smile, taking the arm-chair. "It's a long story; I ought to have written."

"I don't see why you did n't write," she said. "It has been a week. I could n't ask any one; I simply lay awake. There's so little defense of ignoring me. It's against all our theories, and I never should hesitate to withdraw rather than accept it. I don't want to be hasty. You look pale, and I'm sorry; but you make me suffer, and you don't seem to understand, and you might as well be in Japan."

"I never should withhold my confidence," said Delafield. "I could n't respect you if I did. So we shall not part for that. It is good," he added ominously, "that we can be calm over serious things."

"But what is so serious?" she asked, fright-

ened from some of her color. "Tell me, have I seemed to do something? Surely you don't believe that about the earl—that I let him pay me marked attention? I wondered if those reporters had talked to you and added to the falsehoods they printed about him. I tried to fit a dozen reasons to your silence, but I could n't fit one. I saw you hurrying along Twenty-third street two days ago, and you did n't look disabled. Don't you see how queer—"

"Do you know how long we have been engaged?" he asked gravely.

"Nearly three years," said Mildred, as if the time had not seemed long.

"And you are twenty-four years old, and I am as impecunious as I was three years ago. We can't go on this way—we must give it up."

He did not look to see her face, but gazed intently on the flames.

"I thought then," he said, after a few moments, "that by now we might be married. I really had done well when I reached the editorial staff, and I thought I should soon have something better. But I did n't. Beyond a few hundreds saved, I have n't since made a gain. I've gone off; my chances have decreased; and I don't seem doomed to financial success. But in my capacity of one who treasures your welfare I will not be a fiasco. We must give it up, and you must take what better fate awaits you."

She was rigid in the oak settee, with her eyes fixed on the Garston arms below the mantel. He shook his head in pity of himself.

"I've had time," he went on, in a strained voice, "to think. A man may be much that a woman honors, and yet from a metropolitan point be a financial failure. We both thought the chances favorable; but they are not. In four or five years I might, by dint of plodding, take you to Harlem, but not the best of it, to share my nonentity in (apartments)—a set of bins a hundred feet in the sky—a euphemism for a tenement. I could not promise more. You would be excommunicated from society because you could not afford to entertain, and debarred from the opera because you would not climb the heavens to hear it. Then you would find,

after the novelty of our life had settled to a routine, that you were slowly dying of distaste, and that the only happy ones about you were those who could be content with farce-comedy and popular music and Sunday newspapers."

The Garston arms were silver set in purple marble, and her face was cold against them. Her feet were motionless on the tiger's skin. Delafield appeared to be making a painful study of the flames. He started on, and had to begin twice.

"Food, clothing, warmth, friends," he said, clearing his throat—"all are necessary. They cost in New York. You must have finery if you move with the friends of the Earl of Tyne; you must have things to feed to them, and a place to receive them in. We must n't learn by dire experience what is so patent; if there is an art of living, we ought to consider the end, and allow for our older years, with your greater need for dainties and carriages and servants and climates. It is inevitable that some day you would compare your state with what it might have been, and me—with the other man; and I am not sure I should be adequate; I cannot advise the risk. The woman who marries a fortune is something assuaged if her love wears out; and for you no brilliant marriage is improbable. I should never forget that, left to your present surroundings, you might have come to care for a man of great wealth, or perhaps for one with both wealth and title, like the Earl of Tyne. And, on the other hand, to see you condemned with me to such a contrast with what might have been, would destroy the lightness of my heart."

The fire was subsiding. He paused. Very far away she seemed already, with her eyes, half closed, fixed on the gaping lion's mouth in the arms. He could not read her face. She might be occupied with some scornful misinterpretation.

"I would n't have you think that I despair," he said suddenly. "I always go on. My philosophy does not refuse me self-esteem; and it could n't refuse success, if life were forever and strength as long as life. But a woman ages; she cannot so well begin a career in the middle of her prime. If you wait and wait, and curb all thoughts of other men, and finally *do* see me crushed—think of it! See how it stands now. I am no longer an editorial writer—I have not been for a week. I have changed my rooms, so that the book reviews can meet my present expense. I shall find something else, simply because a man can't seek in vain forever. I left because

they asked me to libel Dougherty, our misrepresentative in Congress, and to twist his foolish doings to the semblance of a mis-demeanor. Dougherty does n't know enough to be a rascal; and I refused, and they gave me a choice, and I resigned. Affairs have promised this for months; for my self-respect grew always faster than my bank-account, and some of the things I used to condone are abhorrent to me now. I cannot call a college graduate a noble fellow because he ferrets out a girl who fled away to hide, and because he purchases her photograph from the villain who swore to defend her. But that is what first promoted my successor. For a long time I have refused to write some things they asked, and they found me worth concessions, though they knew how strongly I stood for reform ideas and how contemptible I held their party majors; but the new man can do perhaps as well as I, and he stops at nothing. He is an example of "perfect discipline"; he knows the division between moral and legal libel to a hair's breadth. I used to dream how satisfactory it must be to be a gentleman of the editorial column and wield nothing but a force toward better things." I thought then, you see, that all journalism was a professional pursuit. If I had been less callow it would have been far better for you."

Her fingers lay on the arm of the settee, and the diamond on one of them—the only jewel she wore—shot up a cold glint caught and changed from the lessening rays of the fire. He could see only her profile.

"There is one thing I never have spoken of," he said, after a moment, compressing his lips. "I should be absurd to ignore that your grandmother is a rich woman who loves you and likes me well. In the event of her death you would receive a fortune by her will, or she might give you an income if you married. Both these possibilities may have crossed your mind as fair guaranties for the future; but have you reflected how the prospect of being the impecunious husband of a rich wife would load me with dread? My pride would not bear it—nor yours—for me to be a weakling beside your beauty and your money. It has not frightened me away, you understand; it has made me pause, for your sake. It has brought me to a determination which nothing can alter."

Her pallor was disturbing him. She was like alabaster, and the rise of her chest was barely apparent. She had not spoken, or moved her eyes from the Garston arms. The blaze had left the hearth, and the logs smoldered,

growing blacker and blacker, while the sky outside took deeper and colder tints, and the winter sun was sinking in a flare of orange. He feared that she mistrusted his sincerity.

"I may have seemed unimpassioned all through our engagement," he said, with regretful firmness. "But if I have seemed so, you will thank me. I know I hurt you. I shall not speak of myself—it is not the time; but I submit that, if you release me, it will be better for us to—say good-by—now. Only your grandmother knows that we have been engaged; and we have always maintained a dignity which you will not regret, perhaps, when we meet again in after years. That is all. Am I not right?"

He had finished. What he had doubted his courage for when he had sighted Mildred's house, the Earl of Tyne had given him strength to say. Now the words were out of his mouth, and as he waited for Mildred's answer his mind went back to the room in West Twenty-eighth street where he was going after he had parted with Mildred for perhaps the rest of their lives. It was a dingy and darksome and narrow room, no whit less melancholy for the presence of his bookcase and his desk and his books and etchings. It was a wretched place to go and lie awake in the first appalling realization of his sacrifice; it was wretched because there on the table, in a silver frame with doors that were unlocked by a sacred key, would be the picture of Mildred—Mildred as he had seen her once on the stairs, on the night of a ball. The frame had stood on his table for two long years, to be opened as often as he paused at early morning, after his work was done, before he went to dream of her. Whatever he did, the picture, or the absence of it, would dominate the room, and the room would dominate him. He would give up the room, he told himself; he would take his savings and wander abroad until the wound stopped bleeding. But even then he could never again unlock the silver frame, nor—unless he heard some day that Mildred was a countess—ever part with it.

Mildred was still mute and white. The maid came knocking, and opened the portières to fetch some wood.

"It's gun out, ma'am," she said, from her knees, as she placed a small log on the andirons and poked the embers into a heap beneath. "Should I start it or leave it?"

"Yes," murmured Mildred, with unwitting ambiguity; and the maid, aware of an oblivion chilling even to a servant, forsook the fire to its will. Delafeld turned to Mildred and paused for her answer. She began

to breathe harder, and seemed about to speak; but she could not. He asked himself wretchedly how one could doubt her who saw her eyes so blank with woe, and saw the clasping and unclasping of her fingers. Her mouth twitched as if she were a tiny girl and as if he had been treacherous and made her afraid of every one. In an escape of tenderness he let himself for a moment cover her hand.

"Why, you poor child," he exclaimed, "it's as cold as ice! What makes it so?"

"It's the ring," she said huskily, her eyes shunning him. "I—I release you!"

She took the diamond off and laid it on the arm of the settee.

"But—please keep it," he said, at the memory of how he had put it on her finger many months ago. "You'll keep at least that, won't you?"

"You forget it was your mother's—that she told you to give it to the woman you loved," said Mildred, with a trace of bitterness. "Only," she added, turning to him, "just for a while will you sit here? I want to say some things, if I can, that would have come to me when you were gone—things I should suffer not to say. Once I could n't have asked you; but three years make a change. I cannot readjust myself so quickly—with no warning. Will you come?" she asked faintly.

He moved to the place beside her on the double settee. The fire, lingering along the bottom of the logs, reflected some glow from the hearth, brighter because the twilight was beginning. The white diamond glittered on the settee arm, minus an owner. Mildred kept half turned away from him, and he waited for her to go on.

"It's because ours has been so—different from others," she said, struggling for words. "Other men are much more—more enthusiastic to the women who promise to marry them. But you seem to have thought you ought n't to be, or else you did n't care. And I always feared to say—perhaps—how good you were."

She paused for a moment.

"Because," she went on, "I could n't—in words—they mock me, and you left no other way. If you had n't been outwardly so true and careful, and so fierce in your hatred of fraud, I should have thought you could n't have much feeling. But, as it was, I believed you meant to honor me."

Delafeld was looking into the embers.

"You've been so different from what I expected—when you asked me. You were so good then! I had read your heart from the

instant you came to care. I knew for weeks that you were weighing it over; and I was so proud of you for first telling me about—your prospects. Perhaps you thought I did n't appreciate that; and I'm sure you were shocked at my quick assent, for you did n't know how I had wished it for months and months. And now you think that what I accepted so readily I can easily lose. You never will know; for I am not as I was. I used to quench my doubts; but I can't be certain now whether you ever cared or not."

The embers were fading out, and her face was receding in the gloom.

"How little I know you," she went on, the words coming faster, "that I can talk so—after these years! It's because you placed me too high, perhaps; made me a goddess instead of a friend. I did n't want to be a goddess; it is n't a real thing. I wanted to be like other well-bred women when they give their word. But I could n't ask you to be different; I could n't speak of it now if I ever expected to see you again. My friendship did n't attract you. You saw this house and the precious girdles I wear, and you concluded that I was too dainty to be useful, and too feeble to stand the battle of life—for any sake; and you liked me because I made a pretty ornament in this background, just as you part with me because you cannot maintain it. I was foolish not to see that. You enjoy in me the very contrast with what I admired in you. You have never seen any one just like me; and when you found me in such surroundings, not pampered or silly or spoiled, I impressed you. It must have been because I looked well standing at the head of the stairs, with the stained-glass light, and the maid lifting on my cloak, and the footman waiting stiff below with my traveling-bag—as you saw me once, and looked so worshipful. How strange you were not to know that you were stronger and better and finer a sight than I! At that moment I should have rather gone with you, with a cheap bag and a cheap cloak and no footman and no maid, than have gone as I did, with any one else in the world. I did n't know you then as I do to-day. The maid and the stained glass had been traditions in our family simply because wealth and elegance had been traditions; but *they* did n't make our happiness. Health was what we asked, and the joy of exerting strength and will, whether it was my grandfather in his ship or my father in his bank. If you think I have degenerated from them, you are neither clever nor complimentary."

The darkness had pressed down between

them, though she sat so near. The solitary diamond sparkled close to her fingers' ends. He heaved a deep, uneven sigh; but Mildred's voice was growing stronger.

"I should have seen how far apart our real ideals lay; but I was foolish, and I do thank you for your dignity now. You differed so from the men I was meeting. They were either stupid or gross, or jellied with vice, or poor cartoons of foreigners. There was n't one of them with the grace of the Earl of Tyne, and there was n't one of them like our people—like my father. But you were so ambitious and vigorous and daring! You had even done brutal things, I thought, though I admired the dash that took you through them, because I felt that better taste would come to you, as it has. In most things you had all the finish of the men I knew, and you realized twice as much as they dreamed. You had struggled, too, and suffered anxiety and temptation; and yet you were as ruddy and clear-skinned and steady-handed as a young girl. You grew—I could see you grow; and you called to all that was potent and healthy in my mind. I wanted to run beside you, and do and dare things with you, and live your life of vigor and conquest. I did n't want to be carried—I'm too much alive. I knew I could not run so fast or so far as you; but I could go each day faster and farther than you could carry me. I used to tell you this, and you used to say what a mighty team two such as we would be when we both put shoulder to the wheel, each to his best. But you did n't mean it, or else you meant it for all the world but me. Your real picture was a girl at the head of the stairs, waiting freshly groomed and gowned, all crisp and idle and full of pretty feminine affairs to dissipate your weariness and vexations. That has its fascination, true enough, and quite enough, for most of us; but it is n't the thing for me. I'm too jealous of your hours away from me—I mean I should be if I cared. I should expect your life-work to be part of your soul, and I should want to be part of it in some way, too. I should want to serve wherever I could, being your friend—the best you ever had. I should lose the last memory of myself in the one I cared for. That would be living—for me. But you—would n't understand it."

A screen stopped most of the light that would have come in through the windows, and the fire was hidden in its own ashes. They were in the dark. The chimney-place was growing cold; the sleigh-bells in the street, recalling the Earl of Tyne, sounded cold,

too; and the cruel things she said were tingling. He had not thought that words would ever hurt him from so sweet a source.

"Then if you failed," she continued, "I should know it was fate, not lack of me; just as a triumph would n't be yours alone, but ours, as life would be ours. A woman who asks that, who can let you go without a pang because you fail to value it—she would never be a drag, no matter how much she had to learn. I have no genius, I know; I can't write; and so you think my energies would be dispersed by society—that I should languish for the Earl of Tyne! You have n't believed me when I said I had no taste for that. I'm not opposed to social life; I know it too well: it keeps more people out of mischief than it spoils. But it is n't the thing for me. I have vigor that will not let me dawdle; and independence and will that never betrayed me until I thought I cared for you. I don't wonder you mistake me; I never am so timid and weak as with you; nor so stupid as not to see when I'm made a sport of."

She stopped for a moment.

"But you wrong me, Mildred!" he said painfully.

"I never wronged you while I expected to be your wife," came her spirited answer. "I took in earnest everything you said. Life means so much to me; it has so many charms—such great rewards for force and action; its very buffets have a taste for me. You never imagined for an instant what terrific impatience I leashed from day to day since we were first engaged; how I longed to grasp your hand and be off and be living. You would have thought it bold if I had told you while we were engaged. Oh, I used some days to walk in Central Park all the morning—to tire myself and keep myself from lying awake to think how I might help you. If I did n't, I wanted to fly—to jump from my window. What a waste it was—a waste of thought and sleepless nights, when I could rise in the morning and walk my miles and yet come back sleepless, because I longed to be up and working out the traditions of my blood! And all my dreams pointed to you, who took me for nothing—nothing but lace! You don't know me. You don't know what I like, or what I need, or how little you fulfil your promise. You think I want carriages! I'd rather have a driving snow and high boots and an alpenstock, with a loaf of rye bread in a haversack, than tool a coach with the Earl of Tyne through ten columns of a newspaper. You think I should languish in a flat with a man who was mine and knew me through and

through—languish for want of a box at the Metropolitan, and for want of an earl, when I had my own nobleman plighted to me gladly! You apprehend me, but you cannot comprehend me in the least."

The soft fabric of her sleeve touched his shoulder; but he felt as far removed from her as if three years ago she had not laid her head on his shoulder and said she was happy there. Delafield winced.

"But you don't know the dreary reality," he said hopelessly. "You never knew rude living except as a bit of contrast. You have n't felt its deadening power."

"You could n't deaden me with rude living if I chose to accept it," she exclaimed angrily. "You could n't break my spirit with plain walls so long as there was air and sky and the elements of food. I know it deadens the dead; it frets small souls—it would stimulate me. If it would n't, there is no such thing as binding hearts. If a strong woman cannot share your lot as honor makes it, then she never loved you more than half. If you don't expect that principle, you don't honor her and you don't care. I know my words are only sounds to you; I ought to say, 'I adore you—if you can furnish steam heat and all the modern improvements!' You'd respect me just as much if I did. But now you think I'm melodramatic, and I think you are; for every word you spoke has been affected. If we had gone on as we did until we married, our misunderstanding would have finished, but our mistake would have only begun. You are not keyed up to my pitch," she said passionately. "You've taken three good years of my life under false pretenses; and you've humiliated me so that I'm ashamed to look at you, and I'm glad it's dark!"

"Ah, but you *don't* know!" he protested wretchedly, gripping the back of the settee so that it creaked. "And you don't know how hard it has been to say it! I should have been a coward and held it back if I had n't seen him coming up your steps. I had started in indecision, and every step saw me worse; but his splendor made me sick. If you care no more than you say, I'm already—but you must care, Mildred; you would n't speak so hotly if you did n't."

"Then I'll speak more calmly," she said, with what seemed absolute self-possession. "We both have much to thank the earl for, it seems. Has the fire quite gone out? Perhaps you find it chilly here?" she added, turning to him in the gloom.

He made no answer, but his hand dropped from the back of the settee.

"I'll go now," he said at last, trying to adopt her manner. Yet he waited, while she kept silent, and heard his breathing, and saw the sparkle of his diamond just beyond her finger-tips. A cold draft blew down through the chimney and swept the ashes.

"There'll be a time," he said, "when you'll look upon me as only a newspaper man, without distinction from all the rest. He will see me, and he'll think of the vulgar, venal irresponsibility of the most blatant of our newspapers, of the sort that traduce their ignorant readers and affront their intelligent ones with every revolution of their press; and he'll say contemptuously, 'That is one of the men who write what they would blush to own.' And yet there are clean sheets, for those who have taste for them; and one may be both a journalist and a gentleman; and if not, he'd only share his ignominy with the thousands who bought what he wrote. But when a few years are gone all I shall be to you is—a newspaper man."

"If a man respects himself, that should be enough," she said coldly, as if she did not divine that he was thinking of the earl.

Delafield stood up. He paused for a moment, and she knew he was trying to discern for the last time her outline in the darkness. Then slowly he made his way around back of the settee, past tables and chairs, to the door. She heard the clink of the rings of the portières, and could tell that he had paused again, holding the curtain in his hand. She realized that the next few minutes would shape the course of her life.

"Oh, will you please find the bellows for me before you go?" she asked in a new tone suited to pleading for a favor.

He came groping his way back, with hands outstretched, and accidentally touched her face. She gave a little start and an exclamation which he did not comprehend. The maid turned the current on in the hall, and some light came over the top of the portières.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked. "I could n't see."

"No—I understand," she hastened to say, with a shiver. She had thought he meant a caress. "I wanted the bellows to blow the fire, please. I'm cold."

He picked it out, and, as he would have done when they had been engaged, used it on the ashes to save her the trouble of it. At first the embers took some life; then they drowsed.

"It's gone too far," he said grimly; "it won't come up again."

"Oh, I think it will," she said fervently, "if you only try!"

VOL. II.—99.

He kept on mechanically, looking into the embers; but they gave no more than a glow that seemed to compensate for the pallor of his face.

"It's no use," he said at length, letting the mouth of the bellows drop, and staring dejectedly into the ashes.

"Don't be disgusted," she urged, with such softness as if she feared to frighten the flames away. "Can't you try again?"

"I'll send the maid; I'll ring the bell as I go out," he said, keeping turned away from her, and about to rise.

"But you're not going to force me to make the fire myself?" she asked gently, laying her hand on his sleeve and looking earnestly at him. "I don't want the maid. I want you—you to move it a trifle, please—to where those splinters will catch. I'm too cold to wait for the maid, and I want to say one little word more. Please take the stool."

He did as she asked, and with the tongs moved the log to where the splinters took the flames; and as she watched him, silently and with hungry eyes, the fire ran along until all the log was ablaze and crackling and lighting the room. He waited, not seeing her face, and growing bitter that she should be able to add to the injuries she had already inflicted.

"About the earl," she began, with difficulty—"I have seen him only three times in my life. We were introduced at Mrs. Van Thaler's, and we talked for about ten minutes. I did not go to ride with him, as the papers said; and I never showed that I liked him. Last week he called here, and I was astonished and grandma was enraged; but we saw that he was under some delusion. To-day, just as I sent a servant to buy your paper to see if it chanced to mention your whereabouts, he came again. We had never asked him to come to see us. In a little while I managed to find what his mistake was. He took me for Miss Gaston, farther up the avenue; he did n't know that our name was Garston. He said she had invited him, but that he had forgotten her face and remembered only her name, which was known all over the world in connection with a great business house; and he said he had forgotten my name, but remembered my face. I told him that we knew the Gastons but slightly. Then he apologized very regretfully, and went away. I don't know him."

She waited wistfully for Delafield to make some comment, but he did not.

"And grandma could n't leave me anything," she said, miserable at his silence.

"It all goes to charity, because papa was

wealthy then, and grandpa did n't expect him to die so poor, and so they arranged it all between them. I shall have just my own little income. I wear these things only because grandma insists on buying them; but when she's gone I shall have only my few hundreds, and *they* ought n't to be enough to frighten even you away."

She paused, and waited in vain. Delafield said nothing. Her eyes fell on the diamond, and its sparkle was too much for them.

"I did n't have any *more* to say," she faltered, half choking. "I—I thought—"

The tears that had assembled behind her vehemence rushed up in triumph over her striving, and she trembled and shuddered with her grief. For a moment Delafield clenched his fists behind him; then they opened, and he moved quickly to her side.

"Shall I love my happiness more than you?" he said distinctly. "Shall I follow my heart alone?"

"Yes—yes; be selfish—be selfish!" cried Mildred. "I—I want to be worth fury and hate and fighting for! There is n't anything in the world I want so much as you!"

He took her strongly in his arms, and tenderly kissed her. She was still sobbing, but differently; and he let her weep for the easing of her heart.

"I shall adopt your view," he said resolutely, with his lips at her ear. "From now I shall believe all you believe; and we'll

start and make our life a proof of our creed. Don't fear that I shall be weak; I was thinking of you, and I made a mistake. I always go on. Please—"

"Yes," she said joyously, her arms around his neck and their eyes meeting in new trust and happiness; "you were tired and worn with anxiety, and the earl bothered you, dear. But it will not be so again, because first you'll tell me everything. You must take a long rest to-night; but you must stay to dinner, and drink something hot to prevent you from having gotten cold while I was so horrid."

With her repentance she was nearly ready to weep again, and she sprang up on a plea of drawing the shades. There came a heavy clang of sleigh-bells without, different from the ordinary.

"Come quick!" she said.

She had looked out in the glare of the electric lights and had seen the sleigh with the scarlet plumes and the crystal dasher. There were the two splendid towering flunkies, strictly *en profil*; and behind them, half frozen in their furs, the young Earl of Tyne, elegantly dressed, and a brilliantly costumed girl of countenance sharp and sagacious.

Delafield came up behind Mildred and slipped the diamond to its place on her lovely finger.

"And who's the lady?" he asked.

"That's Miss Gaston," said Mildred.

Chester Bailey Fernald.

OUR FOREIGN TRADE.



THE expansion of the foreign trade of the United States, which is now attracting more than usual attention, deserves the thought and careful consideration of our merchants and public men.

Yet only few, in the hurry and bustle of business, can devote sufficient time and research to analyze the statistics of imports and exports, and otherwise follow the course and extent of our commerce with foreign countries. While the volume of our foreign trade in natural products has increased largely during the last decade, our exports of manufactured goods are not keeping pace with our imports thereof, and are not commensurate

with the wealth, development, and resources of the nation, demonstrating clearly that the energies of our people have not been directed toward the expansion of our foreign exports as persistently as toward the development of our internal trade and manufactures.

Heretofore our exports have comprised chiefly raw materials, the products of agriculture, mines, and forests, comparatively little attention having been given to articles of domestic manufacture. In 1870 our exports of domestic manufactures amounted to only \$68,279,746, representing but 15 per cent. of our total exports for the year, which amounted to \$455,208,341, of which \$352,096,215 was the product of domestic agriculture. The increase in the export of domestic manufactures has been slow. It was not until

1876, the year of the Centennial Exhibition (to which influence the sudden growth during subsequent years may be attributable), that they advanced to \$101,637,548, while the following year they swelled to \$133,933,549, an increase of over \$32,000,000. In 1880 they receded to \$102,856,215, but increased again to \$134,794,346 in 1882, and showed no material improvement until 1891, when they swelled to \$168,927,315. The maximum was reached in 1894, when the value arose to \$183,718,484, representing 21 per cent. of the gross exports, which amounted to \$869,204,937. The increase was chiefly in cotton goods, agricultural implements, spirits, fertilizers, and manufactures of copper, woolens, electrical and surgical instruments, books, engravings, and printed matter. There has also been a marked and gratifying increase during the year, largely in manufactures of iron; and the heavy contracts reported abroad for armor-plates for foreign battle-ships give encouragement of further improvement to follow in succeeding years.

To work up a demand and properly to introduce our manufactured goods in foreign markets require greater energy and aptitude than in selling cereals, provisions, and raw materials, for the reason that it becomes necessary to cater to the tastes and overcome the prejudices of consumers, while in the case of raw materials the exporter deals only with wholesalers and manufacturers, who themselves convert the products into manufactured articles suitable to the wants of their people. Hence a manufacturer and exporter must expend much time, labor, and money to introduce his wares abroad, requiring a large preliminary outlay and careful study of the wants of the different markets, coupled with untiring energy and perseverance. Returns and profits are necessarily slow. That frequently discourages exporters in their first efforts, and causes them to abandon the attempt to introduce their goods in competition with others already well known and established in the market they seek to enter. The prejudices of foreigners are difficult to overcome, but the energy and ingenuity of our business men who go abroad to cultivate new markets should be equal to the occasion, and capable of overcoming all obstacles. With our inexhaustible natural resources, improved machinery and inventions of all kinds, and an increasing supply of skilled labor every year, this country is capable of making rapid strides in the expansion of its foreign export trade, provided our capitalists, manufacturers, and

merchants give it the thought and attention that it deserves. If only one half of the capital, energy, and attention that is now absorbed in manipulating stocks, trusts, questionable mining companies, and other inflated schemes was devoted to the development of legitimate manufacturing enterprises, and to seeking consumers for their products abroad, the country would become more and more prosperous each year, and be able to provide employment for her skilled artisans, whose labor is the foundation and mainstay of her wealth.

One thousand dollars' worth of domestic manufactures exported is of greater benefit to the country than double the value of raw materials sent abroad, inasmuch as it gives employment to three or four times the labor. It is England's manufactories and enormous foreign commerce that have produced her great wealth, and not the product of her soil. Statistics prove this. She has been the shopkeeper, manufacturer, and money-lender of the world, importing raw products, manufacturing them, and exporting them again in manufactured goods to suit the taste and requirements of foreign customers, while her laborers, merchants, and ship-owners have reaped the profit. In the manufacture of cotton goods alone the profits that accrue to her people are enormous. During the fiscal year ending in 1894 the total value of raw cotton imported into the United Kingdom was \$164,721,725, while the exports for the same period were \$332,803,665, showing a balance in her favor of \$168,081,940 over and above what must have been consumed by her own population. These figures and enormous profits ought to afford our cotton manufacturers food for reflection. If Great Britain, which has to import all the raw cotton she manufactures, can make a gain of *one hundred and sixty-eight million dollars*—over 50 per cent.—to be divided among her artisans and manufacturers, there would seem to be a great opening for this country, which in 1894 exported \$210,869,289 of cotton (of which \$114,974,225 went to Great Britain), to compete for a share of this enormous industry. It is worth noticing that while Great Britain in 1894 exported \$332,000,000 of cotton goods, this, the greatest cotton-producing country in the world, exported only \$210,000,000 of raw and \$14,340,886 of manufactured cottons.

Of woolens we exported in 1894 only \$2,112,703; viz., \$1,247,447 of foreign importation and \$865,256 of domestic manufacture; while Great Britain for the same period exported \$183,057,825, showing that this in-

dustry with us is yet in its infancy. It is capable of development, however. With the duty removed from foreign fleece wool the future need not be despaired of.

The extraordinary diversified resources of this vast country give no limit to the possibilities of the expansion of our foreign commerce. It should be our aim to increase our exports to the countries from which our imports are greater than our exports, and thus to reduce the balances of trade against us, which have to be settled in gold and silver; also to foster more closely our trade relations and increase our exports to the countries contiguous to us and whose markets are easy of access, notably Mexico, Central and South America, the West Indies, and the Orient. Our exports to these countries are not at all in proportion to our imports, and are capable of being largely increased. In 1894 our trade with them was as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.
Mexico.....	\$28,727,006	\$12,842,149
Central America...	9,751,149	5,233,986
South America	100,147,107	33,212,310
West Indies.....	96,465,134	41,907,362
China.....	18,117,699	10,072,373
Japan.....	19,471,202	3,986,815
	\$272,679,297	\$107,254,995

From this it will be seen that from the countries named we imported \$165,424,302 in excess of our exports. This enormous balance of trade against us absorbs an alarming outflow of gold and silver from our specie reserves. To China alone we sent during 1894 \$9,301,286 in gold and silver. The greater part of this was shipped from San Francisco, and represents the earnings of about 90,000 Chinese laborers and merchants employed and engaged in business on the Pacific coast; the actual balances of trade being settled mostly by exchange on London, the center of all financial settlements. To Japan in the same period we sent \$3,849,030 in gold and silver, chiefly from the Pacific coast.

The international exposition to be held in the city of Mexico in 1896, preparations for which are being made on a large scale, offers a good opportunity for displaying our manufactures in that country, as it is likely to be visited extensively not only by Mexican people, but by well-to-do and progressive residents of the Central American republics. Exhibitors at all foreign expositions ought to be liberally aided and encouraged by the Federal Government, as such exhibits always tend to promote trade.

Since steamers have to a large extent superseded sailing vessels in the West Indian and

Central American trade, giving more frequent and rapid transportation and reduced rates of freight, our exports to those countries have increased very materially, to the exclusion, in many cases, of British products, as an analysis of the British blue books show. This not only applies to foreign countries, but to some of the British possessions as well, notably Bermuda, Barbados, Trinidad, and other colonies. Canada in 1893 imported merchandise from this country to the value of \$58,220,858, while from Great Britain during the same year her imports were only \$48,149,531; the aggregate of her total import and export trade with Great Britain being \$107,385,718, and with this country \$108,988,856. It is worthy of note that Great Britain takes by far the largest share of our exports. In 1860 the proportion was 52.50 per cent. of the entire exports, and in 1893 49.93 per cent., while 8.45 per cent. went to other British possessions, making a total export in the latter year to Great Britain and her possessions of 58.38 per cent., a fact that our anti-British demagogues should not lose sight of. In 1894 our exports to Great Britain and Canada alone were respectively \$425,968,879 and \$50,549,763, a total of \$476,518,642, representing 54 per cent. of our gross exports.

Our imports from Great Britain, on the other hand, under a high protective tariff, have fallen off from 39.17 per cent. in 1860 to 21.11 in 1893.

The most gratifying feature of our foreign trade is that in volume it now exceeds that of any other country excepting Great Britain, whose commerce is nearly double that of any other nation. Next in order come Germany, France, and the Netherlands.

The following figures, compiled from the latest and most reliable data available, show the total imports and exports of some of the principal countries:

United Kingdom	1892..	\$3,481,779,033
United States.....	1892..	1,857,680,610
Germany.....	1891..	1,787,526,666
France.....	1891..	1,623,091,733
Netherlands.....	1891..	1,010,865,066
India.....	1892..	957,867,197
Italy.....	1891..	389,990,333
Belgium.....	1891..	646,069,466
Russia.....	1891..	532,019,133

The amount of foreign trade per head of population of the principal countries is as follows:

United States.....	1892..	\$16.22
Great Britain.....	1892..	37.24
Germany.....	1891..	15.64
France.....	1891..	18.22
Netherlands.....	1891..	102.25

Belgium	1891..	\$48.72
India	1892..	2.50
Russia	1891..	3.05
Italy	1891..	5.62
South Australia	1892..	117.17
Queensland	1892..	105.83
Straits Settlements	1892..	177.49
Falkland Islands	1892..	343.61

Our foreign trade per head of our population, according to these figures, compares favorably with that of most European countries, but so far amounts to only 44 per cent. of that of Great Britain. The Netherlands, Belgium, South Australia, Queensland, Straits Settlements, and Falkland Islands make a wonderful showing, and are noteworthy examples of what can be accomplished, though the four last-named countries export chiefly unmanufactured products.

The total foreign trade of the United States for the years 1892, 1893, and 1894 was as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
1892..	\$827,402,462	\$1,030,278,148	\$1,857,680,610
1893..	866,400,922	847,665,194	1,714,066,116
1894..	654,994,622	892,140,572	1,547,135,194

The exports in 1892 exceeded those of any year in the history of the country, and were due to the unusually large crops of cereals, which were marketed abroad at good prices. The totals of our foreign trade given above do not include the imports and exports of gold and silver coin and bullion, which for the same period were as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.	Excess of Exports over Imports.
1892.....	\$69,654,540	\$83,005,886	\$13,351,346
1893.....	44,367,633	149,418,163	105,050,530
1894.....	85,735,671	127,429,326	41,693,655

It is worth noticing how the trade of other countries compares with ours. The total foreign trade of Great Britain and her colonies and possessions in 1892 was as follows:

	Imports.	Exports.	Total.
Great Britain.....	\$2,062,463,558	\$1,419,315,475	\$3,481,779,033
British Colonies and Possessions	1,082,065,489	1,235,103,645	2,317,169,134
Total.....	\$3,144,529,047	\$2,654,419,120	\$5,798,948,167

These statistics demonstrate clearly the enormous advantage that Great Britain derives from her trade with her colonies and possessions. Yet notwithstanding these advantages, of late years we have gradually been selling more and more of our products to the British possessions, and there is no reason why our trade with her colonies should not continue to increase largely, as our manufactures and other products are admitted into most, if not all, of the British possessions at the same rates of duty and on the same terms

as the goods imported from the United Kingdom or their sister colonies.

The total trade of all other countries of the world, including that of the United States, exclusive of Great Britain and the British possessions, for the same period of twelve months, was as follows:

Imports.	Exports.	Total.
\$5,844,618,943	\$5,845,034,248	\$11,689,653,191

It will be seen from this, by comparison, that the trade of Great Britain and her possessions controls one third of the entire commerce of the world. Adding the trade of this country to that of Great Britain and her possessions, we have the enormous total of \$7,656,628,779, leaving only \$9,831,972,581 for all other nations. With the example before us, as an incentive, of the success Great Britain and other older countries have attained in developing their foreign commerce, we should make it our aim to push onward until we achieve equal success. For a young nation, a little more than a century old, we have reason to be proud of the prominence and prosperity this country has attained. With unrivaled resources, a rapidly increasing population, and a people endued with great energy and intelligence, we may confidently aspire in time to become the greatest commercial nation of the world. All that is necessary is for our people to apply themselves assiduously to the task, to secure freer intercourse and improve our trade relations with other countries, and to foster and increase our mercantile marine, without which we can never attain prominence as a maritime nation. We must follow the example of Great Britain and Norway in this respect, and aim to carry our products abroad in our own vessels, and thus establish independent and direct intercourse with other countries

with ships sailing under our own flag, thereby gaining prestige and reaping the benefit of their earnings. If we cannot build vessels fast enough or cheaply enough, Congress should enact laws enabling our people to purchase ships abroad and put them under the American flag. The freer the intercourse, the greater will be our prosperity. In this, as well as in other matters pertaining to the advancement of our commercial interests, we cannot afford to halt and await the accomplishment of political party schemes and theories, but must

adapt ourselves to existing conditions, and be always ready to take advantage of every change and opportunity. In the export of our cereals, cotton, dairy products, meats, provisions, and petroleum we are meeting active competition in European markets with the products of other countries, and our exports of some of these articles have decreased considerably of late years. India, with her cheap labor, is largely increasing her exports of wheat; Egypt, those of cotton and Indian corn; South America, meats and wheat; Australia and New Zealand, wheat, meats, and dairy products; and Canada, cereals, fish, cheese, and butter. In the article of cheese Canada has made wonderful progress, and has

forged far ahead of us in her exports. In 1893 her exports of dairy products amounted to \$14,704,282, as compared with \$9,267,937 from this country. In fish and fish products our exports are also falling off very materially. In 1893 we sent abroad \$4,750,769, and in 1894 only \$3,492,201; while Canada in 1894 exported \$8,743,050. As our home consumption of these articles is increasing, and will continue to increase with the growth of our population, the shrinkage thus caused in the volume of our exports must be made up by increasing the exports of domestic manufactures, to which there is no reasonable limit, provided that they are not hampered and restricted by duties on raw materials and by unwise legislation.

Fenton T. Newbery.

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Anachronism of War.

THE traveler on the Riviera who rambles over the picturesque promontory of Monaco—that puny principality of less than six square miles, with a military band of 350 musicians and a standing army of 90 men—is struck with the ludicrousness of finding on its ramparts a lot of Spanish cannon of a past age, bearing the inscription, *Ultima ratio regum*—“The last argument of kings.” To a man of reflection the sentiment seems as antiquated as the brass on which it is engraved. Not that war is a practical impossibility: even as we write the world seems to be torn anew with wars or rumors of wars. The impossibility lies rather in the revolt of the mind against the retrogression in civilization which is implied by war, when there is at hand so potent, so tried, and so honorable a substitute as arbitration. With this short cut to justice in mind, it is inconceivable to a civilized man that the laborious achievements of generations of peace should be given to the torch in one mad hour through the revival of the barbarous instincts of fighting.

That public opinion in England and America has quietly made extraordinary progress toward this humane ideal is indicated by the force of the shock with which the wise and good of both countries have recoiled from the awful spectacle, the unforgivable wickedness, of the two great English-speaking nations giving up their position side by side in the vanguard of civilization to embroil themselves over any question, much less over a complicated question of boundary dispute in South America. The demonstration of this conservative attitude among the sedate elements on both sides of the water affords a new aspect of kinship beyond sea which is more than an offset to the wild, flippant, and

provincial talk about war as though it were a pastime, of which Americans have recently had cause to be ashamed. The new *entente cordiale* will certainly be the beginning of better things.

That there should have been any difficulty sufficient to turn men's thoughts to war is a grave reflection upon the diplomacy of the two governments; for one of the chief objects of diplomacy has come to be, more and more, the averting of war. Moreover, to be effective, either as between the contending parties, or as before the larger judgment of the world's opinion, such diplomacy must be conducted on the highest plane of manners. However individuals may contend, nations must quarrel like gentlemen. The principle of *noblese oblige* is more effective than that of immediate advantage. The main object should be to show outward respect for even the wrong contention of your opponent, and to refuse to admit that he would be willing to do less than justice. A breach can be made at any time, and until the ultimate issues of fact have been determined and pleaded to, as the lawyers would say, every avenue of escape from an armed conflict should be kept open. In such precautions the documents in the Venezuelan affair were woefully lacking. The lamentable strain that has been put upon the political, financial, and commercial relations of the two countries might easily have been avoided. What was needed was a large-minded reliance on the good faith and the sense of justice of the two great law-making and law-loving peoples of the world.

Upon such elements, at least, reliance must be placed to pluck the flower safely out of this nettlesome danger. *The immediate duty before the conservative forces of England and America is to organize for the establish-*

ment of a high-class continuous board of international arbitration. In this matter the lead may well be taken by the representatives of that religion which is «first pure, then peaceable.» With the aid of the great educational institutions and of the vast commercial interests of the two lands, and in the present revived attention to the subject, it ought to be an easy matter to get Parliament's assent to the opinion already formally expressed by the Congress of the United States in favor of the principle of arbitration. What is needed is a permanent system, in place of the piecemeal and haphazard examples to which we are accustomed, admirable as their results have already proved. Once established between England and America, such a system would gradually spread among the nations of Europe, the more rapidly because of the general conviction that another Continental war would show a climax of horrors. Sooner or later arbitration would be followed by disarmament, which is the logical sequence of no other premise, and yet will be the turning-point of the Continent toward true democracy and progress. However near or far the ultimate acceptance of the idea, it would, as between us and our English cousins, take the sting out of the viper of war, to which, like the husbandman in the fable, nations too carelessly give the warmth and nourishment of the hearthstone. In the knowledge that disputes would be automatically settled by an impartial tribunal, it would no longer be possible to play a boisterous tune upon a people by pulling out the stop of «patriotism.» And it is not too much to hope that in the spread of this idea the whole earth would at last realize the great laureate's noble vision of

The Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

Herein lies a great opportunity for the English-speaking race—to lead mankind to the glorious destiny of peace. It is a mission to kindle the imagination and the heart.

A New Force in Politics.

How can the intelligent and moral people of this country be made to feel a full sense of their personal responsibility in the conduct of public affairs? That is the question which lies at the foundation of all improvement in government, municipal, State, and national. No one who has studied the defects and failures of American government can escape the conviction that these are due primarily to the indifference and neglect of the intelligent and moral elements of the population in regard to their duties as citizens. They do not like politics, they decline to take any active part in them, and they leave the business of government to be attended to by those elements which are the least fitted to carry it on either intelligently or honestly. We are glad to believe that there has been some change for the better in this respect within the last few years. It is not so common now as it was a quarter of a century ago to look upon politics as something no reputable person can afford to take part in; but there is still a very general tendency to shirk individual responsibility for the public weal, and to hold that whatever moral obligations may rest upon a Christian citizen in regard to the other affairs of life, nothing of the kind rests upon him in regard to public affairs.

Slowly but surely the folly and the lack of patriotism in this conduct are beginning to be recognized. It is becoming plain to many people that our morality must be broadened so as to include political with other duties; that a man ought to be a good citizen as well as a good husband, father, merchant, banker, or lawyer, and ought to apply the same moral standards in public affairs that he applies in private and business affairs. This is what James Bryce, in a passage which we have quoted on former occasions, calls the «home side of patriotism,» or the «willingness to take personal and even tedious trouble for the well-governing of every public community one belongs to, be it a township or parish, a ward or a city, or the nation as a whole.» We must not only arrive at the point at which we shall be willing to take this trouble, not one year, but every year, but we must also reach the point of realizing that when we neglect to take that trouble we become responsible for all the bad, dishonest, and shameful government that exists. It could not exist if we did our civic duty, and when we neglect that duty we commit a moral offense against the community in which we live.

An appreciation of this most necessary truth appears in the course which the Christian Endeavor societies have been following since their international convention at Montreal in 1893. The president of the societies suggested to them then, as one of the advanced steps to be taken, «the cultivation of a larger and more intelligent spirit of patriotism and Christian citizenship,» and thus defined his idea of what such citizenship should consist:

How shall this be done? By all joining, as a society, some one political party? Not unless we know of some party that embraces all the saints and none of the rascals—one that is always right and never wrong. But whether you are a Democrat or a Republican, a third party man or a Populist, it can be done by bringing your vote and your influence to the test of the Christian Endeavor pledge. Then you will not knowingly vote for a bad man or a bad measure, and if need be, you will sacrifice your party rather than your principles. Go to the caucus, get into the legislature, stand for Congress; but when you get there, for God and the church and your country, do what He would like to have you do.

That is precisely the broadening of morality which we are urging. It takes issue with the old and pestiferous doctrine of two moral standards which has prevailed in this country for so many years, one standard for private and business life, and another for politics. This new doctrine says that you must have the same standard for both, and must apply it with equal thoroughness to both. Members of the Christian Endeavor societies in many States of the Union have acted upon this advice on various occasions during the last two years, and in all cases have made their influence felt for good government. With most of them this was probably their first active performance of duty as citizens; but it will not be the last, let us hope. They are sowing good seed, and we are confident that their example will be imitated by other organizations of similar professions and character. If all the churches and religious bodies of the country could be induced to preach and practise the same doctrine, the day of our deliverance as a nation from ignorant, corrupt, and often rascally government would be at hand.

Our churches may well borrow a suggestion from their English contemporaries, and set apart a day to be celebrated as « Citizen Sunday. » Three hundred London churches observed this day on October 27 last, when the clergy preached sermons on the civic aspects of Christian duty. A great deal of good would come from such a practice, if the exhortation followed the simple lines laid down by the Christian Endeavor societies. All that is necessary is to impress upon Christian people the duty of carrying their principles into politics, and insisting that the same rules of morality must prevail there as in every other walk of life. Nobody would recognize the power of this morality vote quicker than the professional politicians. If they knew that every Christian in the land had determined to apply the fundamental principles of morality to every candidate nominated, and had determined to vote against all candidates who failed to conform to them, there would be an instantaneous and remarkable improvement in the character of all nominees. This is not « carrying the churches into politics, » as some timid persons might fear, but making true citizens of the members of churches. To refuse to do this is to shut up citizenship as a department of human activity apart from morality, and thus leave to the immoral elements of society virtually undisputed control of public affairs. Popular government cannot long endure on that basis, and we are glad to see that the American people are awakening to this fact and are preparing to ward off the danger.

Plenty of Gold in the World.

THE figures which the director of the mint gives in his annual report as to the gold product of the world in 1895 must put an end to all apprehensions as to the possible advent of a « gold famine » in case the leading nations of the earth persist in transacting their business on the gold standard. He shows that the product of last year was about \$200,000,000, against \$180,000,000 in 1894, \$155,000,000 in 1893, and \$146,000,000 in 1892. Here is a gain of \$54,000,000 in three years, and of \$45,000,000 in two years. Furthermore, as the annual output of gold is not consumed each year, but is added to the preëxisting supply, the world's stock of gold has been increased during the last three years by \$535,000,000, making the total stock on January 1 of the present year \$4,286,800,000.

These are overpowering figures, the full significance of which cannot be grasped without comparing them with others. For many years the maximum of gold production was that of 1853, which was \$155,000,000. From that time onward it dwindled till it reached \$95,000,000 in 1883. After that year it began to increase slowly till 1889, when it started upward rapidly, reaching nearly \$131,000,000 in 1891. The increase between 1887 and 1893 was over fifty per cent., and between 1887 and 1895 it was over seventy-five per cent. The annual product of gold now exceeds by \$20,000,000 the average yield of both gold and silver in the period from 1861 to 1865, and by \$10,000,000 the average yield of both in the period from 1866 to 1873.

That the increase of the last three years will be maintained and added to is the unanimous opinion of all expert authorities. It is estimated that by the close

of the present century the annual output of the South African mines alone will exceed \$100,000,000, or half the total output of the world in 1895. In the United States the product is steadily increasing, we being next to Africa as gold-producers. When we bear in mind, therefore, that the world's stock of gold is not used up each year, but with the slight diminution due to wear and tear is a perpetually growing fund, and that the tendency of the business of the world to conduct itself more and more with credit instruments rather than with actual money is steadily on the increase, it must be admitted by every intelligent person that the danger of a « gold famine » is too remote to be discussed.

It is claimed by some persons that more gold is used in the industrial arts than heretofore, and that this item must be considered as affecting the supply of gold for money purposes. This is not the fact. The director of the mint gives statistics which show that, so far as this country is concerned, the use of gold in the arts has been declining steadily during the past few years. The amount so used in 1892 was over \$16,600,000; in 1893 it fell to about \$12,500,000, and in 1894 to \$10,600,000. No statistics are kept in other countries, but it is reasonable to suppose that the same causes which have led to a diminution here had a like effect elsewhere, the chief of them being the hard times.

It is not surprising, in view of these facts, that we no longer hear the charge made that the fall in prices of commodities which the world has witnessed during the last twenty years is due to appreciation in the value of gold because of its scarcity. There being no scarcity, but on the contrary a much greater supply than ever, there can, of course, be no appreciation in its value. Hence the fall in prices is shown to have been due to other causes, frequently pointed out in this department of THE CENTURY, the chief of which are improved methods of production and transportation. If this were not the case, and if gold were responsible for the decline, then the increased supply of gold ought to cause a rise in prices all over the world. The fact that this rise has not come, although the increase has been in progress for several years, puts an end to that discussion.

The aspect of the question of most interest to Americans is, Why is it that the United States, alone among the great nations of the world, is having difficulty in obtaining and maintaining a sufficient reserve of gold to preserve its credit? The answer to this is very easy. It is because the United States is the only great nation in the world which is in the banking business as a nation. All others leave the banking business to private banks, to be conducted by private persons under such restrictions and safeguards by the government as insure protection to the people. We are in a continual struggle to get what portion we need of the gold supply of the world because our financial system is working continually to send gold away from us. As Secretary Carlisle aptly terms it, it is an endless chain passing through the treasury and conveying out the gold which has been put in. We pay for this every year great sums in the way of premiums on the gold that we have to buy. We have rolled up a debt of several hundred millions for no other purpose than to enable us to keep up a system which makes the debt a necessity in order to maintain our public credit. In other words, we threaten our credit

by maintaining a defective financial system, and then incur debt to escape the consequences.

When Congress is asked to abolish this system and substitute one more in accordance with our needs, and in accordance also with enlightened finance as practised by the rest of the civilized world, it refuses to do anything of the kind. It not only insists upon retaining the old system, but insists also that we shall pay a far higher rate of interest than is necessary this year upon the debt which we incur to sustain our threatened credit. We paid \$16,000,000 more than was necessary on a single item of this debt in 1895, and are likely to pay a larger sum upon another item. Sooner or later the folly of all this will be recognized by the people, and then we shall have a system of national finance which will be a credit to the national intelligence, as well as an incalculable boom to national prosperity. A system which would remove forever all doubt about our credit by making it absolutely certain that all our obligations would be paid in gold, would send through every avenue of trade and industry a thrill of confidence, a feeling of stability, which would be worth untold millions to us as a people. It would bring among us from Europe vast sums of hoarded wealth which are now eagerly seeking investment, but fear to come to us because of the menace which our present currency system holds over our national credit. What this would mean to our national development every intelligent man can picture for himself. We have not sufficient capital to develop to anything approaching their full extent the extraordinary resources of this country. We need the aid of the idle capital of Europe, and if we could get that, as we should get it with a financial system that was above suspicion, we should enter upon a career of prosperity far exceeding anything we have ever known. Why cannot we develop a race of statesmen who will be able to comprehend this magnificent opportunity and secure it for us?

Two Ways of Teaching English.

THERE are few harsher and more melancholy contrasts observable at present than that between the training of French and of American youth in the knowledge of their respective literatures, and between the consequent ways of using language which the public men of the two countries display. In France boys are taught three things of which American school students are mainly ignorant: the political history of their country, the general outline of their literature, and the exact niceties of their vernacular. A Yale or Harvard freshman may know the history of Greece superficially, but he knows it better than the history of England or of the United States; his knowledge of Homer, Vergil, Plato, and Cæsar may be unscholarly, but it is more trustworthy than his knowledge of Shakspeare, Milton, and Swift; and whatever the result of his labors may show, he has spent far more time on his Greek and Latin sentences than on his English. Fortunately, public sentiment has become so thoroughly aroused on this subject that just now there is no more interesting educational question than the teaching of English. Recent reports show that the experts are all agreed on the diagnosis; as to the remedy we naturally find the customary divergence.

Two dangers loom up in the path of reform. First, VOL. LI.—100.

that of exalting pedagogical method at the expense of the teacher's personality; second, that of placing mere training in composition superior to familiarity with good literature. The country is suffering at present from an acute attack of pedagogical psychology in its most malignant form; so that some zealous teachers spend more time on the study of method than on two things vastly more important—their specialty and human nature. Nothing is more vicious than to suppose that a man with a «psycho-pedagogical» method can teach either school or college students without a sympathetic and personal knowledge of his pupils. Much of the popular pedagogy of to-day is all moonshine, because the natural-born teacher (and there are many such) does not need so elaborate an apparatus, and the pedagogue who has no natural gift is deluded into thinking that this new-fangled machinery of soul-development is all that is required. There are really only two things the successful teacher needs to have—knowledge of his subject-matter and knowledge of his pupils. The first of these can be gained only by study, the second only by experience. The man who has never been a real child himself cannot effectively teach children; and he who does not know by experience the warm-hearted, exuberant gaiety of school and college boys cannot successfully teach them. Furthermore, the teacher who spends more time on the method of teaching literature than on literature itself is sure to come to grief. Greatest of all forces is the personality of the instructor: nothing in teaching is so effective as this; nothing is so instantly recognized and responded to by pupils; and nothing is more neglected by those who insist that teaching is a science rather than an art. After hearing a convention of very serious pedagogues discuss educational methods, in which they use all sorts of technical phraseology, one feels like applying Gladstone's cablegram, «Only common sense required.»

The second danger which threatens the progress of reform is the supposition, very generally accepted in some high circles, that the pupil, in order to write good English, may profitably neglect literature, if only he steadily write compositions. We are told that the way to become a good writer is to write; this sounds plausible, like many other pretty sayings equally remote from fact. No one thinks that the way to become a good medical practitioner is to practise; that is the method of quacks. The best way, indeed, to become a good writer is to be born of the right sort of parents; this fundamental step having been unaccountably neglected by many children, the instructor has to do what he can with second- or third-class material. Now a wide reader is usually a correct writer; and he has reached the goal in the most delightful manner, without feeling the penalty of Adam. What teacher ever found in his classes a boy who knew his Bible, who enjoyed Shakspeare, and who loved Scott, yet who, with this outfit, wrote illiterate compositions? This youth writes well principally because he has something to say, for reading maketh a full man; and he knows what correct writing is in the same way that he knows his friends—by intimate acquaintance. No amount of mere grammatical and rhetorical training, nor even of constant practice in the art of composition, can attain the result reached by the child who reads good books because he loves to read them. We would not take the

extreme position taken by some, that all practice in theme-writing is time thrown away; but after a costly experience of the drudgery that composition work forces on teacher and pupil, we would say emphatically that there is no educational method at present that involves so enormous an outlay of time, energy, and money, with so correspondingly small a result. To neglect the teaching of literature for the teaching of composition, or to assert that the second is the more important, is like showing a hungry man how to work his jaws instead of giving him something to eat. In order to support this with evidence, let us take the experience of a specialist who investigated the question by reading many hundred sophomore compositions in two of our leading colleges, where the natural capacity and previous training of the students were fairly equal. In one college every freshman wrote themes steadily through the year, with an accompaniment of sound instruction in rhetorical principles; in the other college every freshman studied

Shakspeare, with absolutely no training in rhetoric and with no practice in composition. A comparison of the themes written in their sophomore year by these students showed that technically the two were fully on a par. That is weighty and most significant testimony.

If the teachers of English in secondary schools were people of real culture themselves, who both knew and loved literature, who tried to make it attractive to their pupils, and who were given a sufficient time-allotment to read a number of standard books with their classes, the composition question would largely take care of itself. Mere training in theme-writing can never take the place of the acquisition of ideas, and the boy who thinks interesting thoughts will usually write not only more attractively, but more correctly, than the one who has worked tread-mill fashion in sentence and paragraph architecture. The difference in the teacher's happiness, vitality, and consequent effectiveness is too obvious to mention.



The Century's Printer on The Century's Type.

THE first number of this magazine (November, 1870) appeared in a modernized old-style type which was then something of a novelty. It had never been used in any similar publication, and it gave distinction to the page. It had authority in its favor, as the outgrowth of a style introduced by William Caslon of London about 1720, and then so pleasingly cut that it broke down every attempt at rivalry. For seventy years it was commended as incomparably the best cut of type,

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

STYLE OF THORNE.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzM

STYLE OF DIDOT.

Quousque tandem abutère, C

STYLE OF BODONI.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzWLNCMI

A FAVORITE FRENCH STYLE.

The Poetic style is more condensed, with more of sharp hair-line.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyz

A LIGHT-FACE STYLE.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzZIB

A SCOTCH-FACE.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzMH

STYLE OF THE FIRST CASLON.

but it went out of fashion. At the beginning of the present century readers complained of its angularity and grayness. They demanded new styles, and type-founders provided them in profusion: the Thorne fat-face, of prodigious blackness; the Didot round-face, not quite as black or fat-faced; the Bodoni face, with round letters and sharp hair-lines; the French poetic-face, compressed to the extreme of tenuity; the so-called Scotch-face (really devised by the late S. N. Dickinson of Boston, although first cut in Edinburgh); and worst of all, the skeleton light-face, with its razor-edged hair-lines and needle-like points at the ends of stems. The types in fashion during the first third of this century were properly stigmatized by Hansard as disorderly, heterogeneous, and disgraceful: readers tired of them.

When Pickering and Whittingham revived the Caslon old-style in 1850, using the identical matrices of the old master, the connoisseurs said, «Now at last we have returned to simplicity and beauty: this is perfection.» Yet it was admired by bibliophiles only; dainty readers did not approve of its angular letters and its disproportioned capitals. Accepted for reprints of old books, it was rejected for modern work. To make it palatable to the general reader, type-founders devised a «modernized old-style», in which harsh features were modified and new features of greater delicacy were added. So changed, it became a more salable letter, but it never found marked favor with the ordinary newspaper or the book publisher. Critics said of it that the strong features of the Caslon face had been suppressed, and that the new features were no improvement; that it had been made lighter, sharper, and broader, until its true character had been cut to pieces. Bibliophiles still prefer the cut of Caslon; with all its admitted faults, it is blacker,

clearer, and more readable. The average reader rejects the angularities of the old and the new cut, and prefers the symmetry of types of modern fashion.

In the bewildering variety of faces devised during this century, one peculiarity, the sharp hair-line (a fashion introduced by Bodoni and Didot, in imitation of the delicate lines of the copper-plate printer), has never been changed. When printing was done upon wet paper, against an elastic blanket, the hair-line was necessarily thickened by its impress against the yielding paper, which overlapped the sides of every line. Under this treatment the hair-line appeared thicker in print than in type, and was unobjectionable to printer or reader; but when the new method began (as it did in 1872) of printing on dry and smooth paper against an inelastic surface, the hair-lines and light faces of types were not thickened at all. From an engraver's point of view, new types so printed were exquisitely sharp and clean; but from a reader's point of view, the general effect of the print was relatively mean and wiry, gray and feeble. Each letter lost some of its individuality. A reader of imperfect eyesight could not see the razor-edged hair-lines that connected the thicker strokes; he had to guess at the identity of many letters. A new style of delicate but weak presswork came in fashion. The readable presswork produced by all good printers during the first half of this century was supplanted by feeble impressions that compelled continual strain of eyesight.

In the mean time a great change has taken place in the taste of readers, who have wearied of light types and gray impressions. There is an unmistakable demand for bold and stronger print. William Morris has printed books in many styles of letters; all of them are black and rugged, yet they find readers and buyers. American type-founders have recently introduced other styles of bold and black letter—for publishers and advertisers, as well as for bibliophiles. The «Jenson», the «Monotone», and the «De Vinne» are in high favor with all, not for their novelty of form, but for their greater legibility. With these evidences before them of a general preference for bolder types, the publishers of THE CENTURY decided that they would swim with the tide, and have new types of larger face and thicker hair-lines.

According to old rules, roman types would be bolder and more readable when made larger and wider. Experiments made with broad letters proved that increased expansion did not always secure increased legibility. The broad and round faces which seemed so beautiful in the large-margined pages of Bodoni and Didot were not all beautiful (quite the reverse) when printed in double columns on a page with narrow margins. To use types in which the thick strokes of each type are unduly spread apart on a page with narrow margins is an incongruity that cannot be justified. When margins are ample, and space is not pinched, types may be broad and even expanded. When the page is over-full, the types should be compressed to suit the changed condition. The fault of over-broad type is most noticed in books of poetry, in which the narrowness of the measure compels an overturning and mangling of lines, a waste of space, and needless irritation to the reader. Experiment proved that a book-type moderately compressed and properly cut was as readable as a round or expanded type. Compressed types, first made in Holland in 1732, ever since

have been more largely used than types of any other cut by the printers of France and southern Europe. In dictionaries, and books of two or more columns to the page, the compressed face is a necessity. The slightness of the compression in this new face will be perceived at a glance in a comparison of the alphabets of the old and the new face as here submitted. The new face is as

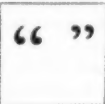
abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzABCDEFGHIJS

THE NEW FACE.

abcdefghijklmnopqrstuvwxyzABCDEFGHIH

THE OLD FACE.

wide as the old; it has as much open space within as without each letter, and as many letters to the line; it has the greater clearness of a thickened hair-line. It seems to be compressed only because it is taller, but this increase of height is only sixty-five ten-thousandths ($\frac{65}{100000}$) of an inch.

The so-called new quotation-marks are not at all new. They may be noticed, in almost the same form as they now appear in this magazine, in the books of those excellent printers, the Didots of Paris, at the close of the last century, and they have ever since been used by all French printers. When British publishers decided to use quotation-marks their type-founders had no characters for the purpose, and did not make them. Whether this refusal was due to the unwillingness of the British printer to pay for a new character, or to the prevalent dislike of everything French, cannot be decided; all we know is that they decided to imitate them with the unfit characters in stock. These characters were two inverted commas and two conjoined apostrophes—characters never intended, and not at all fitted, for the purpose. Imperfect as they were, habit has kept them in use for about a century. There are serious mechanical objections to these makeshift devices. The apostrophes and commas are not mates; the apostrophes at the end of the quotation are together than the beginning; the round marks are not in beginning and high-

 ting them askew in

thinner and closer commas at its bodies of these line,—low at the at the end,—put an unsightly manner. They are the only characters in ordinary use that are thrust up at the top of the line. It follows that they leave an ungainly blotch of white below, and so produce an appearance of uneven and unworkmanlike spacing. For this reason, if for no other, the form should be altered. The German method of marking quotations with special characters is but a trifle more uncouth, viz.: „“ The simplicity of the French quotes have led to their general adoption in Spain and Italy: their adoption by American and English printers is only a question of time.

For more than fifty years critics have complained of the feeble printing of new books. «Why not use blacker ink? Why not give us the readable pages we find in old books?» It is a sufficient answer to this protest to say that upon the sharp-lined and narrow-stemmed types now in greatest use strong and bold presswork is simply impossible. One might as well try to write boldly with a crow-quill pen. The new type here presented attempts only one correction, and that is the great fault of an

over-sharp hair-line. It is only a short step toward the general improvement desired, yet it is a step in the right direction, as may be seen in the approving criticisms that follow.

Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. write that they «entirely approve of your successful attempt at a text-type with thickened hair-lines.» Of course they prefer the smaller and rounder face devised years ago by the late Henry O. Houghton, after a lifelong dissatisfaction with the weak types of his time; but they admit that THE CENTURY face is wonderful for the effect it produces of a large size on a relatively small body.

Mr. J. A. St. John, an expert designer of many approved styles of type, writes: «I note very little to change in the new face.»

Mr. J. S. Cushing of the Norwood Press congratulates us «upon having at last got the right thing; the types make a handsome page; it is the most readable long-primer I ever saw. The new quotation-marks are a little hard to become accustomed to at first, but on the whole I like them very much when used double; the single quotes are not so pleasing. The small type is remarkably beautiful.»

Mr. J. W. Phinney, manager of the Dickinson Type-Foundry of Boston, writes that «the shapes and widths of the letters are excellent, and the completeness in detail noticeable. The relation between the lower-case, capitals and small capitals is perfect—the most complete that I have ever seen in any roman face. The French quotes, the setwise beveled dash, etc., are pleasing innovations that should have been made years ago.»

The story of the designing of this face is so full of technical detail to interest the casual reader. Perhaps it is enough to say that each character (first drawn on the enlarged scale of ten inches high) was scrutinized by editor and publisher, printer and engraver, and often repeatedly altered before it was put in the form of a working model. Only a maker of instruments of precision can appreciate the subservient tools, gauges, and machines that show aberrations of a ten-thousandth part of an inch; only an expert punch-cutter can understand why minute geometrical accuracy was a work of necessity upon some letters, and why it was discarded in others, for the humoring of optical illusions in the reader. Type-making does not tell its story; like other arts, it hides its methods.

Theodore L. De Vinne.

College Women and Matrimony, again.

THE article by Miss Shinn on «The Marriage Rate of College Women,» published in the October CENTURY, has attracted wide attention. It was of special interest to me, because I had just prepared a somewhat similar article on the careers of Vassar women, which was published in the November «Forum.» Miss Shinn based her calculations on the register of the A. C. A. (Association of Collegiate Alumnae), which gives the names and addresses of 1805 women, graduates of fifteen separate and coeducational colleges. I took the records of a single college, Vassar,—the only one, so far as I know, from which approximately complete information can be obtained,—and I computed percentages for 1082 women.

As Miss Shinn is a graduate of the University of California and a resident of that State, and as I am a graduate of Vassar and a resident of New Hampshire, we have the advantage of opposite points of view, both as regards location and coeducation. It occurs to me that a comparison of the two articles, with some further statements on my part, may not be uninteresting.

The register of the A. C. A. furnishes the only record of a large number of women graduates of various colleges; and yet the membership,—1805,—large as it is, is only a fraction of the whole number of women who have been graduated from these institutions. Vassar has the largest membership in the A. C. A.,—417,—about 38.5 per cent. of her graduates. Wellesley comes next, with 364 members out of 1066 graduates, a little more than 34 per cent. Smith has 287 members out of a total of 852, a little less than 34 per cent. In all these totals the class of '95 is not included, because it was not eligible to membership when the last register of the A. C. A. was issued. Of the 3000 alumnae of these three colleges only 1068 are members of the A. C. A.

Twelve other colleges—all coeducational but Bryn Mawr—are represented by a membership of 737. It is not easy to obtain facts about the alumnae of so many coeducational colleges, but if their representation is no larger in proportion than that of the separate colleges, the A. C. A., important society as it is, contains only little more than one third of the whole number of college women in the country.

Possibly Miss Shinn's conclusions, just as they are in the main, might have been modified if she could have obtained facts about a proportionately larger number of college women. This idea was suggested by several of her statements. She says the majority of college women are school-teachers, and mentions that 63 per cent. of the California branch of the A. C. A. are thus engaged. In the whole number of Vassar graduates, including all those recorded as having taught in any way for one year or more, I find only 37.6 per cent. This may be partly due to the fact, which I have seen stated, that graduates of a coeducational college, of which the California branch contains many, are more likely to engage in a gainful occupation than the graduates of a woman's college. But another reason may be that the A. C. A. draws its membership more largely from teachers than from any other class. In the multiplicity of societies and clubs of the present day women are obliged to make a selection, and perhaps the A. C. A. may appeal more strongly to teachers than to domestic women, especially when the latter live in towns remote from the great centers.

Miss Shinn finds only thirty-four physicians in the A. C. A., and very few graduates engaged in other professions or in business. In this I think either the facts must be wanting, or that the A. C. A. must contain an abnormally large proportion of teachers. In the roll of Vassar alumnae, which contains less than 60 per cent. as many names as the A. C. A., I found twenty-five physicians, and was surprised to find the number so small. There ought to be at least forty-two in the A. C. A., if it contains the proportion that even one woman's college shows.

The register of the A. C. A., giving, as it does, merely the addresses and advanced degrees of its mem-

bers, furnishes but little hint of their occupations, else I think Miss Shinn would have discovered more variety. In the roll of Vassar alumnae I find forty-seven literary workers (including authors, editors, and journalists), sixteen teachers of arts, twelve writers of scientific papers (some of them known in Europe as well as in America), and six librarians; of artists and farmers, five each; of chemists and missionaries, four each; of astronomers, dictionary editors, and secretaries, three each; of organists, mathematical computers, and heads of college settlements, two each. There are also nineteen pursuits that engage one member each. Among the members following a unique occupation are a major in the Salvation Army of London, a treasurer of a lumber company, a manager of a manufacturing business, a manager of a newspaper, a bank director, and a superintendent of cooking. There is also a lawyer in practice, which I did not know when the "Forum" article was written.

While this record presents a cheerful variety, I am nevertheless inclined to indorse Miss Shinn's statement that "the present type of college woman is conservative, retiring, and more apt to disappoint expectation by differing too little rather than too much from other respectable, conventional folk—exactly as college men do." I indorse this statement, because I find that in the whole roll of Vassar alumnae over seventy-five per cent. are engaged in matrimony or teaching—two time-honored professions which certainly could be followed by women who had never received the degree of A. B., however much that degree may fit its recipients for the better pursuit of these two callings.¹

Another reason that makes me agree with Miss Shinn that college women are conservative and retiring is the large number of alumnae who have taken postgraduate degrees. In the Vassar list I find that sixty-four have taken advanced degrees, and that twenty-two are studying with that end in view. This may seem a gratifying evidence of scholarly ability, and in one sense it is. On the other hand, it does not indicate a capacity for initiative, for independent action. There can be nothing more delightful to a person of scholarly tastes than to go on acquiring knowledge indefinitely; but such a course often tends to personal gratification rather than to the benefit of the world. Nearly all these A. M.'s and Ph. D.'s will follow the profession of teaching, a profession that already contains an excess of women. The quality of mind or character that impels a graduate to strike out into new paths seems to me superior to that which simply urges one to continue a little farther in the well-trodden way.

All this is preliminary to the vital question, Do college women marry? Every candid observer must agree with Miss Shinn that college women marry comparatively late in life, and most observers will agree with her that the marriage rate is lower among them than among women in general. Miss Shinn bases her final statements on the matrimonial condition of women of forty years and over. She finds that of the graduates past that age 56.9 per cent. of those from coeduca-

tional colleges, and 51.8 per cent. of those from separate colleges, have married.

As I pointed out in my "Forum" article, until a whole generation of college women shall have reached a good old age and been gathered to their fathers, it is impossible to present other than tentative matrimonial statistics. Most of the Vassar graduates are not yet dead, and while there is life there is hope. The four earliest Vassar classes have passed their twenty-fifth anniversary, and on them I rested my conclusion. Of these classes sixty-one of the ninety-seven members, or about 63 per cent., have married. I concluded, therefore, that a college woman's chances of marriage are not quite two to one. I made allowance for the fact, however, that her opportunities increase with age, and that when we are able to compute the percentages for classes that have passed their fiftieth anniversary we may find a larger number of matrons.

It had not occurred to me till I read Miss Shinn's article to make forty years the limit of hope for maiden graduates. Reckoning on that basis, the eleven earliest Vassar classes—those from '67 to '77 inclusive—show a proportion of 53.5 per cent. married, a rate slightly in excess of the 51.8 per cent. record for women's colleges as shown by the A. C. A. If the marriage rate for Vassar women jumps from 53.5 per cent. at forty years to about 63 per cent. at forty-seven years, everybody ought certainly to feel encouraged.

Miss Shinn makes one striking statement, which I think she did not intend to be taken literally. She says that "there is no station in life (save that of a nun) so inimical to marriage as that of resident teacher in a girls' school." It is true that teachers in girls' schools are not thrown much into the society of marriageable men during term time; but many of these teachers have homes of their own, and social opportunities during at least a quarter of the year. Of the two classes of school work, I should say that that in the public schools, especially in the East, would be more likely to be inimical to marriage than that in private schools. Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, speaking from the New York point of view, and Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, speaking from that of Boston, have publicly asserted within a year—to our shame be it spoken—that we do not accord social position to the teachers in our public schools.

I tried to find some Vassar statistics that would throw light on this subject, but was only partly successful. Of the 821 members in the classes from '67 to '89 inclusive (I omit the later classes because the records are less complete), I find that 319 are recorded as having taught. Of these 108 are married and 211 are unmarried. This would seem to show that teaching as an occupation is unfriendly to marriage; but when we consider that many of the married graduates neglect to state the fact that they have ever taught, and that many of the now unmarried teachers will ultimately marry, the disproportion is not so great as at first appears. I made no attempt to separate public from private school work or from college instruction, because I found many teachers had been successively engaged in all three kinds.

In addition to the wise suggestions that Miss Shinn makes about the reasons why more college women do not marry, I should like to mention one other, which

¹ At the present time, including all Vassar alumnae, I find the seventy-five per cent. about equally divided between the two occupations; but after a lapse of twenty-five years from graduation, I find about sixty-three per cent. enrolled as matrons, and only about eighteen per cent. as teachers.

would influence women without fortune, and that is the bread-and-butter problem. Most graduates who must immediately earn money go to teaching. While there is undoubtedly a very respectable minority of college women who teach because they like it, it is probably safe to say that more than half of those thus engaged feel the need of some gainful occupation.

Statistics in regard to the wage-earning power of college women are not yet available; but from my own observation I should say that salaries range from \$500 a year in the public schools to \$2500 a year in a college professorship. There are many instances where the heads of private schools in large cities earn much more than the latter figure, but the success of schools of that sort depends upon the ability of the principal as a business manager rather than upon her qualifications as a teacher. As a guess, I should say that the average salary of the alumna teacher would be below rather than above \$1000 a year. This may seem a small sum to many eyes, but it is sufficient to support a single woman of simple and scholarly tastes. There are many professors, clergymen, and other graduates of men's colleges whose salaries are not much more than twice that amount. If such a woman marries such a man she loses all her own salary without adding to his, and who is to provide for the growing family?

This is a problem that is affecting all classes of society. In many branches of work, such as type-setting, stenography, certain clerkships, etc., women are now paid as much as men. I have heard of a case where a girl earning \$60 a month resigned her position in order to marry a man whose salary was \$40 a month; but such instances of devotion are rare. It is not college women alone, but women throughout the country, who are yearly looking less and less upon marriage as a

means of support. I do not say that the majority of marriages in the past have been mercenary, but as women increase in financial independence the time may come when contracts of that sort may be eliminated altogether.

I would like to bear testimony to the carefulness of Miss Shinn's investigations and the reasonableness of her conclusions. At the same time I feel like repeating what I said in the «Forum» about the impossibility of writing the history of a living institution, especially of one so young as a woman's college. The most that any statistician can do is to throw side-lights on the subject; yet these side-lights are very welcome, especially when they come from various points of view.

One thing is certain: no amount of discouraging marriage percentages is going to deter the modern girl from going to college. Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, and Bryn Mawr have this year, in round numbers, 2500 students. Their doors are filled to bursting, but the pressure keeps increasing. I am afraid the attitude of the modern college youth and maiden may get to be that in the parody of the old song:

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.

But whatever the result, the fact is fixed. Woman, having once tasted of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, will not be content to renounce it. The old universities are everywhere recognizing this demand, and there is scarcely one that does not now provide an annex or postgraduate opportunities for the sex that a few decades ago was thought incapable of mastering mathematics more abstruse than the rule of three, or accomplishments more difficult than that of embroidering mourning pieces on satin.

Frances M. Abbott.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

The Girl in Yellow.

(A COLOR-STUDY.)

"**T**IRED? Yes, and sleepy. This sort of thing bores me unspeakably after daybreak. Screen me, dear boy, while I yawn. She's dancing still. Hang it! I try to be at the studio by ten; she sleeps till eleven—twelve—breakfasts in bed, you know. Thanks. Awfully glad you like her. Clever woman? Yes. Fascinating? Yes. Sympathetic? H'm, yes. Diplomatic? Oh, decidedly. Heigh-ho!

"Do you see that long-necked yellow thing lording it over the bric-à-brac on the cabinet over there? Wonderful color, yellow,—dominating, egotistic, tyrannical! Jove! how it cries down and snuffs out the tender beauty of all cool tints and shades! Did n't you ever notice it? Why, just look at that exquisite Dresden, that pale, beautiful stuff—what d' you call it?—paralyzed, simply paralyzed, by that long-necked thing! By the

same token, all pink-and-white women, the pearl and lilac-shaded (the truly feminine and clinging type), and all with iron in their blood (the red-haired, you know—and, by Jove! there's nothing like them for sport), should avoid yellow, ordinarily, as they would a yellow flag hanging out of a window. To the brunette it is a powerful ally.

"You remember the first time I went to Maryland? The day after I got there—Sunday afternoon it was—Phil took me to make a call in the country. What a place for a flirtation! (I'll take you down some time, and introduce you to the girls.) Well, there was a garden full of nooks, and there was a wharf you could get under in a rowboat at low tide,—nice and cool in the heat of the day, with a crab-line and a girl, I can tell you!—and there were a lot of straw-stacks and hammocks. I got to know it all pretty well afterward. Now I live over its possibilities in my dreams.

«When we drove up there were four girls on the piazza. Phil took the one he was rushing (buggy-riding,) as they call it, and left the others to me. These were all red and gold blondes, as pretty and dainty as bisque, and they grouped together as harmoniously against the landscape as shepherdesses on a fan. I was delighted—you know my peculiar sensitiveness to color. The red-haired one (the saucy one) wore grayish sky-blue; the blondest one (the tender one) wore pink—the color of her cheeks; the purple-shadowed one (the flirtatious one) wore white with lilac ribbons. They were charming.

«I sat where I could drink in their beauty, and we got along well enough; but you know what it is to talk to three girls at once. After a while I set to work to scheme to get one of them—any one of them—off somewhere, anywhere, when suddenly I was interrupted by a step and a rustle in the doorway behind me, and at the same time I received an impression of discord through the tail of my eye. I turned about to face a blaze of yellow. After a moment I realized that I was being spoken to. I grasped a little hand and stammered something. I was dazed as if by a blast of trumpets while listening to piano-music.

«It was a girl—a girl in yellow. I'd met her before, but I'd forgotten her. At church that morning, where I'd met them all for the first time, she had worn something dark, and had been as insignificant among the others as a sprig of mignonette in a basket of roses. I had n't given her a second thought. After church when Phil and I and some other fellows hung on to the back of the wagon to get a last word with the other girls, this girl sat by the driver, neglected, and biting her lip. I recalled it dimly. If I had thought about her at all, I had thought her shy. It was a mistake: a shy woman does not wear yellow.

«Was she pretty, this girl in yellow? No; but she could wear yellow, she was of one of the few types who can wear yellow—dark-haired, sepia-eyed, *café-au-lait* tinted. To the others it was fatal. As she paused a moment in the doorway I offered her my chair. I assure you it was with a sense of protecting the weak as well as from the artistic instinct. She refused, and bore down on her rivals. She sat herself among them; I turned away my head. My happiness in them was gone forever.

«Which was it, chance or design? Ahem! As you have said, she is a clever woman. But, *Himmel!* it was rough on the other girls. They were nice girls, and they'd been a long time fixing up,—we'd told them we were coming, and, you know, men are awfully scarce down there,—and it was a breach of hospitality, for they were her guests and cousins. And though they were pretty, and she was not, she had not been born to blush unseen; she knew how to make the most of her advantages,—or of others' disadvantages, which amounts to the same thing,—and she divined that it was a disadvantage not to be able to wear yellow. See?

«She put her arm around the sky-blue waist, and leaned her cheek upon the pale-pink shoulder—ha! ha! I wish you'd seen her. It was fine. She chattered like a bird; and as she grew gayer and gayer the others grew awkward and silent. You have observed how a woman's gaiety is at once the cause and effect of the discomfiture of a rival? Well, it was a circus. The others—poor

things!—only half knew what ailed them. Upon my word, I did n't mean to go back on them—I did n't indeed; but my nerves were unstrung as by the sharpening of a knife—I can't help my nature, can I? And, oh, my dear boy, the horror of pink cheeks and yellow! And red hair and yellow! And, oh, the horror of my purple-shadowed girl—she had gone drab with red points! So it was all up with them. They were dear girls; they are unmarried still. As I have said, that is a fine place for a flirtation.

«But yellow itself has the dominating personality of some people; it holds its own in spite of the—of everything. It destroys, but it fills all aching voids; it kills, but it makes one forget the dying agonies of its victims. It is a powerful bait to the eye; you cannot escape it; if you shut your eyes it crawls up under the lashes. After a little while I found that it paled harmoniously into an ivory neck, and that, as the coloring of a dahlia, it lay richly on dark hair. And the girl in yellow had most speaking eyes. And she was witty, and sympathetic, and a little disdainful, and altogether charming—when you knew her—when you had a chance to know her. The others had kept me from her in the morning. They had eclipsed her then; but like the moon, she also could eclipse. They tried to rally, but in vain. I thanked them in my heart when they got up at last and left me with my girl in yellow.

«Well, so much for the beginning, and, as you know, *c'est le premier pas qui coûte*. The rest was plain sailing. I remember that after the other girls had slunk away, we sat on the piazza awhile and talked theology—that is, we criticized the sermon of the morning. After that we walked on the lawn and discussed society. Then we wandered in the garden and talked poetry—and, Jove! that yellow gown was gorgeous in the sunset against the bushes. Then we sat on a bench and talked about love. Then—then—let me see—we retired to an arbor and kept on in the same strain—with personal references. Then, ah! then we went I don't know where, but I know there was a hammock, and I think there was a moon, and I dimly remember that the supper-bell rang, but that she said she was n't hungry, and—and we did n't talk at all.

«I have seen her in every color of the rainbow since, separately and all together. Three months later it was white—satin, train, veil, orange-blossoms, and a diamond sun—the gift of the groom. Jove! she was as cool as a cucumber, and my knees knocked together like fun. Tonight it is purple—purple means empire. Ah! my dear boy, excuse me—yes, my dear; I'm coming.»

Nannie A. Cox.

Flashes.

GENIUS is simply intensity of faculty.

SPARE the rod and the child both, and neither one will be spoiled.

CONSCIOUSNESS is the window through which we see God.

MATTER is a condensation of mind into visible shape, as water is of invisible gases.

THE one who achieves, creates, builds, is the true workingman, not the one who does the routine labor.

Richard Lew Dawson.

The Poor Poet's Lullaby.

THE cupboard's bare, my child; oh, buy,

Buy low;

I hear the wolfie's hungry cry—

Buy low.

So go to sleep, my pretty one,

While father takes his inky gun

And hunts a little bunny-bun

For baby's breakfast. Buy low, buy,

Buy low!

There, little one, don't cry; oh, buy,

Buy low;

Good wood and coal come very high—

Buy low.

Your father's got an old «sheepskin»

To wrap his darling baby in,

But there's no coal in binny-bin

To cook the bunny-bun. Oh, buy,

Buy low!

So father 'll write a rhyme, or try,—

Buy low,—

Which some kind editor will buy,

Buy low;

And then he 'll take the money-mun

To catch the little bunny-bun

And buy a tiny tunny-ton

Of coal to cook it with. Oh, buy,

Buy low!

John H. Finley.

Her Dimples.

WHEN Dora's dimples come and go,

I watch them, torn 'twixt bliss and woe

(For at her feet I long have sat me),

Their fitful charm distracts me so;

Because, alas! I never know

Whether she's laughing with or at me!

Madeline S. Bridges.

Shucking Song.

FODDER corn stan'in' in de corner er de fence,

An' de yaller moon er-shinin' frough de trees;

Katydid er-singin' ter 'is honey in de dusk,

An' de hollyhocks er-swingin' in de breeze.

Come on, you darkies, fer de moon is bright;

Come on, you darkies, come along!

Come on, you darkies, fer de shuckin' ter-night;

Shuck along! Shuck along!

Keep er-shakin' an' er-shuckin'; don't yer year de

fiddle say,

Shuck along! Shuck along!

Whipperwills er-callin' fer de bat ter keep away;

Shuck along! Shuck along!

Crooked ear fer stealin', so de ole folks say;

Shuck along! Shuck along!

Smutty ear fer trouble, so de ole folks say;

Shuck along! Shuck along!

Yaller ear fer money, an' de red ear fer love—

An' my Angelina got it!

Come, my little turtle-dove,

Shuck along! Shuck along!

John William Mitchell.

Rules for Prayer.

(FROM THE SPANISH OF MANUEL DEL PALACIO.)

BEFORE you venture on the main,

Pray once you may return again.

Before you into battle go,

Pray twice you may escape the foe.

But ere you take a wife—perdie!

Your prayers should not be less than three.

Charles Love Benjamin.

Stray Thoughts.

It is pleasant to be called a man even by a small boy.

BEAUTY is n't even «skin deep» in the case of the girl with freckles.

THERE undoubtedly are those who build better than they know, but, unfortunately, we cannot get them to build our houses.

MANY people are incapable of loving, and there are many others who ought to be.

LOVE has unquestionably accomplished much for good, but up to date it has not changed any leopard's spots.

MOST men are either far-sighted or near-sighted. Before marriage they see good qualities that their sweethearts don't possess, and after marriage they don't see the good qualities that their wives do possess.

BEAUTY covers a multitude of sins.

It requires the effort of your life to forgive the person whom you have wronged.

EVEN if we cannot give forth rays of sunshine, it is not necessary for us to go out of the way to cast shadows.

SINS are handed down from father to son, but debts go the other way.

It makes a difference not only whose ox is gored, but whose ox does the goring.

A WOMAN never realizes how clumsy a man is until after she has married him.

HORACE GREELEY lived too soon; nowadays when a man can't write his name legibly he buys a rubber stamp.

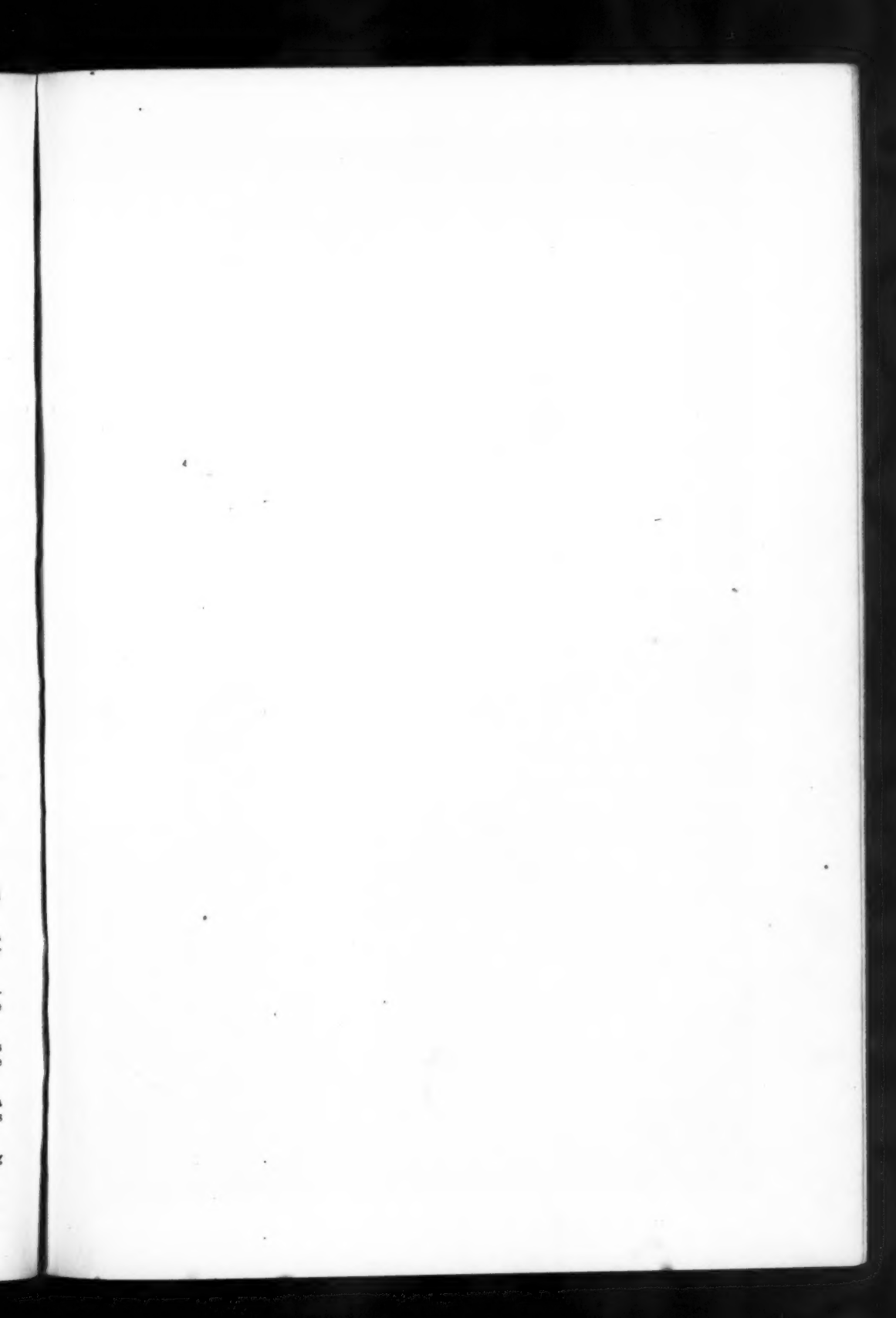
A MAN will not perspire as much over a week's hay-making as he will in trying to raise a car window to oblige a pretty girl.

DON'T be too intimate with the man who shakes hands with you expecting to find a dollar in his hand when he lets go.

It may not be polite to count the change when a friend obliges you by changing a bill, but it is just as well to do it if you want your cash to balance.

MAN wants but little here below, but he is n't willing to pay cash for it.

Harry Irving Horton.





ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

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SEE "OPEN LETTERS."

MOTHER AND CHILD. BY GEORGE DE FOREST BRUSH.